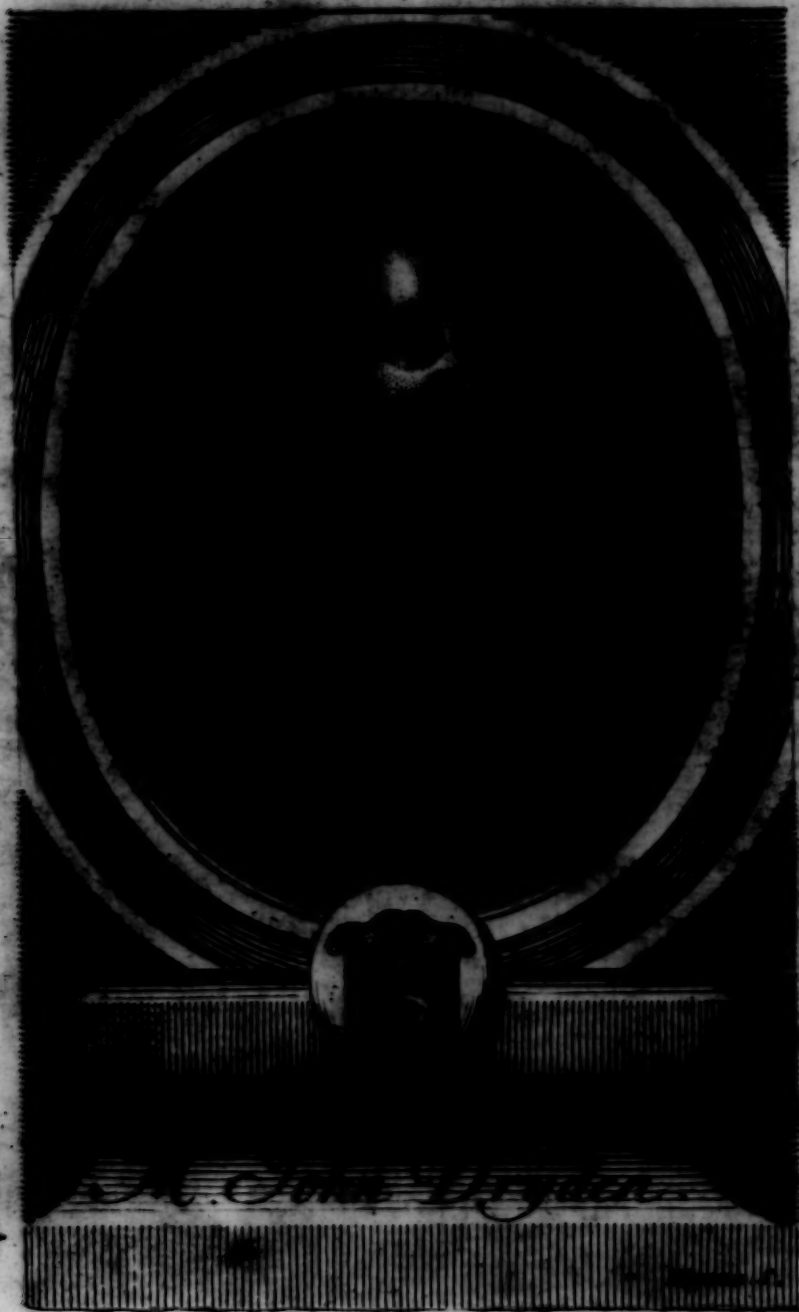




THE DRAMATICK
WORKS
OF

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

DON SEBASTIAN,
KING of POR-
TUGAL.

AMPHITRYON; Or,
The TWO SOSIA'S.

CLEOMENES, The
SPARTAN HERO.

KING ARTHUR; Or,
The BRITISH
WORTHY.

LOVE TRIUM-
PHANT: Or, Na-
ture will prevail.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespeare's Head*
over-against *Katharine-Street* in the Strand.
M DCCXVII.

THE DREAMER
WORKS



TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
1827

Don **SEBASTIAN,**

King of Portugal:

A

T R A G E D Y.

Acted at the

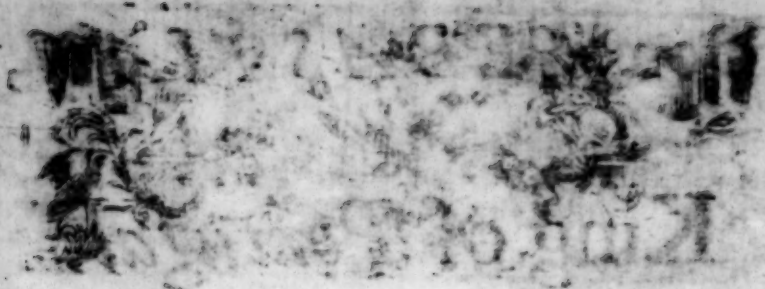
THEATRE-ROYAL.

————— *Nec tarda Senectus*
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.

Virg.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Benjamin Tooke and George Strahan. 1711.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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To the Right Honourable

P H I L I P,

Earl of *Leicester*, &c.

I AR be it from me, (my most noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my Meanness can produce, shou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can say of you shou'd recommend you farther, to the Esteem of good Men in this present Age, or to the Veneration which will certainly be paid you by Posterity. On the other side, I must acknowledge it a great Presumption in me, to make you this Address; and so much the greater, because by the common Suffrage even of contrary Parties, you have been always regarded as one of the first Persons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you so: whether we have been all conscious to our selves that it was a needless Labour to give this Notice to Mankind, as all Men are asham'd to tell stale

The Epistle Dedicatory.

News; or that we were justly ~~ashamed~~ of our own Performances, as even *Cicero* is oblig'd to be in *us* when he writes so *debasely*; ~~with~~ *knowing* himself overmatch'd in good Sense, and Truth of Knowledge, he drops the gawdy train of Words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever Reason it may be, I am the first bold Offender of this kind: I have broken down the Fence, and ventur'd into the Holy Grove; how I may be punish'd for my profane Attempt, I know not; but I wish it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordship; and that a Crowd of bad Writers do not rush into the quiet of your Recesses after me. Every man in all Changes of Government, which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my License, where it cou'd be so well deserv'd. For you, my Lord, are secure in your own Merit; and all Parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns; 'tis a Tribute which has ever been paid your Virtue: ~~The~~ *Trading* Men still bring their Bullion to your Mint, to receive the Stamp of their Intrinsick Value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human kind. They rise and fall in the Variety of Revolutions; and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in Men's Opinions, who must court them for their Interest: But the Reputation of their Parts most commonly follows their Success; few of 'em are wise, but as they are in Power: Because indeed, they have no Sphere of their own, but like the Moon in the *Copernican* System of the World, are whirl'd about by the Motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever busy; neither to give rest to their Fellow-Creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves: Tho' truly, the latter is a kind of Justice, and giving Mankind a due Revenge,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

venge, that they will not permit their own Hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the Repose of all beside them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to set themselves upon the Wing; taking every occasion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not considering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the short Revolution of a Day; and that when the Light goes from them, they are of Necessity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one Phoenix in an Age,) who centring on himself, remains immovable, and smiles at the madness of the Dance about him? He possesses the midst, which is the Portion of Safety and Content: He will not be higher, because he needs it not; but by the Prudence of that Choice, he puts it out of Fortune's Power to throw him down. 'Tis confess'd, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for Happiness; but not endeavouring to ascend, he secures the native height of his Station from Envy; and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome*! I shou'd say in *Athens*, when in the Disturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wise *Pomponius* transported all the remaining Wisdom and Virtue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But I wou'd ask the World, (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cause) whether there may not yet be found a Character of a Noble *English* Man, equally shining with that illustrious *Roman*. Whether I need to name a second *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a second with a *longo sed proximo intervallo*, not a young *Mar-*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cellum, flatter'd by a Poet into a resemblance of the first; with a *frons laeta parum*, & *dejectis luminibus*, and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas*, *Tu Marcellus eris*: But a Person of the same Stamp and Magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, besides the Word *Roman*, and the Superstition of Reverence, devolving on him by the Precedency of eighteen hundred Years. One who walks by him with equal Paces, and shares the Eyes of Beholders with him: One who had been first, had he first liv'd; and in spite of dotting Veneration is still his Equal. Both of them born of Noble Families in unhappy Ages of Change and Tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet not leaving the Common-wealth, till it had left it self; but never returning to publick Business, when they had once quitted it; tho' courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd trust the quiet of their Lives, with the Extravagancies of their Country-men, when they were just in the giddiness of their turning; when the Ground was tottering under them at every Moment; and none cou'd guess whether the next heave of the Earthquake, wou'd settle them on the first Foundation, or swallow it? Both of 'em knew Mankind exactly well; for both of them began that Study in themselves; and there they found the best part of humane Composition, the worst they learn'd by long Experience of the Folly, Ignorance, and Immorality of most beside them; their Philosophy on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot possibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet you'd only terminate in the Understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philosophy,

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phy, which exerted it self in all the Offices of Pity, to those who were unfortunate, and deserv'd not so to be. The Friend was always more consider'd by them than the Cause: And an *Octavius*, or an *Anthony* in distress, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Cassius*. For the lowermost Party, to a noble Mind, is ever the fittest Object of Good-will. The eldest of them, I will suppose for his Honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatist nor-Stoick; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common Justice, to yield the Precedency to his younger Brother. For stiffness of Opinion is the effect of Pride, and not of Philosophy: 'Tis a miserable Presumption of that Knowledge which humane Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedness of a Stoick is only a silly Affectation of being a God: To wind himself up by Pallies, to an Insensibility of suffering; and at the same time to give the Lye to his own Experience, by saying he suffers not, what he knows he feels. True Philosophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human use; *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto*. A wise Man will never attempt an Impossibility; and such it is to, strain himself beyond the Nature of his Being; either to become a Deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our selves the Weaknesses and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the Compassion of our Fellow-Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the second *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without meddling on either side, he has always been favourable and assisting to oppress Merit. The Praises which

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which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her rebuilding *Somerſes Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houſes on the other ſide of the Water, are as juſtly his:

*For, the Diſtreſt, and the Afflicted by
Moſt in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.*

Neither has he ſo far forgot a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whoſe beſt Proſpect is on the Garden of *Leiceſter Houſe*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Miſfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* ſtill remaining, tho' there can never be another *Spencer* to deſerve the Favour. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the Applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus, whether as a ſecond *Atticus*, or a ſecond Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter in all reſpects will not have the worſe of the Compariſon; and if he will take up with the ſecond place, the World will not ſo far flatter his Modesty, as to ſent him there, unleſs it be out of a Deference of Manners, that he may place himſelf where he pleaſes at his own Table.

I may therefore ſafely conclude, that he, who by the Conſent of all Men, bears ſo eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleneſs forgive the Preſumption of this Addreſs. 'Tis an unfiniſh'd Picture, I confeſs, but the Lines and Features are ſo like, that it cannot be miſtaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every Beholder muſt cry out, at the firſt ſight, this was deſign'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artiſt has

The Epistle Dedicatory.

has cast too much of him into Shades: But I have this Excuse, that even the greatest Masters commonly fall short of the best Subject: They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the Excellencies of Nature can have no Right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has express'd it.

The Hero's Race transcends the Poet's Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praise is undeserv'd, 'tis Scurrilous: Tho' Scurrilous on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Person, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a single *Atticus* the other; for 'tis easier to descend, than 'tis to climb. I should have gone aham'd out of the World, if I had not at least attempted this Address, which I have long thought owing: And if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it: Now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, through my Unworthiness, I may rest satisfy'd, that either the Adventure is not to be achiev'd, or that it is reserv'd for some other hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, since the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of Concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the first of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valde penitet vivere: tantum te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amasti, ut eodem amore sis; ego mirum idem sum. Inimici mei me a mibi, non me ipsum ademerunt. Cara, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal.

Jan. 1690.

T H E



THE PREFACE.

WHETHER it happen'd through a long Disuse of Writing, that I forgot the usual Compass of a Play; or that by crowding it with Characters and Incidents, I put a Necessity upon my self of lengthning the main Action, I know not; but the first day's Audience sufficiently convinc'd me of my Error; and that the Poem was insupportably too long. 'Tis an ill Ambition of us Poets, to please an Audience with more than they can hear: And, supposing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourselves to write, yet we ought to consider, that no Man can bear to be long tickled. There is a Nauseousness in a City-Feast, when we are to sit four Hours after we are cloy'd. I am therefore in the first place to acknowledge, with all manner of Gratitude, their Civility; who were pleas'd to endure it with so much Patience, to be weary with so much Good-nature and Silence, and not to explode an Entertainment, which was design'd to please them; or discourage an Author, whose Misfortunes have once more brought him against his Will, upon the Stage. While I continue in these bad Circumstances, (and truly I see very little Probability of coming out:) I must

THE PREFACE.

25

must be oblig'd to write, and if I may still hope for the same kind Usage, I shall the less repent of that hard Necessity. I write not this out of any Expectation to be paid; for I have Enemies enough to wish me yet in a worse Condition; but give me leave to say, that if I can please by writing, as I shall endeavour it, the Town may be somewhat oblig'd to my Misfortunes, for a part of their Diversion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having observ'd how difficult it was to please; that the Humours of Comedy were almost spent, that Love and Honour (the mistaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theatres could not support their Charges, that the Audience forsook them, that young Men without Learning set up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudest, who understood the least: all these Discouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had also given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the Difficulties continue; they increase, and I am still condemn'd to dig in those exhausted Mines. Whatever Fault I next commit, rest assur'd it shall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hundred Lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, since it was first deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed so judiciously lop'd by Mr. *Bentley*, to whose Care and excellent Action I am equally oblig'd, that the Connexion of the Story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the Action from being precipitated and coming on without that due Preparation, which is requir'd to all great Events: as in particular, that of raising the Mob, in the beginning of the fourth Act; which a Man of *Bassano's* cool Character cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all those Precautions, which he foresaw wou'd be necessary to render his Design successful. On this Consideration I have replac'd those Lines through the whole Poem; and thereby restor'd it to that clearness of Conception, and (if I may dare to say it) that Lustre and Masculine Vigour, in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding Reader, that the most Poetical Parts, which are Descriptions, Images, Similitudes,

tudes, and Moral Sentences; are those which of necessity were to be par'd away, when the Body was swoln into too large a bulk for the Representation of the Stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a publick Entertainment on the Theatre, and a private reading in the Closet: In the first we are confin'd to Time, and though we talk not by the Hour-glass, yet the Watch often drawn out of the Pocket warns the Actors that their Audience is weary; in the last every Reader is Judge of his own Convenience; he can take up the Book and lay it down at his pleasure; and find out those Beauties of Propriety in Thought and Writing, which escap'd him in the Tumult and Hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this Play, that in the roughness of the Numbers and Cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so design'd) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your View, than in most, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures, and more suitable to the loftiness of the Subject; and besides this some Newnesses of *English*, translated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the Elegancies of the *Latin*; and here and there some old Words are sprinkled, which for their Significance and Sound deserv'd not to be antiquated; such as we often find in *Salust* amongst the *Roman* Authors, and in *Milton's* *Paradise* amongst ours; tho' perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his Sense.

As for the Story or Plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely Fiction; for I take it up where the History has laid it down. We are assur'd by all Writers of those Times, that *Sebastian* a young Prince of great Courage and Expectation, undertook that War partly upon a Religious Account, partly at the Solicitation of *Muley-Mahomet*, who had been driven out of his Dominions by *Abdelmelech*, or as others call him, *Muley-Moluch* his nigh Kinsman, who descended from the same Family of the *Xeriff's*, whose Fathers *Hamet* and *Mahomet* had conquer'd that Empire with joint Forces; and shar'd it betwixt them after their Victory: That the Body of *Don Sebastian* was
never

never fallen in the Field of Battle; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain; that some Years after, when the Spaniards with a pretended Title, by force of Arms had usurp'd the Crown of Portugal from the House of Braganza, a certain Person who call'd himself *Don Sebastian*, and had all the Marks of his Body and Features of his Face, appear'd at Fes, where he was own'd by some of his Countrymen; but being seiz'd by the Spaniards, was first imprison'd, then sent to the Gallies, and at last put to Death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the Portuguese expected his Return for almost an Age together after that Battle; which is at least a Proof of their extrem Love to his Memory; and the Usage which they had from their new Conquerors, might possibly make them so extravagant in their Hopes and Wishes for their old Master.

This Ground-work the History afforded me, and I desire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the Event of a great Action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Master: He may raise what he pleases on that Foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the Rule of Probability. From hence I was only oblig'd that *Sebastian* should return to Portugal no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in *Africa*, or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his Death; and the last of these was certainly the most easie, but for the same Reason, the least artful; because, as I have somewhere said, the Poison and the Dagger are still at hand to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the Brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary, according to the Laws of the Drama, that *Sebastian* should no more be seen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have dispos'd of him according to Art, or have bungled up the Conclusion of his Adventure. In the drawing of his Character I forgot not Piety, which any one may observe to be one Principal Ingredient of it; even so far as to be a Habit in him; though I shew him once to be transported from it by the Violence of a sudden Passion, to endeavour a Self-

Self-Murder. This being pre-suppos'd, that he was religious, the Horror of his Incest, though innocently committed, was the best Reason which the Stage cou'd give for hindering his Return. 'Tis true I have no Right to blast his Memory with such a Crime: But declaring it to be Fiction, I desire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have Reason to presume he is. On this Supposition, it was unreasonable to have kill'd him: For the Learned Mr. Rymor has well observ'd, that in all Punishments we are to regulate our selves by Poetical Justice; and according to those Measures an involuntary Sin deserves not Death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved Object, to retire into a Desert, and deprive himself of a Throne, was the utmost Punishment which a Poet could inflict, as it was also the utmost Reparation which *Sebastian* cou'd make. For what relates to *Almeyda*, her Part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the Sirname of a noble Family in *Portugal*, which was very instrumental in the Restoration of *Don John de Braganza*, Father to the most Illustrious and most Pious Princess our Queen *Dowager*. The French Author of a Novel call'd *Don Sebastian*, has given that Name to an African Lady of his own Invention, and makes her Sister to *Muley Mahumet*. But I have wholly chang'd the Accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the Supposition, that she was belov'd by the King of *Portugal*. Tho' if I had taken the whole Story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the Practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being *Plagiaries*, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus *Augustus Caesar* wrote an *Ajax*, which was not the less his own, because *Euripides* had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late Years *Corneille* writ an *Oedipus* after *Sophocles*; and I have design'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr. *Lee*, yet neither the French Poet stole from the Greek, nor we from the Frenchman. 'Tis the Contrivance, the new Turn, and new Characters, which alter the Property, and make it ours. The Ma-

teria

seris Poetica is as common to all Writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all Physicians. Thus in our *Chronicles*, *Daniel's History* is still his own, though *Matthew Paris*, *Stow*, and *Hollingshead* writ before him, otherwise we must have been content with their dull Relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own Account after a new and better Manner.

I must farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanick Rules of Unity: I knew them, and had them in my Eye, but follow'd them only at a Distance; for the Genius of the *English* cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to Variety, even to a Debauchery of Pleasure. My Scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my Under-Plot requir'd them so to be; tho' the general Scene remains of the same Castle; and I have taken the Time of two Days, because the Variety of Accidents, which are here represented, cou'd not naturally be suppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known History, in the Death of *Muley-Maluch*, who, by all Relations, died of a Fever in the Battle, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another Day of Life, it was because I stood in Need of so shining a Character of Brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same, with that of the present Emperor *Muley-Ishmael*, as some of our *English* Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.

I have been listning what Objections had been made against the Conduct of the Play, but found them all so trivial, that if I shou'd name them, a true Critick wou'd imagine that I play'd Booty, and only rais'd up Fantoms for my self to conquer. Some are pleas'd to say the Writing is dull; but *asatem habes, de se loquatur*. Others, that the double Poison is unnatural; let the common receiv'd Opinion, and *Ausonius* his famous Epigram answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant Sort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of *Dwar* is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with it self; let them read

read the Play and think again; and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their Eyes on that Chapter of the wise *Monsieur*, which is entitl'd, *de l'Inconstance des Affaires humaines*. A longer Reply is what those Cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their Fellows to understand, that the Earl of Dorset was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted; and did me the Favour to send me Word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was pleas'd any Thing shou'd be cut away. If I have not Reason to prefer his single Judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be Judge; for the Opposition is the same with that of *Lucius*'s Heroe against an Army; *concurrere bellum, atque virum*. I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever Errors there may be, either in the Design, or writing of this Play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of Doting; and that I have given so much Application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many gross Absurdities; which may caution my Enemies from too rash a Censure; and may also encourage my Friends, who are many more than I cou'd reasonably have expected, to believe their Kindness has not been very undeserv'dly bestow'd on me. This is not a Play that was huddl'd up in Haste; and to shew it was not, I will own, that beside the general Moral of it, which is given in the four last Lines, there is also another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will observe, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be also some secret Beauties in the Decorum of Parts, and Uniformity of Design, which my puny Judges will not easily find out; let them consider in the last Scene of the Fourth Act, whether I have not preserv'd the Rule of Decency, in giving all the Advantage to the Royal Character; and in making *Dorax* first submit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through Indigence of Characters, that I have given the same to *Sebastus* and *Almyda*; and consequently made them alike in all Things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the Matter,

Matter, and they will find that this Identity of Character in the Greatness of their Souls, was intended for a Preparation of the final Discovery, and that the Likeness of their Nature, was a fair Hint to the Proximity of their Blood.

To avoid the Imputation of too much Vanity (for all Writers, and especially Poets will have some) I will give but one other Instance, in Relation to the Uniformity of the Design. I have observ'd, that the *English* will not bear a thorough Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it shou'd be lightned with Under-Parts of Mirth. It had been easie for me to have given my Audience a better Course of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of *Antonio* and *Morayna*. But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any Man cou'd have invented one which had been more of a Piece, and more depending on the serious Part of the Design. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the Members of a captive Court, the Subject of a comical Entertainment? To prepare this Epifoda, you see *Dorax* giving the Character of *Antonio*, in the Beginning of the Play, upon his first Sight of him at the Lottery; and to make the Dependence, *Antonio* is engag'd in the Fourth Act, for the Deliverance of *Almeyda*; which is also prepar'd, by his being first made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.

I shou'd beg Pardon for these Instances; but perhaps they may be of Use to future Poets, in the Conduct of their Plays: At least if I appear too positive; I am growing old, and thereby, in Possession of some Experience, which Men in Years will always assume for a Right of Talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have Reason to set a Value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the Advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his Reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counsel of my old Master *Virgil*,

Tu ne cede malis; sed contra audacior iso.

PROLOGUE,

Sent to the Author by an unknown Hand,
and propos'd to be Spoken by Mrs.
Montford dress'd like an Officer.

B Right Beauties who in awful Circle sit,
And you grave Sign'd of the dreadful Pit,
And you the Upper-Tire of Peggum-Wit,

Pray ease me of my Wonder, if you may:
Is all this Crowd barely to see the Play,
Or is't the Poet's Execution-Day?

His Breath is in your Hands I will presume,
But I advise you to defer his Doom,
Till you have got a better in his Room;

And don't maliciously combine together,
As if in Spight and Spleen you were ever hither;
For he has kept the Pen, tho' lost the Feather.

And on my Honour, Ladies, I avow,
This Play was writ in Charity to you:
For such a Dearth of Wit who ever knew?

Sure 'tis a Judgment on this Sinful Nation,
For the Abuse of so great Dispensation:
And therefore I resolv'd to change Vocation.

For want of Petty-Cans I've put on Buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of Bully-Criticks I a Troop wou'd lead;
But one reply'd, Thank you, there's no such Need,
I at Groom-Porter's, Sir, can safer bleed.

Another, who the Name of Danger loaths,
Vow'd he wou'd go, and swore me forty Oaths,
But that his Horjes were his Body-Clonks.

P R O L O G U E.

*A third of 2, Dost my Head, I'd be content
To push my Fortune, if the Parliament
Would but recal Charis from Banishment.*

*A Fourth (and I have done) made this Excuse,
I'd draw my Sword in Ireland, Sir, to chuse;
Had not their Women gousy Leggs, and wore no Shoes.*

*Well, I may march, thought I, and fight, and trudge,
But of these Blades the Devil a Minn will budge;
They there would fight, e'en just as here they judge.*

*Here they will pay for Leave to find a Fault,
But when their Honour calls, they can't be bought;
Honour in Danger, Blood and Wounds is sought.*

*Let Virtue whither fled, or where's thy Dwelling
Who can reveal? at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art embarkt for Iniskelling.*

*On Carrion-Tits those Sparks denounce their Rage,
In Boats of Wiff and Leinster Frigate engage:
What would you do in such an Equipage?*

*The Siege of Derry does you Gallants threaten:
Not out of errant Shame of being beaten,
As Fear of wanting Meat, or being eaten.*

*Were Wit like Honour, to be won by fighting,
How few just Judges would there be of Writing,
Then you would leave this villainous Back-biting.*

*Your Talents lye how to express your Spight,
But where is he knows how to praise aright?
You praise like Cowards, but like Criticks fight.*

*Ladies be wise, and wear those yearling Calves,
Who in your Service too are meer Faux-braves,
They Judge, and Write, and Fight, and——Love by Halves.*

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho' he's no more My Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:

So may cast Poets write; there's no Pretension

To argue Loss of Wit, from Loss of Pension.

Your Looks are cheerful; and in all this Place

I see not one, that wears a damning Face.

The British Nation is too brave, to shew

Ignoble Vengeance on a vanquish'd Foe.

At least be civil to the Wretch imploring;

And lay your Paw upon him, without roaring:

Suppose our Poet was your Foe before;

Yet now, the Business of the Field is o'er;

'Tis Time to let your Civil-Wars alone,

When Troops are into Winter-Quarters gone.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;

And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.

Take good Advice, and please your selves this Day;

No Matter from what Hands you have the Play.

Among good Fellows ev'ry Health will pass,

That serves to carry round another Glass:

When, with full Bowls of Burgundy you dine,

Tho' at the Mighty Monarch you repine,

You grant him still Most Christian in his Wine.

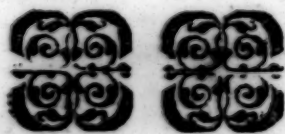
Thus far the Poet; but his Brains grow Addle;

And all the rest is purely from this Noddle,

You've

PROLOGUE.

*Y^e've seen Young Ladies at the Senate-Door,
Prefer Petitions, and your Grace implore;
However grave the Legislators were,
Their Cause went ne'er the worse for being Fair:
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
But I wou'd bribe you with as good a thing,
I hear'd him make Advances of good Nature;
That he, for once, wou'd sheath his cutting Satyr:
Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The sacred Names of Fops and Beaus profane.
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I swear,
As Times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with Statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not set your Teeth together,
To stretch the Laws, as Coblers do their Leather.
Horses by Papists are not to be ridden;
But sure the Muses Horse was ne'er forbidden.
For in no Rate-Book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at Five Pound:
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;
And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Don Sebastian</i> , King of Portugal.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Muley-Moluch</i> , Emperor of Barbary.	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Dorax</i> , a Noble Portuguese, now a Renegade, formerly <i>Don Alonzo de Sylvera</i> , Alcade, or Governor of <i>Alcazar</i> .	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Benducar</i> , Chief Minister, and Favourite to the Emperor.	Mr. Sandford.
The Mufti <i>Abdalla</i> .	Mr. Underhill.
<i>Muley-Zeydan</i> , Brother to the Emperor.	Mr. Powell, Jun.
<i>Don Antonio</i> , a young, noble, amorous Portuguese, now a Slave.	Mr. Montford.
<i>Don Alvarez</i> , an old Counsellor to <i>Don Sebastian</i> , now a Slave also.	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Mustapha</i> , Captain of the Rabble.	Mr. Leigh.

W O M E N.

<i>Almeyda</i> , a Captive Queen of Barbary.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Morayma</i> , Daughter to the Mufti.	Mrs. Montford.
<i>Johayma</i> , Chief Wife to the Mufti.	Mrs. Leigh.
Two Merchants.	
Rabble.	
A Servant to <i>Benducar</i> .	
A Servant to the Mufti.	

SCENE in the Castle of *Alcazar*.

D O N



DON SEBASTIAN, *King of Portugal.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE at Alcazar, representing a Market-Place under the Castle.

Enter Muley-Zeydan, and Benducar.

MULEY-ZEYDAN.



OW *Africa's* long Wars are at an End,
And our parch'd Earth is drench'd in Chri-
stian Blood;

My conquering Brother will have Slaves
enow

To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.

What hear you of *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*?

Bend. He fell among a Heap of slaughter'd *Moors*;
Though yet his mangled Carcass is not found.
The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahomet*,
Was hot pursu'd; and in the general Rout,

B 2

Mistook

Mistook a swelling Current for a Ford;
 And in *Mucazar's* Flood was seen to rise;
 Thrice was he seen; at length his Courser plung'd,
 And threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him,
 And helpless in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguish'd:
 Thus *Moluch*, still the Favourite of Fate,
 Swims in a sanguine Torrent to the Throne:
 As if our Prophet only work'd for him;
 The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants,
 As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their Care,
 And younger Brothers but the Draff of Nature.

Bend. Be still, and learn the soothing Arts of Court;
 Adore his Fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
 And when they praise him most, be you the loudest;
 Your Brother is luxurious, close, and cruel,
 Generous by Fits, but permanent in Mischief.
 The Shadow of a Discontent wou'd ruin us;
 We must be safe before we can be great:
 These Things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key, he opens inward to you.

Bend. So often try'd, and ever found so true,
 Has given me Trust, and Trust has given me Means
 Once to be false for all. I trust not him:
 For now his Ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute,
 How am I sure to stand who serv'd those Ends?
 I know your Nature open, mild, and grateful;
 In such a Prince the People may be blest,
 And I be safe.

Mul. Zeyd. My Father! [Embracing him.]

Bend. My future King, (Auspicious *Muley-Zeydan* :)
 Shall I adore you? No, the Place is publick;
 I worship you within; the outward Act
 Shall be reserv'd 'till Nations follow me,
 And Heaven shall envy you the kneeling World.
 You know th' Alcade of *Alcazar*, *Dorax*?

Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade you mean? *Bend.* The
 That gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest, [same:
 Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul,
 Resolv'd and brave; he has the Soldiers Hearts, [on us.
 And Time shall make him ours. *Mul. Zeyd.* He's just up-
Bend.

King of PORTUGAL.

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Bend. I know him from afar,
By the long Stride and by the fullen Port:
Retire my Lord.

Wait on your Brother's Triumph, yours is next,
His Growth is but a wild and fruitless Plant,
I'll cut his barren Branches to the Stock,
And graft you on to bear.

Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle!

[*Exit Mul. Zeyd.*]

Bend. Yes to delude your Hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of so much Toil, such Guilt, and such Damnation;
If I am damn'd it shall be for my self:
This easie Fool must be my Stale, set up
To catch the Peoples Eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, 'till I make him odious
By some unpopular Act, and then dethrone him:

Enter Dorax.

Now *Dorax*!

Dor. Well *Bemboucar*!

Bend. Bare *Bemboucar*!

Dor. Thou wou'd'st have Titles, take 'em then, Chief
First Hangman of the State.

[*Minister,*

Bend. Some call me Favourite:

Dor. What's that, his Minion?

Thou art too old to be a Catamite!

Now prithee tell me, and abate thy Pride,

Is not *Benducar* bare, a better Name

In a Friend's Mouth, than all those gawdy Titles,

Which I disdain to give the Man I love?

Bend. But always out of Humour,——

Dor. I have Cause:

Tho' all Mankind is Cause enough for for Satyr.

Bend. Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on Mankind,
They say in Fight, thou hadst a thirsty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.

Dor. I spitted Frogs, I crush'd a Heap of Emmets,
A Hundred of 'em to a single Soul,
And that but scanty Weight too: The great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my Pains; he swallows Vulgar
Like whipp'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.

Bend. Brave Renegade! cou'd'st thou not meet *Sebastian*?
Thy Master had been worthy of thy Sword.

Dor. My Master? By what Title?
Because I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be King? And yet I serv'd him,
Nay, I was Fool enough to love him too.
You know my Story, how I was rewarded
For fifteen hard Campaigns, still hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd *Mahometan*: I'm grateful;
But whosoever dares to injure me,
Let that Man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

Bend. Still you run off from Biais; say what moves
Your present Spleen?

Dor. You mark'd not what I told you;
I kill'd not one that was his Maker's Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-legg'd Brutes;
Sebastian was my Aim; he was a Man:
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I must do him Right; he was a Man,
Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to *Divinity*.
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Just, as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seasons;
He lov'd his People, him they Idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal Hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all besides
He err'd to me alone:
His Goodness was diffus'd to human Kind,
And all his Cruelty confin'd to me.

Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?

Dor. No, though I sought
Where Ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the Place
To seek *Sebastian*: Through a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Foes,
But still I came too late, for he was flown
Like Lightning, swift before me to new Slaughters.
I mow'd a-crois, and made irregular Harvest,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain,
For he was still supplying Death elsewhere:
This mads me, that perhaps ignoble Hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:

Mur-

Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone
Had Right to slay; I too wou'd have been slain,
That catching Hold upon his flitting Ghost,
I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n;
And drag him down with me, Spight of Predestination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much Import as *Africa's* Worth,
To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*,
The Sister of the vanquish'd *Mahumet*,
Whose fatal Beauty to her Brother drew
The Land's third Part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n's.

Dor. I hope she dy'd in her own Female Calling,
Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumcision.
As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field,
And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There he shall find him at his Manly Length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd.

Bend. Yet we may possibly hear farther News;
For while our *Africans* pursu'd the Chase,
The Captain of the Rabble issued out,
With a black Shirtless Train to spoil the Dead,
And seize the Living.

Dor. Each of 'em an Host,
A Million strong of Vermin ev'ry Villain:
No Part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
Chaos of Power, and priviledg'd Destruction.

Bend. Yet I must tell you Friend, the Great must use
Sometimes as necessary Tools of Tumult. [em,

Dor. I wou'd use 'em
Like Dogs in Times of Plague, Out-Laws of Nature,
Fit to be shot and brain'd: Without a Process,
To stop Infection, that's their proper Death.

Bend. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to survey
The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

Enter Muley-Moluch the Emperor, with Attendants.

The Mufti, and Muley-Zeydan.

Mol. Our Armours now may rust, our idle Scymiters
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use:

Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums,
 And all the noisie Trades of War, no more
 Shall wake the peaceful Morn: The *Xeriff's* Blood
 No longer in divided Channels runs,
 The younger House took End in *Mahomet*:
 Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name
 Be longer us'd, to lull the crying Babe!

Musf. For this Victorious Day our mighty Prophet
 Expects your Gratitude, the Sacrifice
 Of Christian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

Mol. The Purple Present shall be richly paid:
 That Vow perform'd, Fasting shall be abolish'd:
 None ever serv'd Heav'n well with a starv'd Face:
 Preach Abstinence no more; I tell thee *Musfy*,
 Good Feasting is devout: And thou our Head,
 Hast a religious, ruddy Countenance:
 We will have learned Luxury: our lean Faith
 Gives Scandal to the *Christians*: they feed high:
 Then look for Shoals of Converts, when thou hast
 Reform'd us into Feasting.

Musf. Fasting is but the Letter of the Law:
 Yet it shews well to preach it to the Vulgar.
 Wine is against our Law, that's literal too,
 But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides,
 Wine is a holy Liquor for the Great.

Dor. [*aside.*] This *Musfy* in my Conscience is some *English*
 Renegade, he talks so favourily of Topping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.
*Enter Mustapha Captain of the Rabble, with his Followers of
 the Black-Guard, &c. and other Moors: With them a Com-
 pany of Portuguese Slaves, without any of the Chief Persons.*

Mul. Mol. These are not fit to pay an Emperor's Vow;
 Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims;
 These are but Garbidge, not a Sacrifice.

Musf. The Prophet must not pick and chuse his Offerings;
 Now he has given the Day, 'tis past recalling:
 And he must be content with such as these. [*Masters.*

Mul. Mol. But are these all? Speak you that are their

Musf. All upon my Honour: If you'll take 'em as their
 Fathers got 'em, so. If not, you must stay 'till they get

a better Generation: These *Christians* are meer Bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives; and these have all the Looks of eldest Sons.

Muley-Mol. Pain of your Lives let none conceal a Slave.

Must. Let every Man look to his own Conscience, I am sure mine shall never hang me.

Bend. Thou speak'st as if thou wert privy to Concealments: Then thou art an Accomplice.

Must. Nay, if Accomplices must suffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the Devil on't, there's a great Man, and a holy Man too concern'd with me. Now if I confess, he'll be sure to escape between his Greatness and his Holiness, and I shall be murder'd, because of my Poverty and Rascality.

Musty. [*winking at him.*] Then if thy Silence save the great: 'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to *Paradise*, [and holy,

Must. 'Tis a fine Place they say; but Doctor, I am not worthy on't: I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for such a poor rascally *Mussulman* as I am: Besides I have learnt so much good Manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be serv'd before me.

Muley-Mol. Thou talk'st as if the *Musti* were concern'd.

Must. Your Majesty may lay your Soul on't: But for my Part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I scorn to be trick'd into *Paradise*, I wou'd he should know it. The Truth on't is, an't like you, his Reverence bought of me the Flower of all the Market; these—these are but Dogs. Meat to 'em, and a round Price he pay'd me too, I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my Neck for: If I get *Paradise* when my Time comes, I can't help my self; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

Muley-Mol. Where are those Slaves? produce 'em.

Must. They are not what he says.

Muley-Mol. No more Excuses. [*One goes out to fetch them.*]
Know thou may'st better dally

With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

Must. I but reserv'd 'em to present thy Greatness,
An Off'ring worthy thee.

Must. By the same Token there was a dainty Virgin;

(Virgin said I! but I wo'n't be too positive of that neither) with a roguish leering Eye! he paid me down upon the Nail a thousand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious Morsel, and give it away out of his own Mouth; when it had such a Farewell with it too?

Enter Sebastian conducted in mean Habit, with Alvarez, Antonio and Almeyda: Her Face veil'd with a Barnus.

Muley-Mol. Ay; These look like the Workmanship of This is the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, [Heav'n: And therefore cast into these noble Molds.

Dorax aside, while the Emperor whispers Benducar.

By all my Wrongs

'Tis he; Damnation seize me but 'tis he!
My Heart heaves up and swells; he's Poison to me;
My injur'd Honour, and my ravish'd Love
Bleed at their Murderers Sight.

Benducar to Dorax aside. The Emperor wou'd learn
You know 'em. [these Pris'ners Names;

Dor. Tell him, no,
And trouble me no more.——I will not know 'em.
Shall I trust Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd [*Aside.*
With my Revenge? Then, where's my Satisfaction?
No, it must be my own; I scorn a Proxy.

Muley-Mol. 'Tis decreed,
These of a better Aspect, with the rest
Shall share one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a Ball
Into an Urn; three only black be there,
The rest, all white, are safe.

Musf. Hold Sir, the Woman must not draw.

Muley-Mol. O *Musfi*,
We know your Reason, let her share the Danger.

Musf. Our Law says plainly Women have no Souls.

Muley-Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, set her by:
Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her
The fairest of her Sex, so much unseen,
I hate the Sister of our Rival-House,
Ten Thousand such dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her Life; If not immortal:
Die as she cou'd, all of a Picce, the better,

That

That none of her remain.

Here is an Urn brought in : the Pris'ners approach with great Concernment ; and amongst the rest Sebastian, Alvarez and Antonio ; who come more cheerfully.

Dor. Poor abject Creatures, how they fear to die! [*Aside.* These never knew one happy Hour in Life, Yet shake to lay it down: Is load so pleasant? Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death, That Men may dare to live?—Now for our Heroes.

[*The Three approach.*

O, these come up with Spirits more resolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebastian's* Father;
Now Minister; (too honest for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.
O, he has drawn a black; and smiles upon't,
As who should say, my Faith and Soul are white,
Tho' my Lot swarthy: Now if there be Hereafter,
He's blest; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd. (thee,

Anton. [*holding his Lot in his clench'd Hand*] Here I have
Be what thou wilt: I will not look too soon.
Thou hast a colour; if thou prov'ft not right,
I have a Minute good e'er I behold thee.

Now let me rowl and grubble thee,
Blind Men say White feels smooth, and Black feels rough;
Thou hast a rugged Skin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's the amorous airy Spark, *Antonio*;
The wittiest Woman's Toy in *Portugal*.
Lord what a loss of Treats and Serenades!

The whole She Nation will be in Mourning for him.

Anton. I've a moist sweaty Palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd Natural Ebony, there's hopes in rubbing
To wash this *Æthiops* white.—— (Looks) Pox of the
As black as Hell: another lucky Saying! (Proverb!
I think the Devil's in me:——good again,
I cannot speak one Syllable, but tends
To Death or to Damnation.

[*Holds up his Ball.*

Dor.

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future Journey: [*Aside.*
And wishes his Boots off again; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worse Inn at Night.
Go to bed, Fool, and take secure Repose,
For thou shalt wake no more. [*Sebastian comes up to draw.*

M. M. to Ben. Mark him who now approaches to thee
He looks secure of Death, superiour Greatness, (*Lott'ry*,
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and said, thou art
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.

Ben. He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That scorns his brittle Corps, and seems ashamed
He's not all Spirit, his Eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accusing Fortune that he fell not warm:
Yet now disdains to live. [*Sebast. draws a Black.*

M. Mol. He has his Wish;
And I have fail'd of mine!

Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance. [*Aside.*
Fine work above, that their anointed Care
Shou'd dye such little Death: or did his Genius
Know mine the stronger *Damon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of Fate
To skulk behind my Sword? shall I discover him?
Still he wou'd not die mine: no thanks to my
Revenge: reserv'd but to more Royal Shambles.
'Twere base too; and below those vulgar Souls,
That shar'd his Danger, yet not one disclos'd him:
But struck with Reverence kept an awful Silence.
I'll see no more of this: Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit Dorax.*

Mul. Mol. One of these three is a whole Hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em shall die.
The rest are but mute Cattle; and when Death
Comes, like a rushing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw,
Let Lots again decide it.

[*The Three draw again: and the Lot falls on Sebastian.*

Sebast. Then there's no more to manage! if I fall,
It shall be like my self; a setting Sun
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.
Behold *Sebastian* King of Portugal.

M. Mol. Sebastian! ha! it must be he; no other

Cou'd

Could represent such suffering Majesty:
I saw him, as he terms himself, a Sun
Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day
On either side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Sebast. Not less ev'n in this despicable Now,
Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,
And froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Band. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! even to an Im-
Of Greatness.

(pudence

Sebast. Here satiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of Land for a third World;
To give my loosen'd Subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fate's: Now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the Ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:
For if you give it Burial, there it takes
Possession of your Earth:
If burnt and scatter'd in the Air: the Winds
That strow my Dust, diffuse my Royalty,
And spread me o'er your Clime: for where one Atome
Of mine shall light, know there *Sebastian* reigns.

M. Mol. What shall I do to conquer thee?

Seb. Impossible!

Souls know no Conquerors.

M. M. I'll shew thee for a Monster thro' my *Africk*.

Seb. No, thou can'st only shew me for a Man:
Africk is stor'd with Monsters; Man's a Prodigy.
Thy Subjects have not seen.

M. Mol. Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of Battel.

Seb. Thou mistak'st,
For then I would not talk.

Band. Sure he wou'd sleep.

Sebast. Till Dooms-day; when the Trumpet sounds to
For that's a Soldier's Call.

(rise;

M. Mol.

M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late;
Thou should'st have dy'd in Battle like a Soldier.

Seb. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me,
I wanted weight of feeble *Moor*s upon me,
To crush my Soul out.

M. Mol. Still untameable!
In what a Ruin has thy head-strong Pride,
And boundless thirst of Empire, plung'd thy People!

Sebast. What say'st thou? ha! No more of that.

M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcasses of thine thy Crimes has strew'd,
And left our *Africk* Vultures to devour. (thee,

Bend. Those Souls were those thy God intrusted with
To cherish, not destroy.

Sebast. Witness, O Heaven, how much
This sight concerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of these; how gladly wou'd I pay
The Ransom down: But since I have but one,
'Tis a King's Life, and freely 'tis bestow'd.
Not your false Prophet, but eternal Justice
Has destin'd me the Lot, to dye for these:
'Tis fit a Sovereign so shou'd pay such Subjects;
For Subjects such as they, are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need;
Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty,
But shar'd my Danger to the last Event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: These Thanks I pay you:
[Wipes his Eyes.

And know, that when *Sebastian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.

M. Mol. They plead too strongly
To be withstood: My Clouds are gath'ring too,
In kindly mixture with his Royal Show'r:
Be safe, and owe thy Life, not to my Gift,
But to the Greatness of thy Mind, *Sebastian*:
Thy Subjects too shall live; a due Reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy Concealment.

Musky. Remember, Sir, your Vow. [A general Shout.

M. Mol. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not Blood.

Mul.

Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too strong to last:

[*Aside to Benducar.*

Bend. The *Musfy* reddens, mark that holy Cheek. [To him.
He frets within, froths Treason at his Mouth,
And churns it through his Teeth; leave me to work him.]

Sebast. A Mercy unexpected, undesir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the Art to vanquish:
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you, Sir)
Have giv'n me Life but in my Subjects Safety:
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

M. Mol. Still great, and grateful, that's thy Character:
Unveil the Woman; I wou'd view the Face
That warm'd our *Musfy's* Zeal:
These pious Parrots peck the fairest Fruit:
Such Tasters are for Kings.

[*Officers go to Almeyda to unveil her.*

Almeyda. Stand off, ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy Title: Force her.

Seb. On your Lives approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this!

Seb. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me speak. —————

Almeyda. Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no Slave; the noblest Blood of *Africk*
Runs in my Veins; a purer Stream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the same Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd and defil'd with Tyranny.

M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here!

Almeyda. I shou'd be one,
Because of kin to thee: Wou'dst thou be touch'd
By the presuming Hands of sawcy Grooms?
The same Respect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my Sex; the same for my Descent.
These Hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'st, behold *Almeyda's* Face. [*Unveils herself.*

Bend. Wou'd I had never seen it! [*Aside.*

Almeyda. She whom thy *Musfy* tax'd to have no Soul;
Let *Africk* now be Judge;
Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,
As did *Sebastian* when he own'd his Greatness.

But

But to remove that Scruple, know, base Man,
My murder'd Father, and my Brother's Ghost
Still haunt this Breast, and prompt it to Revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

M. M. Wou'd'st thou revenge thee, Trait'refs, had'st
thou Power?

Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more justly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with Arms united
They fought their way, and seiz'd the Crown by force:
And equal as their Danger was their Share:
For where was Eldership, where none had Right
But that which Conquest gave? 'Twas thy Ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword
Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No Provocation given, no War declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living Coal, that burning in me
Wou'd flame to Vengeance, cou'd it find a Vent:
My Brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
In his deep watry Bed: My wandering Mother,
Who in Exile died.

O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*;
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee Work; still, still, thou Tyrant;
And hiss thee with the last.

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:
Whether the Toils of Battle, unrepair'd
With due Repose, or other sudden Qualm.

Benducar do the rest. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*]

Bend. Strange! in full health! This Pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct these Royal Captives to the Castle;
Bid *Dorax* use 'em well, till farther order. [*Going off stops.*]
The inferiour Captives their first Owners take,
To sell, or to dispose.——You *Mustapha*,

Set ope the Market for the Sale of Slaves. [*Exit Bend.*]
*The Masters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of several
Qualities come in and chaffer about the several Owners,
who make their Slaves do Tricks.*

Mustapha.

Mustapha. My Chattels are come into my Hands again; and my Conscience will serve me to sell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Musty* comes to claim 'em.

1st Mer. [*to Must.*] What dost hold that old Fellow at?

[*Pointing to Alvarez.*

He's tough, and has no Service in his Limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough; but I suppose you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thousand Crowns.

1st Mer. Thou mean'st a thousand Marvedi's.

Must. Prithee, Friend, give me leave to know my own Meaning.

1st Mer. What Virtues has he to deserve that Price?

Must. Marry come up, Sir! Virtues quoth a! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich; what other Virtues wou'dst thou have in a Nobleman?

1st Mer. I buy him with another Man's Purse, that's my Comfort.

My Lord *Dorax* the Governor will have him at any rate: — There's Handsel.

Come, old Fellow, to the Castle.

Alvar. To what is miserable Age reserv'd! [*Aside.*
But oh the King! and oh the fatal Secret!
Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I wou'd disclose, 'tis past my Power.

[*Exit with his Master.*

Must. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I'll warrant him, for I am sure he is an old Courtier.

Now to put off t'other Remnant of my Merchandize, — Stir up Sirrah.

[*To Antonio.*

Anton. Dog, what wou'dst thou have?

Must. Learn better Manners, or I shall serve you a Dog-trick; come down upon all four immediately; I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horse of me?

Must. Horse or Ass, that's as thy Mother made thee: — But take earnest in the first place for thy Sawciness.

[*Laughs him with his Whip.*

Be advis'd, Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: Behold my Ensign

Ensign of Royalty display'd over thee.

Ans. I hope one day to use thee worse in Portugal.

Must. Ay, and good reason, Friend, if thou catchest me a conquering on thy side of the Water, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as thou dost this.—

[Holds up his Whip.]

Ant. *[lying down]* Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee cheerfully,
I see the Doctrine of Non-Resistance is never practis'd thoroughly, but when a Man can't help himself.

Enter a Second Merchant.

2d Mer. You, Friend, I wou'd see that Fellow do his Postures.

Must. *[bridling Ant.]* Now, Sirrah, follow, for you have Rope enough:

To your Paces, Villain, amble, trot, and gallop:—
Quick about there.—Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your Credit.

[Antonio follows at the end of the Bridle on his Hands and Feet, and does all his Postures.]

2d Mer. He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good Back; that's half in half. *[To Mustapha.]* I wou'd see him strip, has he no Diseases about him?

Must. He's the best piece of Man's Flesh in the Market, not an Eye sore in his whole Body. Feel his Legs, Master, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall.

[Claps him on the Shoulder.]

Merchant, feeling about him, and then putting his Hand on his side.

Out upon him, how his Flank heaves! The Whorson's broken winded.

Must. Thick breath'd a little; Nothing but a sorry Cold with lying out a-Nights in Trenches; but sound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.

Try him at a loose Trot a little.

[Puts the Bridle into his Hand, he strokes him.]

Ant. For Heaven's sake Owner spare me: you know I am but new broken.

2d Mer. 'Tis but a washy Jade, I see: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Must.

Must. Bauble do you call him? he's a substantial true-bred Beast; bravely forehanded; mark but the cleanness of his Shapes too; his Dam may be a Spanish Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no Skill in Horse-flesh. —

Marry I ask fix hundred Xeriffs for him.

Enter Musti.

Musti. What's that you are asking, Sirrah?

Must. Marry I ask your Reverence fix hundred Pardons; I was doing you a small piece of Service here, putting off your Cattel for you.

Musti. And putting the Money into your own Pocket!

Must. Upon vulgar Reputation, no my Lord, it was for your Profit and Emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion? I was sensible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any Man that should have injur'd you in a single Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Musti. Sacrilege you mean, Sirrah, ——— and damning shall be the least part of your Punishment: I have taken you in the manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Must. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor Man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Musti. No, Sirrah, so you may repent, and scape Punishment: Did not you sell this very Slave amongst the rest to me, and take Money for him?

Must. Right, my Lord.

Musti. And selling him again? take Money twice for the same Commodity? Oh, Villain!

But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Must. Why should I lie to your Honour, I did know him; and thereupon seeing him wander about, took him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right Owner.

Musti. And yet at the same time was selling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together.

Must. Patience, my Lord.

I took him up, as your Heriot, with Intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole Product of him in a Purse to you; for I know you wou'd have spent half of it upon your pious Pleasures, have

have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Musi. And what's become of my other Slave? Thou hast sold him too, I have a villainous Suspicion.

Musi. I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robustious Fellow, that old Spark, who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by consequence, very nimble, slipped through my Fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new Master.

Musi. [to Ant.] Follow me home, Sirrah: [to Musi.] I shall remember you some other time. [Exit Musi. with Ant.]

Musi. I never doubted your Lordship's Memory, for an ill turn: And I shall remember him too in the next rising of the Mobile, for this act of Resumption; and more especially for the ghostly Counsel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my self in silence, to have sav'd his Reverence. The best on't is, I am beforehand with him, for selling one of his Slaves twice over.

And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what should a poor Man do that gets his living by hard Labour, but pray for bad Times when he may get it easily? O, for some incomparable Tumult! Then should I naturally wish that the beaten Party might prevail, because we have plunder'd t'other side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own Interest pray,

'Tis ours to make our Fortune while we may;

For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.

[Exit Mustapha.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Suppos'd to be a Terrace Walk, on the side of the Castle of Alcazar.

Enter Emperor and Benducar.

Emp. AND thinkst thou not it was discover'd?

Bend. No:

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,

The

King of PORTUGAL.

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The Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred Retreat,
Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.

Emp. Did not my conscious Eyes flash out a Flame
To lighten those brown Horrors, and disclose
The secret Path I trod?

Bend. I could not find it, 'till you lent a Clue
To that close Labyrinth; how then shou'd they?

Emp. I wou'd be loath they shou'd: it breeds Contempt
For Herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den:
But is't not strange?

Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in Kind,
Familiar as our Being.

Emp. Still 'tis strange
To me: I know my Soul as wild as Wind,
That sweeps the Deserts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be sow'd upon our Sands,
As in a Breast so barren.
To love an Enemy, the only one
Remaining too, whom yester Sun beheld,
Must'ring her Charms, and rolling as she past
By every Squadron her alluring Eyes;
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my Ruin.
The shouts of Soldiers, and the burst of Cannon,
Maintain even still a deaf and murm'ring Noise;
Nor is Heaven yet recover'd of the Sound
Her Battle rows'd: Yet spite of me, I love.

Bend. What then controuls you?
Her Person is as prostrate as her Party.

Emp. A thousand things controul this Conqueror.
My Native Pride to own th' unworthy Passion,
Hazard of Interest, and my Peoples Love:
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and she deserves.
Wou'd not the Impossibility
Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
Calm all this Rage, this Hurricane of Soul?

Bend. That ever, ever,

I mark'd the double, shows extream Reluctance
To part with her for ever.

Emp. Right, thou hast me.

I wou'd, but cannot kill: I must enjoy her:

I must, and what I must, be sure I will.

What's Royalty, but Power to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,

And my own Slaves the Sovereigns, — 'tis resolv'd,

Weak Princes flatter when they want the Power

To curb their People; tender Plants must bend,

But when a Government is grown to strength,

Like some old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the tug, but only nods,

And turns to fullen State.

Bend. Then you resolve

T'implore her Pity, and to beg Relief?

Emp. Death, must I beg the pity of my Slave?

Must a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;

A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me:

He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks

Unknown to me within me; pushes me,

And drives me on by force. —

Say I shou'd wed her, wou'd not my wife Subjects

Take check, and think it strange? perhaps revolt?

Bend. I hope they wou'd not.

Emp. Then thou doubt'st they wou'd?

Bend. To whom?

Emp. To her

Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to thee. (I tremble!

Bend. [*in disorder*] To me! me did you mention? how
The Name of Treason shakes my honest Soul.

If I am doubted, Sir,

Secure your self this Moment, take my Life,

Emp. No more: If I suspected thee — I wou'd.

Bend. I thank your Kindness: Guilt had almost lost me! [*aside*]

Emp. But clear my Doubts: Think'st thou they may
rebel? ('Tis possible,

Bend. [*aside*] This goes as I wou'd wish: — [*to th' Emp.*]

A secret Party still remains, that lurks

Like Embers rak'd in Ashes — wanting but

breath to blow aside th' involving Dust,
And then they blaze abroad.

Emp. They must be trampled out.

Bend. But first be known.

Emp. Torture shall force it from 'em.

Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the Rack?

Emp. Yes, the whole World; so I be safe, I care not.

Bend. Our Limbs and Lives

'Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.

Emp. All may be Foes; or how to be distinguish'd,
If some be Friends?

Bend. They may with ease be winnow'd:
Suppose some one who has deserv'd your Trust,
Some one who knows Mankind, shou'd be employ'd
To mix among 'em, seem a Malecontent,
And dive into their Breasts, to try how far
They dare oppose your Love?

Emp. I like this well: 'tis wholesome Wickedness.

Bend. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unsearch'd:
Then like a Bee bagg'd with his honey'd Venom,
He brings it to your Hive: if such a Man
So able, and so honest may be found;
If not, my Project dies.

Emp. By all my hopes thou hast describ'd thy self:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,
Thou only cou'dst contrive.

Bend. Sure I cou'd serve you:
I think I cou'd:—but here's the Difficulty,
I'm so entirely yours,
That I shou'd feurvily dissemble Hate;
The Cheat wou'd be too gross.

Emp. Art thou a Statesman,
And can'st not be a Hypocrite? Impossible:
Do not distrust thy Virtues.

Bend. If I must personate this seeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.

Emp. No more Words:
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all Affairs
Are troublesome but that; and yet that most.

[Going.
Bid

Bid Dorax treat *Sebastian* like a King;
 I had forgot him; — but this Love mars all,
 And takes up my whole Breast: [Exit Emperor.]

Bend. [to the Emp.] Be sure I'll tell him. ——— [Alone.]
 With all the aggravating Circumstances
 I can, to make him swell at that Command.

The Tyrant first suspected me:
 Then with a sudden Gust he whirl'd about,
 And trusted me too far: Madness of Pow'r!
 Now, by his own Consent I ruin him.
 For, shou'd some feeble Soul, for fear or gain
 Bolt out t'accuse me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
 And thinks he's in the Secret.

How sweet is Treason when the Traytor's safe!
Sees the Musti and Dorax entering and seeming to confer.
 The *Musti*, and with him my sullen Dorax.

That first is mine already.
 'Twas easie Work to gain a covetous Mind,
 Whom Rage to lose his Pris'ners had prepar'd:
 Now, caught himself,
 He wou'd seduce another; I must help him:
 For Church-men, though they itch to govern all,
 Are silly, woeful, awkward Politicians:
 They make lame Mischiefe, though they mean it well:
 Their Int'rest is not finely drawn, and hid,
 But Seams are coarsly bungled up, and seen.

Musi. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already
 To make me loath thy Morals.

Bend. to *Dor.* You seem warm;
 The Good Man's Zeal perhaps has gone too far.

Dor. Not very far; not farther than Zeal goes
 Of course; a small Day's Journey short of Treason.

Musi. By all that's Holy, Treason was not nam'd:
 I spar'd the Emperor's broken Vows, to save
 The Slaves from Death; though it was cheating Heav'n,
 But I forgave him that.

Dor. And slighted o'er [Scornfully.]
 The Wrongs himself sustain'd in Property:
 When his bought Slaves were seiz'd by Force, no Loss

Of

Of his consider'd, and no Cost repaid.

Muf. Not wholly fligh'd o'er, not absolutely:
Some modest Hints of private Wrongs I urg'd.

Dor. Two Thirds of all he said: There he began
To shew the Fulness of his Heart; there ended:
Some short Excursions of a broken Vow
He made indeed, but flat insipid Stuff:
But when he made his Loss the Theme, he flourish'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppressing Tyranny.

Muf. Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd seize
My Property, 'tis an Affront to Heav'n,
Whose Person, tho' unworthy, I sustain.

Dor. You've made such strong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneness in us Laity
To offer earthly Aid.
I tell thee, *Musfi*, if the World were wise,
They wou'd not wag one Finger in your Quarrels.
Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet.
The *Phantoms* of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm.

Bend. This goes beyond the Mark.

Muf. No, let him rail;
His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.

Dor. Now his Zeal yearns,
To see me burnt; he damns me from his Church,
Because I wou'd restrain him to his Duty;
Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise,
To study Souls, their Cures and their Diseases?
If this be so, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole Employment, all your Care:
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.

Bend. [to the *Musfi*.] He speaks but Reason.

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C

Dor.

Dev. Why then these foreign Thoughts of State-Employ-
 Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding? [means,
 Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Obed,
 Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys,
 What Wonder is it if you know not Men?
 Yet there you live secure, with down-cast Eyes,
 And humble as your Discipline requires:
 But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
 Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
 Then Luxury succeeds, and set agog
 With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
 You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast.
 Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
 But your original Ignorance remains;
 Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
 You swell, to counsel Kings, and govern Kingdoms.

Mas. He prates as if Kings had not Consciences,
 And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

Dev. As private Men they want you, not as Kings;
 Nor wou'd you care t' inspect their publick Conscience,
 But that it draws Dependencies of Pow'r,
 And earthly Interest which you long to sway:
 Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
 And let this little hanging Ball alone;
 For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
 And you like *Archimedes*, tols the Globe.
 We know your Thoughts of us that Laymen are,
 Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
 Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
 Set upright with a little Puff of Breath,
 And bid us pass for Men.

Mas. I will not answer,
 Base soul-mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee,
 To shew my Charity. [Exit *Mas.*

Dev. Do; but forget not him who needs it most:
 Allow thy self some Share: He's gone too soon;
 I had to tell him of his holy Jugglings;
 Things that wou'd startle Faith, and make us deem
 Not this, or that, but all Religions false.

Dev. Our holy Orator has lost the Cause:

[*Aside.*
 But

But I shall yet redeem it—[To Dorax.] Let him go;
For I have secret Orders from the Emperor,
Which none but you must hear: I must confess,
I cou'd have wish'd some other Hand had brought 'em.
When did you see your Pris'ner, great *Sebastian*?

Dor. You might as well have ask'd me, when I saw
A crook'd Dragon, or a Basilisk;
Both are less Poison to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I; nor shall he see me,
'Till Time has perfected a lab'ring Thought,
That rowls within my Breast.

Bend. 'Twas my Mistake:
I guess'd indeed that Time, and his Misfortunes,
And your returning Duty had effac'd
The Mem'ry of past Wrongs; they wou'd in me;
And I judg'd you as tame, and as forgiving.

Dor. Forgive him! no: I left my foolish Faith,
Because it wou'd oblige me to Forgiveness.

Bend. I can but grieve to find you obstinate:
For you must see him; 'tis our Emp'ror's Will,
And strict Command.

Dor. I laugh at that Command.

Bend. You must do more than see; serve, and respect him.

Dor. See, serve him, and respect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd Wrongs, I must do this!
~~But, I forget my self.~~

Bend. Indeed you do.

Dor. The Emp'ror is a Stranger to my Wrongs;
I need but tell my Story, to revoke
This hard Commission.

Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to speak, at full,
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Master?

Dor. And yet enjoin'd my Service and Attendance?

Bend. And yet enjoin'd 'em both: Wou'd that were all;
He skrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile,
And said *Sebastian* knew to govern Slaves.

Dor. Slaves are the Growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe*:
By Heav'n, I will not lay down my Commission;
Not at his Foot, I will not stoop so low;

But if there be a Part in all his Face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Bend. You may; but then you lose all future Means
Of Vengeance on *Sebastian*, when no more
Alcade of this Fort.

Dor. That Thought escap'd me.

Bend. Keep your Command, and be reveng'd on both:
Nor sooth your self; you have no Pow'r t' affront him;
The Emp'ror's Love protects him from Insults,
And he who spoke that proud, ill-natur'd Word,
Following the Bent of his impetuous Temper,
May force your Reconcilement to *Sebastian*:
Nay bid you kneel, and kiss th' offending Foot,
That kick'd you from his Presence.
But think not to divide their Punishment;
You cannot touch a Hair of loath'd *Sebastian*,
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.

Dor. What means this Riddle?

Bend. 'Tis out: There needs no *Oedipus* to solve it.
Our Emp'ror is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember in his Reign, one Day
Pass guileless o'er his execrable Head.
He thinks the Sun is lost that sees not Blood:
When none is shed we count it Holiday.
We, who are most in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own: — you know the younger Brother,
Mild Muley-Zeydan?

Dor. Hold, and let me think.

Bend. The Soldiers idolize you,
He trusts you with the Castle,
The Key of all his Kingdom.

Dor. Well; and he trusts you too.

Bend. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring Enterprize.

Dor. He trusts us both; mark that, shall we betray
A Master, who reposes Life and Empire [him?
On our Fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated Name my Nature most abhors;
More, as you say, has loaded me with Scorn:
Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve *Sebastian*.

Yet

Yet more I know he vacates my Revenge;
Which but by this Revolt I cannot compass:
But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part
To fawn, and yet betray; I shou'd be hiss'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Bond. Consider well what I have done for you.

Dor. Consider thou what thou wou'd'st have me do.

Bond. You've too much Honour for a Renegade.

Dor. And thou too little Faith to be a Fav'rite.

Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,
Thy Wealth and Honours, all the pure Indulgence
Of him thou wou'd'st destroy?

And wou'd his Creature, nay, his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on human Kind:
Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All must be Rapine, Wars and Desolation,
When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind.

Bond. Well have you argued in your own Defence;
You, who have burst asunder all those Bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your native Prince.

Dor. True, I rebell'd: But when did I betray?
Indignities, which Man cou'd not support,
Provok'd my Vengeance to this noble Crime,
But he had stripp'd me first of my Command,
Dismiss'd my Service, and absolv'd my Faith;
And, with disdainful Language, dar'd my worst.
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.
Else had you seen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*,
With his couch'd Lance against your foremost *Moors*,
Perhaps too turn'd the Fortune of the Day;
Made *Africk* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.

Bond. Let me embrace thee.

Dor. Stand off Scycophant,
And keep Infection distant.

Bond. Brave and honest.

Dor. In Spight of thy Temptations.

Bond. Call 'em Tryals:

They were no more: Thy Faith was held in Balance;
And nicely weigh'd by Jealousie of Pow'r;

Vast was the Trust of such a Royal Charge;
And our wise Emperor might justly fear
Sebastian might be freed and reconcild,
By new Obligements, to thy former Love.

Dor. I doubt thee still; thy Reasons were too strong;
And driven too near the Head, to be but Artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a Statesman,
Where Truth is rarely found.

Boal. Behold the Emperor;

Enter Emperor, Sebastian and Almeyda.

Ask him, I beg thee, to be justify'd,
If he employ'd me not to sword thy Soul,
And try the Footing whether false or firm.

Dor. Death to my Eyes, I see Sebastian with him!
Must he be serv'd! avoid him, if we meet;
It must be like the Crash of Heav'n and Earth;
T' involve us both in Ruin.

Boal. 'Twas a bare saving Game I made with *Doran*,
But better so than lost; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd; I must ruin him,
But now this Love; ay, there's the gathering Storm!
The Tyrant must not use Almeyda;
That ruins all the Filibick I am raising.
Yet seeming to approve it gave me Time,
And gaining Time gains all. [Exit.]

[Retreats and waits behind the Emperor.]

The Emperor, Sebastian, and Almeyda advance to the

Front of the Stage: Guards and Attendants.

Emq. to Seb. I think 'em serve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,
To stop their Maws with disobedient Slaves.

Seb. If I had Conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more Observance waited:
Their Eyes, Hands, Feet,
Are all so quick, they seem t' have but one Motion,
To catch my flying Words. Only the *Alcads*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility
Bows, and declines my Walks.

Emq. A Renegade:

I know no more of him: But that he's brave;

And

And hates your Christian Sect. If you can frame
A farther Wish, give Wings to your Desires,
And name the thing you want.

Seb. My Liberty:

For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
Still I shou'd long to leap the Crystal Walls.

Emp. Sure our two Souls have somewhere been ac-
In former Beings: Or struck out together, [quainted
One Spark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal*.
Expect a quick Deliverance: [turning to *Almeyda*.] Here's
Of Kindred Soul to both: Pity our Stars [a third,
Have made us Foes! I shou'd not wish her Death.

Alm. I ask no Pity; if I thought my Soul
Of Kin to thine, soon wou'd I rend my Heart-strings,
And tear out that Alliance: But thou Viper
Hast cancell'd Kindred, made a Rent in Nature,
And through her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy Way,
Through thy own Blood to Empire.

Emp. This again:

And yet she lives; and only lives t' upbraid me.

Seb. What Honour is there in a Woman's Death!
Wrong'd as she lays, but helpless to Revenge;
Strong in her Passion, impotent of Reason,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd.
Mark her Majestick Fabrick; She's a Temple
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands Divine;
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there:
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Emp. She's all that thou canst say, or I can think.
But the Perverseness of her clam'rous Tongue
Strikes Pity deaf.

Seb. That only hears her Eyes;

Tho' they are mute, they plead; nay, more, command;
Her Lustrous Eyes have arbitrary Power.
All Females have Prescriptive of Sex,
The Sheets even of the falsest Head are safe:
All when they find or lose, have no Return
But Courtship from the Male.

Emp. Were she not She, and I not *Muley-Muluch*,
She's a Mistress of invincible Charms.

For all but me; nor am I so exempt,
 But that ——— I know not what I was to say ———
 But I am too obnoxious to my Friends;
 And sway'd by your Advice.

Seb. Sir, I advis'd not,
 By Heav'n, I never counsell'd Love but Pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didst: Deny it not, thou didst:
 For what was all that Prodigality
 Of Praise, but to enflame me! ———

Seb. Sir. ———

Emp. No more:
 Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my Love.

Seb. Was ever Man so ruin'd by himself! [*Aside.*]

Alm. Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
 To speak a Word so soft:

Name Death again, for that thou can'st pronounce
 With horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
 Love is for humane Hearts, and not for thine,
 Where the Brute Beast extinguishes the Man.

Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,
 And grapple, and compel their salvage Dames. ———
 Mark my *Sebastian*, how that sullen Frown, [*She frowns.*]
 Like flashing Lightning opens angry Heaven;
 And while it kills, delights. But yet, insult not
 Too soon, proud Beauty, I confess no Love.

Seb. No Sir, I said so, and I witness for you:
 Not Love, but noble Pity mov'd your Mind:
 Int'rest might urge you too to save her Life;
 For those who wish her Party lost, might murmur
 At shedding Royal Blood.

Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me;
 Int'rest of State requires not Death, but Marriage;
 T' unite the jarring Titles of our Line.

Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aside.*]
 Like Wildfire thrown against the Wind, returns
 With double-Force to burn me.

Emp. Cou'd I but bend, to make my beauteous Foe
 The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed. ———

Alm. Still thou dissemblest, but I read thy Heart,
 And know the Power of my own Charms; thou lov'st,
And

And I am pleas'd for my Revenge thou dost.

Emp. And thou hast Cause.

Alm. I have; for I have Power to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of Freedom.

Emp. Well then, I love, ———

And 'tis below my Greatness to disown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Through the parch'd Deserts, and the scorching Sands,
T' enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd, to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a false Courage, when thou threat'nest me;
Thou canst not stir a Hand to touch my Life:
Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st?
Lay by the Lion's Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Distaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.

Emp. Confusion! How thou view'st my very Heart!
I could as soon,
Stop a Spring Tide, blown in, with my bare Hand,
As this impetuous Love: ——— Yes, I will wed thee;
In Spight of thee, and of my self, I will.

Alm. For what, to People *Africa* with Monsters,
Which that unnatural Mixture must produce?
No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided Flame shou'd break from thine.

Emp. Serpent, I will engender Poison with thee;
Join Hate with Hate, add Venom to the Birth;
Our Off-spring, like the Seed of Dragon's Teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to Death.

Alm. I'm calm again, thou canst not marry me.

Emp. As Gleams of Sunshine soften Storms to Showers,
So if you smile, the Loudness of my Rage
In gentle Whispers shall return, but this ———
That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.

Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd. I am a Christian;
'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I relent, nor pardon yet with Ease:
Those Fruits come late, and are of slow Increase
In haughty Hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy self

If this one Word destroy not thy Designs:

Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.

Emp. 'Tis but a specious Tale, to blast my Hopes,
And baffle my Pretensions. Speak *Sebastiane*,
And as a King, speak true.

Seb. Then, thus adjur'd,
On a King's Word 'tis Truth, but Truth ill-tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unless you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciously forgive.

Alm. Now learn by this,
The little Value I have left for Life,
And trouble me no more.

Emp. I thank thee, Woman;
Thou hast restor'd me to my native Rage;
And I will seize my Happiness by Force.

Seb. Know *Muley-Moluch*, when thou dar'st attempt---

Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to use
A Conqueror's Right, and therefore charge thy Silence.
If thou wou'd'st merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to perswade her to Compliance:
If not, there's a new Gust in Ravishment,
Which I have never try'd.

Bend. They must be watch'd;
For something I observ'd creates a Doubt.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Emp. and Bend.*

Seb. I've been too tame, have basely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King within me;
I heard him, O sweet Heav'n's, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay, insolently urg'd me to perswade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I suffer Life, and drag this Being.

Alm. You turn my Prison to a Paradise;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Prison:
In all your Wars good Fortune flew before you;
Sublime you sat in Triumph on her Wheel;
'Till in my fatal Cause your Sword was drawn;
The Weight of my Misfortunes dragg'd you down.

Seb. And is't not strange, that Heav'n should bless my
In common Causes, and desert the best?

[*Arms*
Now

Now in your greatest, last Distress;
When I wou'd aid you most, and most desire it;
I bring but Sighs, the Sorrow of a Slave.

Alm. Leave then the Language of your Fate behind;
To make your Flight most true, leave *Almays*:
Nor think me left a helpless Prey;
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's Hand;
My Virtue is a Guard beyond my Strength,
And Death, my last Defence, within my Call.

Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tie him up from your Relief:
Nor has a Christian Privilege to die:
Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith;
Brutus and *Caio* might discharge their Souls,
And give them Funerals for another World:
But we like Centrics, are oblig'd to stand
In Stacks of Nights, and wait th' appointed Hour.

Alm. If shunning I'll be Good
To those who cannot shun it but by Death:
Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
And draw the distant Landscape as they please:
But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy Shore:
With an unfull'd Body and white Mind;
If I have err'd, some kind Inhabitant
Will pity a stray'd Soul, and take me home.

Seb. Beware of Death, thou canst not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccomplish'd Love behind:
Thy Vows are mine; nor will I quit my Claim:
The Tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

Alm. What Joys can you possess, or can I give?
Where Groans of Death succeed the Sighs of Love.
Our Hymen has not on his Siffren Robe;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds
His drooping Torch, extinguish'd with his Tears.

Seb. The God of Love stands ready to revive it
With his *Ethereal* Breath.

Alm. 'Tis late to joy, when we must part so soon.

Seb. Nay,

Seb. Nay, rather let us haste it, e'er we part:
Our Souls for Want of that Acquaintance here,
May wander in the Starry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worse Companions, miss our selves.

Alm. The Tyrant will not long be absent hence;
And soon I shall be ravish'd from your Arms.

Seb. Wilt thou thy self become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou hast Love to give?
In dangerous Days, when Riches are a Crime,
The Wise betimes make over their Estates:
Make o'er thy Honour, by a Deed of Trust,
And give me Scizure of the mighty Wealth.

Alm. What shall I do! O teach me to refuse!
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the Grant.
For dire Presages fright my Soul by Day,
And boding Visions haunt my nightly Dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the Groans of Ghosts;
Thin, hollow Sounds, and lamentable Screams;
Then, like a dying Eccho, from afar,
My Mother's Voice, that cries, Wed not, *Almeyda!*
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.

Seb. Some envious *Demon*, to delude our Joys;
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis Sinful Love.

Alm. Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,
That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind;
No Smoak of Lust; but chaste as Sisters Love,
When coldly they return a Brother's Kiss,
Without the Zeal that meets at Lovers Mouths.

Seb. Laugh then at fond Presages; I had some;
Fam'd *Nostradamus*, when he took my Horoscope,
Foretold my Father, I shou'd wed with Incest:
E'er this unhappy War my Mother dy'd;
And Sisters I had none; vain Augury!
A long Religious Life, a Holy Age,
My Stars assign'd me too; impossible.
For how can Incest suit with Holiness,
Or Priestly Orders with a Princely State?

Alm. Old Venerable *Alvarez!* ———

[Sighing.]

Seb. But why that Sigh in naming that good Man?

Alm. Your Father's Counsellor and Confident ———

Seb. He

Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my Second Father.

Alm. Mark'd our Farewell, when going to the Fight,
You gave *Almeida* for the Word of Battle;
'Twas in that fatal Moment, he discover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my Eyes stood full of Tears;
Yet through the Mist I saw him stedfast gaze:
Then knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd;
Like some sad Prophet. that foresaw the Doom
Of those whom best he lov'd, and cou'd not save.

Seb. It startles me! and brings to my Remembrance,
That, when the Shock of Battle was begun,
He wou'd have much co. plain'd. (but had not Time)
Of our hid Passion; then, with lifted Hands,
He begg'd me by my Father's Sacred Soul,
Not to espouse you, if he dy'd in Fight:
For if he liv'd. and we were Conquerors,
He had such Things to urge against our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my Sword in Battle;
And dastardize my Courage.

Alm. My Blood cruddles;
And cakes about my Heart.

Seb. I'll breathe a Sigh, so warm into thy Bosom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Christian; that produc'd his Fear:
Lest thou shou'd'st sooth my Soul with Charms so strong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.

Alm. There must be more:
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.

Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curst Intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed;
It must be so.

Alm. Yet——

Seb. No, thou shalt not plead
With that fair Mouth, against the Cause of Love:
Within this Castle is a Captive Priest,
My Holy Confessor, whose free Access
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;
This happy Hour his Hands shall make us one.

Alm. I go; with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,
To

To lead my Way: half loth, and half consenting.
 If, as my Soul forbodes, some dire Event
 Pursue this Union, on some Crime unknown,
 Forgive me Heaven; and all ye Bliſt above;
 Excuse the Fruity of unbounded Love. [Exeunt ambs.]

SCENE II. *Supper'd in a Garden; with
 Lodging Rooms behind it, or on the Sides.*

*Enter Muſti; Antonio as a Slave; and Johanna the
 Muſti's Wife.*

Muſ. And how do you like him, look upon him well;
 he's a personable Fellow of a Christian Dog. Now I
 think you are fitted for a Gardiner: Ha, wha. ſay'ſt thou
Johanna?

Johanna. He may make a Shift to ſow Lettice, raiſe
 Melons, and water a Garden-Plat. But otherwiſe a very
 filthy Fellow; how odiously he ſmells of his Country
 Garlick! ſugh, how he ſtinks of Spain.

Muſ. Why Honeybird, I bought him on Purpoſe for
 thee; didſt not thou ſay thou long'dſt for a Christian Slave?

Johanna. Ay, but the Sight of that loathſome Creature
 has almoſt cur'd me; and how can I tell that he's a Chri-
 ſtian? and he were well ſearch'd, he may prove a Jew
 for ought I know. And beſides, I have always long'd
 for an Eunuch; for they ſay that's a civil Creature, and
 almoſt as harmleſs as your ſelf, Husband: Speak Fellow,
 are not you ſuch a Kind of peaceable Thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country;
 and not very peaceable. neither when I am well provok'd.

Muſ. To your Occupation, Dog; bind up the Jeſſa-
 mines in yond' Arbour, and handle your Pruning-Kniſe
 with Dexterity; tightly I ſay, go tightly to your Buſi-
 neſs; you have coſt me much; and muſt earn it in your
 Work; here's plentiful Proviſion for you, Rascal, Salad-
 ding in the Garden, and Water in the Tanck, and on
 Holidays the licking of a Platter of Rice, when you
 deſerve it

Johanna.

Johanna. What have you been looking up to, Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my Service?

Ans. [making Legs.] Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man in a fair Lady's Service. I can play upon the Flute; and sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no Service either by Day or by Night shall come amiss to me; and besides, am of so quick an Apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any Time, to make me understand my Duty. [She winks at him.

Ans. Very fine, she has tipt the Wink already.---[Aside.

Joh. The Whelp may come to something in Time, when I have enter'd him into his Business.

Mus. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his Fawning; you must be taught your Distance, Sirrah. [Strikes him.

Joh. Hold, hold, ——— He has deserv'd it I confess; but for once let his Ignorance plead his Pardon; we must not discourage a Beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beasts: here you filthy Brute you: ——— take this little Alms to buy you Plaisters. [Gives him a Piece of Money.

Ans. Money, and a Love-Pinch in the Inside of my Palm into the Bargain. [Aside.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Bauducar is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace-Gate.

Mus. Come in, *Johanna*, regulate the rest of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his Work.

Joh. How stupidly he stares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I shall teach you Sirrah, to know your Business a little better: ——— this Way you awkward Rascal, here lyes the Arbour, must I be shewing you eternally? [Turning him about.

Mus. Come away, Minion; you shall shew him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbour, where a Rose-tree and a Myrtle-tree are just falling for want of a Prop; if they were bound together, they wou'd help to keep up one another: ——— He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him. *Mus.* No

Musf. No more deeds of Charity to day; come in; or I shall think you a little better dispos'd than I cou'd wish you.

* *Joh.* Well, go before. I will follow my Pastor.

Musf. So you may cast a Sheeps eye behind you: In before me; and you Sawciness, mind your Pruning-knife; or I may chance to use it for you.

[*Exeunt Musfi and Johayma.*]

Ant. [*alone*] Thank you for that; but I am in no such haste to be made a Musulman. For his Wedlock, for all her Haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian should resist, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Christian can resist, is another Question. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily necessity: Now have I a strange Temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Womens Apartment I am sure; and if these Birds are within distance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. [*pulls out his Flute*] If there be variety of Moors' Flesh in this holy Market, 'twere Madncss to lay out all my Money upon the first Bargain.

[*He plays.*]

[*A Grate opens, and Morayma she Musfi's Daughter appears at it.*]

Anton. Ay there's an Apparition! This is a Morsel worthy of a *Musfi*; this is the relishing bit in secret; this is the Mystery of his Alcoran, that must be reserv'd from the knowledge of the prophane Vulgar. This is his Holyday Devotion; see, she beckons too.

[*She beckons to him.*]

Mor. Come a little nearer, and speak softly.

Ant. I come, I come I warrant thee; the least twinkle had brought me to thee; such another kind Syllable or two wou'd turn me to a Meteor, and draw me up to hee.

Mor. I dare not speak, for fear of being overheard; but if you think my Person worth your hazard, and can deserve my Love—the rest this Note shall tell you—

[*throws down a Handkerchief.*] No more, my Heart goes with you,

[*Exit from the Grate.*]

Ant.

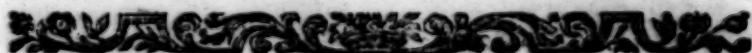
King of PORTUGAL.

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Ant. O thou pretty little Heart; art thou flown hither?
I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the
new Nest: but now upon my Treasure trove, that's
wrapt up in the Handkerchief: No peeping here, though
I long to be spelling her Arabick Serawls and Pot-hooks.
But I must carry off my Prize as Robbers do; and not
think of sharing the Booty before I am free from Danger,
and out of Eye-shot from the other Windows. If her
Wit be as paynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our
Northern Beauties are meer Dough to these: Insipid
white Earth, meer Tobacco-pipe Clay; with no more
Soul and Motion in 'em than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and sublimes
The well-bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes;
Our *Cupid's* but a Bungler in his Trade;
His keenest Arrows are in *Africk* made.

[Exit.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Terrace-Walk; or some other publick Place in
the Castle of Alcazar.*

Enter Emperor Mulcy-Moluch, and Benducar.

Emp. **M**arry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis Imposture;
Improbable they should presume t' attempt,
Impossible they shou'd effect their Wish.

Bend. Have patience till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:

Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not, when the stormy South blows high:
From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir'st a sudden stop? unsay thy Lye,
That may in time do somewhat.

Bend. I have done:

For,

For, since 'tis plain you it should be kept,
 'Tis fit it should: fit to be in your Slave,
 To raise disturbance in your Sacred Breast.

Emp. *Sebastian* is my Slave as well as thou;
 Nor dost offend my Love by that Profanation.

Bond. Must sure he ought not.

Emp. Then all Means were wanting;
 No Priest, no Ceremonier of their Sect;
 Or, grant we these Defects could be supply'd,
 How could our Prophet do an Act so base,
 So to resume his Gifts, and curse my Conquests.
 By making me unhappy! No, the Slave
 That told thee so absurd a Story, ly'd!

Bond. Yet till this Moment I have found him faithful:
 He said he saw it too.

Emp. Dispatch; what saw he?

Bond. Truth is considering, with what earnestness
Sebastian pleaded for *Almeyda's* Life,
 Inhauc'd her Beauty, dwelt upon her Praise,——

Emp. O stupid, and unthinking as I was!
 I might have mark'd it too: 'twas gross and palpable!

Bond. Methought I met'd a Lover ill disguis'd;
 And sent my Spy, a sharp observing Slave,
 To inform me better, if I guess'd aright.
 He told me, that he saw *Sebastian's* Page
 Run cross the Marble Square, who soon return'd,
 And after him there lag'd a passing Friar;
 Close wrap'd he bore some secret Instrument
 Of Christian Superstition in his Hand:
 My Servant follow'd fast, and through a Chink
 Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand:
 And heard the hooded Father mumbling Charms,
 That make those Misbelievers Men and Wives,
 Which done, that Spanish knight with such a Fervour,
 And gave such furious earnest of their flames,
 That their Eyes sparkled, and their muzzling Blood
 Flew flushing o'er their Faces.

Emp. Hell confound 'em!

Bond. The Reverend Father with a holy Look,
 Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:

This

This forc'd my Servant to a quick Retreat,
For fear to be discover'd; guard the rest!

Emp. I do. My Fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd Bliss.

Some Earthquake shou'd have rock'd and rent the Ground,
Have swallow'd him; and left the Jangling Bride
In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love. *[While disorderly.]*

Enter the Mufti.

Bond. In an unlucky Hour
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great Affair,
And uninstru'd how to stem the Tide.

[Aside.]

[Coming up to the Mufti aside.]

The Emp'ror must not marry, nor enjoy;
Keep to that Point; stand firm, for all's at stake.

[Emp. seeing him:] You Druggerman of Heaven, must
I attend

Your dreaming Prayers? Why came you not before?

Dost thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda*? Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine; about the business, quick,
Expound thy *Moham*; make him speak my Sense;
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Mufty*,
Unless thou know'st the trick of thy Vocation,
To wrest and read the Law to please thy Prince:

Muf. Why, verily the Law is monstrous plain;
There's not one doubtful Text in all the *Alcoran*,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your Project.

Emp. Forge one; and foist it into some By-place:
Of some old *Arabian* Roll; do't, I command thee:
Must I teach thee thy Trade?

Muf. It cannot be:

For Matrimony being the dearest Point
Of Law, the People have it all by heart:
A Cheat on Procreation will not pass.

Besides the Offence is so exorbitant; *[It's a higher Tone.]*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That speedy Vengeance wou'd pursue your Crime,
And Holy *Moham* launch himself from Heaven,
Before th' unsteady Thunderbolt were form'd.

Emp'ror

Emperer taking him by the Throat with one Hand, snatches out his Sword with the other, and Points it to his Breast.

Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this Pomp and Pow'r
To preach against my Will? Know I am Law;
And thou, not *Mahomet's* Messenger, but mine;
Make it, I charge thee, make my Pleasure lawful:
Or first I strip thee of thy ghostly Greatness,
Then send thee post to tell thy Tale above;
And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Justice done below for Disobedience.

Mus. For Heaven's sake hold, the respite of a Moment--
To think for you.

Emp. And for thy self. —————

Mus. For both.

Bend. Disgrace, and Death, and Avarice have lost him! *[Aside.]*

Mus. 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Christian;
But it forbids you not to ravish her.

You have a Conqueror's Right upon your Slave;
And then, the more despight you do a Christian,
You serve the Prophet more, who loaths that Sect.

Emp. Oh now it mends; and you talk Reason, *Musit.*
But stay! I promis'd Freedom to *Sebastian*.
Now shou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.

Mus. Kill him, for then you give him liberty;
His Soul is from his earthly Prison freed.

Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws!

Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your Prudence.

Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my Love.

Bend. First, Since our holy Man has made Rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why shou'd you pluck the green distasteful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it self, and fall?

Emp. Grant her a Day; though that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.

Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her desir'd *Sebastian*,
Let *Dorax* be enjoyn'd to bring his Head.

Emp.

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Emp. [*to the Musti.*] Go, *Musti*, call him to receive
his Orders. [*Exit Musti.*]

I taste thy Counsel, her Desires new rous'd,
And yet unslak'd, will kindle in her Fancy,
And make her eager to renew the Feast.

Bend. [*Aside.*] *Dorax*. I know before, will disobey:
There's a Foe's Head well cropt. ———

But this hot Love precipitates my Plot;
And brings it to Projection e'er its time.

*Enter Sebastian and Almeyda, hand in hand; upon sight of
the Emperor, they separate and seem disturb'd.*

Almeyda. He breaks at unawares upon our Walks,
And like a Midnight Wolf invades the Fold:
Make speedy Preparation of your Soul,
And bid it arm apace: He comes for answer,
And brutal Mischief sits upon his Brow.

Seb. Not the last Sounding cou'd surprize me more,
That summons drowzy Mortals to their Doom,
When call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their Charge:
My Sense has been so deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-slept her Hour; and scarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot: But brave Minds
At worst can dare their Fate. ———

Emp. [*coming up to them*] Have you perform'd
Your Embassy, and treated with Success?

Seb. I had no time.

Emp. No not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.

Seb. You talk in Clouds, explain your Meaning, Sir.

Emp. Explain yours first: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you saw me, with a guilty Start
You loos'd your Hold, affrighted at my Presence?

Seb. Affrighted?

Emp. Yes, astonish'd and confounded.

Seb. What mak'st thou of thy self, and what of me?
Art thou some Ghost, some Dæmon, or some God,
That I shou'd stand astonish'd at thy sight?
If thou cou'dst deem so meanly of my Courage,
Why didst thou not engage me Man for Man,

And

And try the Virtue of that Gorgon Face,
To stare me into Statue?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at first; as if surpriz'd
At unexpected Baseness brought to light.
For know, ungrateful Man, that Angels, like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th' Abyss of Minds,
And view the dark Recesses of the Soul.

Seb. Base and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this turn of Fate, durst thou have call'd me;
But, since thou boast'st th' Omniscience of a God,
Say in what Cranny of *Sebastian's* Soul,
Unknown to me, so leath'd a Crime is lodg'd?

Emp. Thou hast not broke my Trust repos'd in thee!

Seb. Impos'd; but not receiv'd: Take back that Ralschood.

Emp. Thou art not Marry'd to *Almeyda*?

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And ow'st the Usurpation of my Love?

Seb. I own it in the Face of Heaven and thee,
No Usurpation, but a lawful Claim,
Of which I stand posselt.

Emp. Sh' has chosen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

Almeyda. Betwixt a Monster and the best of Men.
He was the Envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their fighting Queens despis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.
To share his noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the salvage Greatness of thy Throne.

Seb. Were I to chuse again, and knew my Fate,
For such a Night I would be what I am.
The Joys I have posselt are ever mine;
Out of thy reach behind Eternity,
Hid in the sacred Treasure of the past;
But blest Remembrance brings 'em hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but Hours to live:
O mighty Purchase of a boasted Bliss!
To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive Night,
And never shalt have more.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canst part us but a Moment; —
We

We shall be one again in thy despight:
Life is but Air,
That yields a Passage to the whistling Sward,
And closes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better die than close embrac'd,
Sucking each other's Souls while we expire?
Which so transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd shall by a sweet Mistake.
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwist you;
I have occasion for your stay on Earth:
Let him mount first, and beat upon the Wing,
And wait an Age for what I here detain,
Or sicken at immortal Joys above,
And languish for the Heav'n he left below. *(Joyn'd?)*

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten Link,
And rivet one to last.

Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers Down thus? Where are my Guards,

[Benducar goes out for the Guards, and returns.]

To drag that Slave to Death? *[Pointing to Sebastian.]*
Now storm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then despise him
For wanting Power to save thee.

Seb. That were to gratifie thy Pride: I'll shew thee
How a Man thou'd, and how a King dare dye:
So even, that my Soul shall walk with Ease
Out of its Flesh, and shut out Life as calmly
As it does Words; without a Sigh to note
One struggle in the smooth dissolving Frame. *(Wretch;*

Alm. [to the Emp.] Expect Revenge from Heav'n, inhuman
Nor hope t' ascend Sebastian's Holy Bed.

Flames, Daggers, Poisons, guard the sacred Steps;
Those are the promis'd Pleasures of my Love.

Emp. And these might fright another, but not me,
Or me, if I design'd to give you Pleasure:
I seek my own, and while that lasts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the Captive to a speedy Death,

And

And set my Soul at ease.

Alm. I charge you hold; ye Ministers of Death,
Speak my *Sebastian*;
Plead for thy Life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;
'Tis no Dishonour, trust me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty Heart disdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still silent! will the King of *original*
Go to his Death like a dumb Sacrifice?
Beg him to save my Life in saving thine.

Seb. Farewell, my Life's not worth another Word.

Emp. [to the Guards.] Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewell too:

Farewel the Greatness of *Almeyda's* Soul!
Look, Tyrant, what Excess of Love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet, [*Kneels to him.*]
Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands,
Which blister when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to save *Sebastian's* Life.

Emp. A secret Pleasure trickles through my Veins:
It works about the Inlets of my Soul!
To feel thy touch; and Pity tempts the pass;
But the tough Mettle of my Heart resists;
'Tis warm'd with the soft Fire, not melted down.

Alm. A Flood of scalding Tears will make it run,
Spare him, Oh spare; can you pretend to love,
And have no Pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compais you with these supplanting Cords,
And pull so long till the proud Fabrick falls.

Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace; 'tis double Pleasure
So to be hugg'd, and see *Sebastian* die.

Alm. Look, Tyrant, when thou nam'st *Sebastian's* Death,
Thy very Executioners turn pale,
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the Trade
Of Death, they start at an anointed Head,
And tremble to approach:—He hears me not;
Nor minds th' Impression of a God on Kings;
Because no stamp of Heav'n was on his Soul:
But the resisting Mass drove back the Seal.

Say

Say though thy Heart be Rack of Adversity,
Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Suffer:
Instruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy Price;
Lo, I resign my Title to the Crown;
Send me to live with the Man I love,
And South-west is my Prison.

Emp. Hear's my Claim, [Clipping his Hand to his Sword.
And this ungodly claim; then giv't me nothing.

Alm. My Father's, Mother's, Brother's Death I pardon:
That's somewhat sure, a mighty Sum of Murder;
Of innocent and kindred Blood struck off.
My Prayers and Penance shall discount for these,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me:
Behold what Price I offer, and how dear
To buy Sebastian's Life.

Emp. Let After-sock'nings trouble fearful Fools;
I'll stand the trial of those trivial Crimes:
But, since thou beg'st me to prescribe my Terms,
The only I can offer are thy Love;
And this one day of Respite to resolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next Word is Fate;
And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be so [Rising up.
At thy last breath to thine: I curse thee not,
For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are? That Curse be thine.
Now, do not speak, Sebastian, for you need not,
But die, for I resign your Life: Look, Heav'n,
Alonzo dooms her dear Sebastian's Death!
But is there Heav'n? for I begin to doubt;
The Skies are hush'd; no grumbling Thunders soul:
Now take your swing, ye Impious; Sin unpunish'd;
Eternal Providence seems overwatch'd,
And with a flamb'ring Nad affects to Murder.

Enter Duxer attended by three Soldiers.

Emp. Thou mov'st a Yemise-pace to my Relief.
Take hence that, once a King; that swollen Pride
That swells to Dumbness; lay him in the Dungeon,
And sink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd,
He shall not grow to hearing, when I send

The next Commands are Death.

Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curses.

Emp. Much at one

In a Slave's Mouth, against a Monarch's Pow'r.

This Day thou hast to think;

At Night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly;

Then I'll provoke thy Lips; lay siege so close,

That all thy fallying Breath shall turn to Blessings.

Make haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewell, my last Sebastian!

I do not beg, I challenge Justice now;

O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar Care,

Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?

Now flash him dead, now crumble him to Ashes;

Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace;

And look not idly out upon a World

That is no longer yours.

[She is carried off struggling. Emp. and Benducar follow.]

[Sebastian struggles in his Guards Arms, and shakes off one of them, but two others come in, and hold him; he speaks not all the while.]

Dor. I find I'm but a half-strain'd Villain yet; *[Aside.]*

But mungril-mischievous; for my Blood boyld,

To view this brutal Act; and my stern Soul

Tug'd at my Arm to draw in her Defence.

Down thou rebelling Christian in my Heart;

Redeem thy Fame on this Sebastian first; *[Walks a turn.]*

Then think on others Wrongs, when thine are righted.

But how to right 'em? on a Slave disarm'd;

Defenceless and submitted to my Rage?

A base Revenge is Vengeance on my self; *[Walks again.]*

I have it; and I thank thee honest Head,

Thus present to me at my great Necessity: ———

[Comes up to Sebastian.]

You know me not?

Seb. I hear Men call thee Dorax.

(too;

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once, you speak
You were struck mute before.

Seb. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine:——

Dispatch thy Work, good Executioner. (Falshood

Dor. None of my Blood were Hangmen: add that
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A King and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater Sum perhaps than you can pay.
Mean time I shall make bold t'increase your Debt.

[Gives him his Sword.

Take this, and use it at your greatest need.

Seb. This Hand and this have been acquainted well;
[Looks on it.] It shou'd have come before into my grasp,
To kill the Ravisher.

Dor. Thou heard'st the Tyrant's Orders; guard thy Life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

Seb. I'm still without thy Meaning, but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask Thanks; thank me with that.

Seb. Such furly Kindness did I never see!

Dor. [to the Captain of his Guards] Muza, draw out a
file, pick Man by Man,

Such who dare die, and dear will sell their Death.

Guard him to th' utmost; now conduct him hence,

And treat him as my Person.

Seb. Something like

That Voice methinks I shou'd have somewhere heard:

But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,

Beyond my kenn of Soul. [Exit Seb. with the Soldiers.

Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful Man, [Solus.

I shall, and set him full before thy sight,

When I shall front thee like some staring Ghost,

With all my Wrongs about me. — What so soon

Return'd? this haste is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar and Musti.

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious;

And loud, as if like Bacchus born in Thunder.

Be quick ye false Physicians of my Mind,

Bring speedy Death, or Cure.

Bend. What can be counsell'd while Sebastian lives?

The Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar stands.

But that cut down, creeps to the next Support,

And twines as closely there.

Emp. That's done with Ease, I speak him dead: pro-

Misf. Proclaim your Marriage with *Alonzo* next, [cecd.
That Civil Wars may cease; this gains the Crowd;
Then you may safely force her to your Will:
For People side with Violence and Injustice,
When done for Publick Good.

Emp. Preach thou that Doctrine.

Band. Th' unreasonable Fool has breach'd a Truth [*Aside.*
That blasts my Hopes; but since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge *Alonzo* is a Christian:
If that produce no Tumult, I despair.

Emp. Why speaks not *Dwar*?

Dw. Because my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far,
To trust the Preaching Pow'r on State-Affairs
To him or any heav'nly Demagogue.

'Tis a Limb lost from your Prerogative,
And so much of Heav'n's Image blotted from you.

Misf. Sure thou hast never heard of holy Men
(So Christians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;
Such as in Spain, *Xymenes*, *Albornoz*,
In England *Wilsby*; match me these with Laymen.

Dw. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be Statesmen, happ'ning to be Churchmen!
Thou call'st 'em holy; so their Function was;
But tell me, *Misf.* which of 'em were Saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the Sum of all is this;
Since he claims Pow'r from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his Int'rest, he can intrust Heav'n
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend
On Hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.

Emp. I'll trust his Preaching while I rule his Pay,
And I dare trust my Subjects to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

Dw. You know 'em not.
The Genius of your *Moss* is Mummy:
They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madocks:
Prompt to rebel on every weak Pretence,
Blustering when courted, crouching when oppress'd;
Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World;

Restless

Reckless in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
 They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense;
 A good, luxurious, palatable Faith.
 Thus Vice and Godliness, preposterous Pair,
 Ride Check by Jowl; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
 And whenc'er Kings would lower Clergy Greatness,
 They learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
 And whose the Subjects are; the *Mass* knows it;
 Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.

Emp. No more; what'er he said, was my Command.

Dor. Why then no more, since you will hear no more;
 Some Kings are resolute to their own Ruin.

Emp. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,
 Obey your Orders, and dispatch *Sebastiann*.

Dor. Trust my Revenge; be sure I wish him dead.

Emp. What mean'st thou! What's thy Wishing to my
 Dispatch him, rid me of the Man I loath. [Will?]

Dor. I hear you, Sir, I'll take my Time, and do't. —

Emp. Thy Time? What's all thy Time? What's thy
 whole Life

To my one Hour of Ease? No more Replies,
 But see thou do'st it; Or —

Dor. Chink in that Throat; I can say Or as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well, I see my Words have no Effect,
 But I may send a Message to dispose you. [Is going off.]

Dor. Expect an Answer worthy of that Message.

Msg. The Prophet ow'd him this: [Aside.]
 And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.

Bond. By holy *Allha*, I conjure you, stay,
 And judge not rashly of so brave a Man.

[Draws the Emperor aside, and whispers him.
 I'll give you Reasons why he cannot execute
 Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.]

Msg. *Bond* is a Fool to bring him off, [Aside.]
 I'll work my own Revenge, and speedily.

Bond. The Fort is his, the Soldiers Hearts are his;
 A Thousand Christian Slaves are in the Castle,
 Which he can free to reinforce his Pow'r;
 Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larrache*,
 Yet in the Christian Hands.

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.

Bend. He shall by Poison;
'Tis here, the deadly Drug prepar'd in Powder,
Hot as Hell Fire: ——— then, to prevent his Soldiers
From rising to revenge their Gen'ral's Death,
While he is struggling with his mortal Pangs,
The Rabble on the sudden may be rais'd
To seize the Castle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Bend. Yet more; but clear your Brow; for he observes.
[They whisper again.]

Dor. What, will the Fav'rite prop my falling Fortunes?
O Prodigy of Court! *[Aside.]*

[Emp. and Bend. return to Dor.]

Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence;
I was too hasty to condemn unheard:
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your Replies.
As far as fits the Majesty of Kings,
I ask Excuse.

Dor. I'm sure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did: ——— this to our Love renew'd. —

[Emp. Drinks.]

Benducar, fill to *Dorax*.

[Bend. turns, and mixes a Powder in it.]

Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have Need
To quench our Heats; 'tis the King's Health, *Benducar*. —

[He Drinks.]

And I wou'd pledge it, tho' I knew 'twere Poison.

Bend. Another Bowl, for what the King has touch'd,
And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your Loves. —

[Drinks out of another Bowl.]

Mas. Since Charity becomes my Calling, thus
Let me provoke your Friendship: And Heav'n bless it,
As I intend it well. —

*[Drinks, and turning aside pours some Drops out of a
little Vial into the Bowl; then presents it to Dorax.]*

Dor. Heav'n make thee honest,
On that Condition we shall soon be Friends. — *[Drinks.]*

Mas. Yes,

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Mus. Yes, at our meeting in another World; [Aside.
For thou hast drunk thy Passport out of this.
Not the *Nonacrian* Font, nor *Lesbo's* Lake,
Cou'd sooner numb thy nimble Faculties,
Than this, to sleep eternal.

Emp. Now farewell *Dorax*; this was our first Quarrel,
And I dare prophesie, will prove our last.

[Exit *Emp.* with *Bend.* and the *Musti*.

Dor. It may be so: I'm strangely discompos'd;
Quick Shootings through my Limbs, and pricking Pains;
Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,
Shiv'ring of Cold, and Burnings of my Entrails
Within my little World make Medley-War,
Loose and regain, beat, and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground.
Can it be Poison! Poison's of one Tenour,
Or hot, or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, some Enemy of Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime;
Africk, the Scene remov'd, is *Portugal*.
Of all Court Service learn the common Lot;
To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all! my honest Corps must lye
Expos'd to Scorn, and publick Infamy:
My shameful Death will be divulg'd alone;
The Worth and Honour of my Soul unknown. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Night-Scene of the *Musti's*
Garden, where an Arbour is discover'd.

Enter *Antonio*.

Ant. She names her self *Morayma*; the *Musti's* only
Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the Time and Place that
she appointed in her Letter, yet she comes not. Why
thou sweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with
thy Delay! Dost thou be false to thy Assignment? What,
in the Cool and Silence of the Night, and to a new
Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for instructing
thee so little in the sweetest Point of his Religion. Hark,

I hear the rustling of her Silk Muslin Robe: She comes; now she comes; no hang't, that was but the whistling of the Wind through the Orange-tree: Now she comes. I hear the Fit & Pat of a pretty Foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Maid that's stolen from, and slouching upon the Mule: ~~see-see-see~~ Oh, the misery of an expectant Lover! Well I'll conceal myself into my Armoire, and try to sleep; in a Dream I shall enjoy her in the Delight of her: *[Goes into the Armoire, and has sleep.]*

Enter Johayma wrapped up in a Muslin Mantle.

Job. Thus far my Love has carry'd me, almost without my Knowledge whither I was going: Shall I go on, shall I discover my self! ———— What an Injury am I doing to my old Husband! ———— Yet what Injury, since he's old, and has three Wives, and six Children besides me! 'tis but stealing my own Tythe from him.

[She comes a little nearer the Armoire.]

Ant. *[raising himself a little, and looking.]* At last 'tis she, this is no Illusion I am sure; 'tis a true She-devil of Flesh and Blood; and she cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me. ————

Job. He's young and handsome. ————

Ant. Yes, well enough I thank Nature. *[Aside.]*

Job. And I am yet neither old, nor ugly: Sure he will not refuse me.

Ant. No, thou may'st pawn thy Maidenhead upon't he wonnot. *[Aside.]*

Job. The Master wou'd feast himself upon other Women, and keep me fasting.

Ant. O, the holy Curmudgeon! *[Aside.]*

Job. Wou'd preach Abstinence, and practice Luxury! but I thank my Stars, I have edify'd more by his Example than his Precept.

Ant. Most divinely argu'd; she's the best Confessor in all Africa. *[Aside.]*

[He rushes out, and embraces her.]

I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear Johayma, the old unconfessionable Whorson thy Father, could he expect cold Chastity from a Child of his begetting?

Job. What

Joh. What Nonsense do you talk? do you take me for the King's Daughter?

Ant. Why, are you not, Madam? *[Throwing off her Barnus.*

Joh. I find you had an Appointment with *Morayma*.

Ant. By all that's good, the nauseous Wife. *[Aside.*

Joh. What, you are confounded, and stand mute?

Ant. Something or namplust I confess; to hear you deny your Name so positively; why, are not you *Morayma* the King's Daughter? Did not I see you with him, did not he present me to you? Were you not so charitable as to give me Money? Ay, and to tread upon my Foot, and squeeze my Hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past Favours.

Joh. And you see I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma*, nor the *Musi's* Daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am sure he is old enough to be your Father; and either Father, or Reverend Father I heard you call him.

Joh. Once again, how came you to name *Morayma*?

Ant. Another damn'd Mistake of mine: For asking one of my Fellow-Slaves, who were the Chief Ladies about the House; he answer'd me, *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but she, it seems, is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say your beloved Mistress if you please; for that's the Title I desire. This Moon-shine grows offensive to my Eyes; come, shall we walk into the Arbour? there we may rectifie all Mistakes.

Ant. That's close and dark.

Joh. And are those Faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot please my self with the Sight of your Beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a Breath of Air stirring.

Joh. The Breath of Lovers is the sweetest Air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering indeed, that if I am taken with you.

Joh. The best Way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Joh. Just against the Face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

Joh. You make so many Difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. [*Aside.*] If *Morayma* comes, and takes me in the Arbour with her, I have made a fine Exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Joh. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the Fury of your first Embrace.

Ant. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the Transport of my Passion; now I have consider'd it better, I have a Qualm of Conscience.

Joh. Of Conscience! why, what has Conscience to do with two young Lovers that have Opportunity?

Ant. Why truly, Conscience is something to blame for interposing in our Matters: but how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Master?

Joh. There must be something more in't; for your Conscience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma*.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter; for then I might have made you an honourable Amends by Marriage.

Joh. You Christians are such pecking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moonshine.

Ant. And you *Africans* are such Termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a holy Man, the Head of your Religion: go back to your Chamber, go back I say, and consider of it for this Night; as I will do on my Part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next Meeting, the sweet Devil may have more Power over me: I am true Flesh and Blood, I can tell you that for your Comfort.

Joh. Flesh without Blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy Cost, what Vengeance is in store for refusing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love — Help, Help, there; will no-body come to my Assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam? for Heaven's Sake
Peace;

Peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own Danger, if you will not think of mine.

Job. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deserv'st no Pity: Help, Help, Husband, or I shall be ravish'd: the Villain will be too strong for me. Help, Help, for Pity of a poor distressed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but Impudence to assist me: I must drown her Clamour, whate'er comes on't.

[He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.]

Enter the Mufti in his Night-Gown, and two Servants.

Muf. O thou Villain, what horrible Impiety art thou committing? What, ravishing the Wife of my Bosom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of such a Monster.

[Servants seize him.]

Ant. Mercy, dear Master, Mercy: Hear me first, and after, if I have deserv'd Hanging, spare me not: What have you seen to provoke you to this Cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the Outcries of my Wife; the Bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the Lamb lye bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn, and bloody, is not that Evidence sufficient of the Murder? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in Reason, Sir, is a Man to be put to Death for a Similitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: the Lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Job. How's that, Villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and speak but Truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Job. *[Aside.]* I understand him; but I fear 'tis now too late to save him: — Pray hear him speak, Husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honour?

Job. I forgive him freely, for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me Satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant.

Mus. Any thing, anything, I will do; I shall be
falsely accus'd; I shall be ruin'd; I shall be

Mus. But did he not say so? Was he not
voicing nothing but his own villainy?

Jab. In my Conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Mus. 'Tis impossible; then what intent all these Out-
cries? I am sure I am ruin'd; I am sure I am

Jab. I heard Musick in the Garden, and at an uncer-
tainable hour of Night; and I stole softly out of my Bed,
as imagining it might be he.

Mus. How's that, *Jahayma*? Imagining it was he,
and yet you went?

Jab. Why not, my Lord? am not I the Mistress of the
Family? and is it not my Place to see good Orders kept
in it? I thought he might have allur'd some of the She-
Slaves to him; and was resolv'd to prevent what might
have been betwixt him and them; when, on the sudden,
he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his Arms with
such a Fury.

Mus. I have heard enough, away with him.

Jab. Mistaking me no doubt, for one of his Fellow-
Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd my
face, and cry'd aloud: But as soon as ever he knew me,
the Villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started
back, as if I were some Serpent; and was more afraid of
me than I of him.

Mus. O thou Corrupter of my Family, that's Cause e-
nough of Death; once again, away with him.

Jab. What, for an intended Trespass? No Harm has
been done, whatever may be. He cost you Five Hun-
dred Crowns, I take it.

Mus. Thou say'st true, a very considerable Sum: He
shall not die, tho' he had committed Folly with a Slave;
'tis too much to lose by him.

Jab. My only Fault has ever been to love playing in
the dark, and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd; that
it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Mus. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortifie your Flesh, and
consider in whose Family you are.

Jab. And one thing more; remember from henceforth
to obey better.

Mus.

King of Portugal

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Mor. [Aside.] For all his Sincerity, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealousie; but I have thought of a Way that will clear my Doubts. *Enter Morayma with John and Servants.*

Ant. I am mortify'd sufficiently already without the Help of his Ghostly Council. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conscience would have gone in two Months. I find my self in a very dejected Condition, all over me; past Sin lyes dormant, Conscience is retir'd to his Winter-Quarters; and if *Morayma* should now appear, I say no more, but alas for her and me!

[*Morayma comes out of the Arbour, she steals behind him, and claps him on the Back.*

Mor. And if *Morayma* should appear, as she does appear, alas you say for her and you!

Ant. Art thou there, my sweet Temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my All!

Mor. A mighty Complement, when all these, by your own Confession, are just nothing.

Ant. Nothing, 'till thou camest to new create me; thou dost not know the Power of thy own Charms: Let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see how quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. [Stepping back.] Nay, if you are so dangerous, 'tis best keeping you at a Distance; I have no Mind to warm a frozen Snake in my Bosom; he may chance to recover, and sting me for my Pains.

Ant. Consider what I have suffer'd for thy Sake already; and make me some Amends: two Disappointments in a Night! O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your self for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my Time, thro' the Back-Walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a fresh Water Soldier, stood guarding the Pass before: If you miss'd the Enemy, you may thank your own Dulness.

Ant. Nay, if you will be using Stratagems, you shall give me Leave to make use of my Advantages, now I have you in my Power: We are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no Quarter.

Mor.

Mor. By your Favour, Sir, we meet upon Treaty now, and not upon Defence.

Ant. If that be all, you shall have *Corte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayna*: Any thing to serve you, Madam; I shall refuse no Drudgery: Whole Words were those, Gentleman? Was that like a Cavalier of Honour?

Ant. Not very heroick; but Self-Preservation is a Point above Honour and Religion too. — *Antonio* was a Rogue I must confess; but you must give me Leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your Life so basely; and to present your Sword to your Enemy: Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my Fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud, but I shou'd never have heard the Blast: Come, don't make your self worse-natur'd than you are: to save my Life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any thing.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you suspect I wou'd leave you for *Johayna*?

Mor. No; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I must have all of you; Heart for Heart is an equal Truck: In short, I am younger; I think handsomer; and am sure I love you better: she has been my Step-Mother these fifteen Years: You think that's her Face you see, but 'tis only a dawb'd Vizard: She wears an Armour of Proof upon't; an Inch thick of Paint, besides the Wash: Her Face is so fortify'd, that you can make no Approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her Constancy, I can tell you for your Comfort, she will love 'till Death, I mean 'till yours: for when she has worn you out, she will certainly dispatch you to another World, for fear of telling Tales; as she has already serv'd three Slaves, your Predecessors of happy Memory in her Favours. She has made my Pious Father a three pil'd Cuckold to my Knowledge: and now she wou'd be robbing me of my single Sheep too.

Ant. Prithce prevent her then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

Mor.

Mor. No, I'll have a Butcher's Pen'worth of you; first secure the Carcass, and then take the Piece into the Bargain.

Ans. Why sure, you did not put your self and me to all this Trouble, for a dry come off; by this Hand,

[Taking it.

Mor. Which you shall never touch; but upon better Assurances than you imagine. [Pulling her Hand away.

Ans. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall: but no Earnest, 'till the Bargain be made before Witness; there's Love enough to be had; and as much as you can turn you to; never doubt; but all upon honourable Terms.

Ans. I vow and swear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be trusted in any: he has another Name too, of a worse Sound. Shall I trust an Oath, when I see your Eyes languishing, your Cheeks flushing, and can hear your Heart throbbing? no, I'll not come near you: He's a foolish Physician who will feel the Pulse of a Patient, that has the Plague-spots upon him.

Ans. Did one ever hear a little Moppet, argue so perversly against so good a Cause! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd fain be fingering your Rents beforehand; but that makes a Man an ill Husband ever after. Consider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you shall prove it, manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard Task on't to make even at the Year's End, and yet to live decently.

Ans. I came with a Christian Intention to revenge my self upon thy Father; for being the Head of a false Religion.

Mor. And so you shall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: but since you are so pressing, meet me under my Window to morrow Night, Body for Body, about this Hour; I'll slip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my Hand.

Ans. How, thy Father!

Mor.

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his Fear, and
 as ever I can say! I'll love him his Alcoran; that's
 Revenue enough for him: Every Page of it is Gold and
 Diamonds! He has the turn of an Eye, a sincere Smile,
 and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him.
 I forget to tell you, that I will have a Slave pre-
 par'd at the Postern-Gate, with two Horcs ready sad-
 led: No more, for I fear I may be mis'd; and think I
 hear 'em calling for me——if you have Constancy and
 Courage——

Ans. Never doubt it: And Love in abundance, to wan-
 der with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thousand Crowns in
 a Casket!——

Ans. A heavy burden, Heaven knows! but we must
 pray for Patience to support it.

Mor. Besides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps
 with you:——Come, I know you long to have a parta-
 ing Blow with me; and therefore to shew I am in Cha-
 rity——

[He kisses her.]

Ans. Once more for Pity; that I may keep the Flavour
 upon my Lips till we meet again:

Mor. No; frequent Charities make bold Beggars: And
 besides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a
 Hawk when I wou'd have him fly: That's enough——
 but if you will be nibbling, here's a Hand to slay your
 Stomach.

[Kissing her Hand.]

Ans. Thus conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may cease,
 Are forc'd to give their Hands, and sign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the Foe;
 You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.
 If you release my Hand, the Fault's not mine;
 You shou'd have made me Seal as well as Sign.

*[She runs off, he follows her to the Door; then comes back
 again, and goes out at the other.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bendacer's Palace in the Castle of Alcatraz.

Bend. MY future Fate, the Colour of my Life, [*Solus.*
My all depends on this important Hour:
This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almonds and a Crown, have push'd me forward;
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant must not ravish her:
He and *Schafism* stand betwixt my Hopes:
He must, and therefore first to be dispatch'd.
These and a thousand things are to be done
In the short Compass of this rowling Night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my *Emancipates* yet return'd.

Enter Halcyon—First Servant:

Oh Halcyon, thou hast held me long in pain.
What hast thou learnt of *Dumas*? is he dead?

Halcyon. Two Hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;
All Doors are shut, no Servant peeps abroad;
Some Officers with striding haste pass'd in,
While others outward went on quick dispatch;
Sometimes hush'd Silence seem'd to reign within;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joint Clamour follow'd;
Then Lights went gliding by, from Room to Room,
And shot like thwarting Meteors cross the House:
Not daring farther to enquire: I came
With speed, to bring you this imperfect News.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
His mournful Friends, summon'd to take their Leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and sit in Council,
What those caballing Captains may design,
I must prevent, by being first in Action.

To *Muley-Zeydan* fly with speed, desire him
 To take my last Instructions; tell th' Importance,
 And haste his Presence here, [Exit Haly.
 How has this Poison lost its wonted way?
 It should have burnt its Passage, not have linger'd
 In the blind Labyrinths and crooked Turnings,
 Of human Composition; now it moves
 Like a slow Fire that works against the Wind,
 As if his stronger Stars had interpos'd,

Enter Hamet.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
 From *Mustapha* what Message?

Ham. What you wish:

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night,
 Than at the Mid-day Sun: A drowzy Horror
 Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake,
 All croud in heaps, as at a Night alarm
 The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,
 Timbosh their Hives in clusters; all ask News:
 Their busie Captain runs the weary round
 To whisper Orders; and commanding Silence
 Makes not Noise cease; but deafens it to Murmurs.

Bend. Night wastes apace: When, when will he appear?

Ham. He only waits your Summons.

Bend. Haste their coming.

Let Secrecy and Silence be enjoind
 In their close March: What News from the Lieutenant?

Ham. I left him at the Gate, firm to your Interest,
 T'admit the Townsamen at their first Appearance.

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: Go hasten *Mustapha*.

[Exit Hamet.

Enter Orchan, the third Servant.

O, *Orchan*, did I think thy Diligence
 Wou'd lag behind the rest? what from the *Musi*?

Or. I sought him round his Palace; made enquiry
 Of all the Slaves: In short, I us'd your Name
 And urg'd th' Importance home; but had for answer,
 That since the shut of Evening none had seen him.

Bend. O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies!
 They move on many Springs; if one but fail,

The

The restiff Machine stops—In an ill Hour he's absent;
 'Tis the first time, and sure will be the last
 That e'er a *Musli* was not in the way,
 When Tumult and Rebellion should be broach'd,
 Stay by me; thou art resolute and faithful;
 I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. [Walks.]

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

Muley-Zeyd. You see me come impatient of my Hopes,
 And eager as the Courser for the Race:
 Is all in readiness?

Bend. All but the *Musli*.

Muley-Zeyd. We must go on without him.

Bend. True we must;

For 'tis ill stopping in the full Career,
 Howe'er the Leap be dangerous and wide.

Orc. [Looking out.] I see the blaze of Torches from afar;
 And hear the trampling of thick beating Feet;
 This way they move.

Bend. No doubt the Emperor.

We must not be surpriz'd in Conference.
 Trust to my Management the Tyrant's Death;
 And haste your self to join with *Mustapha*.
 The Officer who guards the Gate is yours;
 When you have gain'd that Pass, divide your Force;
 Your self in Person head one chosen half,
 And march t'oppress the Faction in Consult
 With dying *Dorax*: Fate has driven 'em all
 Into the Net: You must be bold and sudden:
 Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet
 With Pangs of Death, trust not his rowling Eyes
 And heaving Gasps; for Poison may be false,
 The home thrust of a friendly Sword is sure. [priz'd.]

Muley-Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct: They shall be sur-
 Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
 At Morn'g I'll take her in—

Bend. Here's your Way,
 You meet your Brother there.

Muley-Zeyd. May we ne'er meet:
 For like the Twins of *Leda*, when I mount;
 He gallops down the Skies— [Exit Muley-Zeyd.]

Bend.

Band. He comes: Now, Heart, to your
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Assault;
Set ope thy Sides, and let the Blood flow
Through every open Vein, till thou be dead;
Then take thy Rest, within thy Arms, O
For thou shalt dream no more.

Enter Muley-Moloch, and the Captain of the Guard.

Muley-Mol. What News of our King, and what of him?
Is he no more? say that, and I will be content.

Band. May all your Enemies be like the Duke of Bracciano,
Whose parting Soul is leaving at the Door.

Muley-Mol. The Duke? at this hour?

Band. And Marston's too;

Just ready for the March.

Muley-Mol. Then I'm at ease.

Band. The Night is yours, the glittering Host of Heaven
Shines but for you; but most the Star of Love.

That twinkles you to fair *Angela's* Bed.

Oh there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace.

Dissolve in Pleasures;

And make the Gods curse Immortality.

That so they could not die.

But haste, and make 'em yours.

Muley-Mol. I will; and yet

A kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart;

My flagging Soul lies under her own Feet.

Like Fowl in Air too dumb, and legs alone,

As if she were a Body in a Body,

And not a *substantial* Substance made of Fire.

My Senses too are dull and sluggish.

Their Edge refused; sure some ill approaches,

And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Soul,

To tell me Fate's at Hand.

Band. Meer Fancies all.

Your Soul has been before-hand with your Body.

And drunk so deep a Draught of promis'd Bliss,

She slumbers o'er the Cup; no danger's near,

But of a Surfeit at too full a Feast.

Muley-Mol. It may be so; it looks so like the Dream

That overtook me at my waking Hour

This

MAITLAND 2 4 11
King of Pontreuan

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This Morn; and Dreams they say are then divine,
 When all the balm of Youth is at its end.
 And some o'erpowering God commands Sleep.
 'Twas then methought a Angel, smiling, came
 Attended with a Train of all her Race,
 Whom in the Rage of Love I had murder'd.
 But now, as I lay down, they gave me Joy
 Of my new Conquest, and with helping Hands
 Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's Arms,
 Who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

Bnd. Good Omen, Sir; I wish you in that Heav'n
 Your Dream portends you.

Which purveys Death—

[Aside.]

Moby-Md. Then too wert there;
 And thou art thought didst push me from below,
 With thy full force to Paradise.

Bnd. Yet better.

[tho?]

Moby-Md. Ha! what's that grizly Fellow that stands

Bnd. Why ask you, Sir?

Moby-Md. For he was in my Dream;
 And help'd to heave me up.

Bnd. With Prayers and Wilhes;
 For I dare swear him honest.

Moby-Md. That may be;
 But yet he looks Damnation.

Bnd. You forget
 The Face would please you better: Do you love,
 And can you thus forbear?

Moby-Md. I'll lead my People;
 Then think of Alliance when the Danger's o'er.
 My warlike Spirits work now another way;
 And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.

Bnd. You despise your self.
 To think of leading with an ignoble Herd.
 Let such persons do the servile Work of War,
 Such who have no Ambition to enjoy.
 What, shall the People know their God-like Prince
 Skulk'd in a nighty Skene, and make a Conquest
 Headed a Rabble, and prophan'd his Person,
 Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a tide of Ordure,

And

And stifled with their Rank offensive Sweat?

Muley-Mol. I am off again: I will not prostitute
The regal Dignity so far, to head 'em.

Bend. There spoke a King.
Dismiss your Guards to be employ'd elsewhere
In ruder Combats: You will want no Seconds
In those Alarms you seek.

Muley-Mol. Go join the Crowd; [To the Guards,
Benducar, thou shalt lead 'em in my Place. [Ex. Guards.

The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
Into my Soul; and my whole Heart receives him.]

Almeyda now returns with all her Charms;
I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood: So when our Prophet
Had long been ham'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by;
Passing she cast at him a side-long Glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd:
He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair:
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

[Exit *Muley-Mol.*

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His Death is easie now, his Guards are gone;
And I can Sin but once to seize the Throne.
All After-acts are sanctify'd by Power.

Orc. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*,
And shall reward thy Faith: This Master Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Person:
And should we miss our Blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures Retreat: Leave open all behind us;
And first set wide the *Musli's* Garden Gate,
Which is his private Passage to the Palace:
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now sleep ye Stars
That silently o'erwatch the Fate of Kings;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.

[Exit with *Orchan.*

A Night SCENE of the Mufti's Garden.

Enter the Mufti alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of Antonio.

Muf. This 'tis to have a sound Head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my self. For what's *Mahomet* to me, but, that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this Night: I have mew'd up my suspected Spouse in her Chamber. No more Embassies to that lusty young Stallion of a Gard'ner. Next my Habit of a Slave; I have made my self as like him as I can, all but his Youth and Vigor; which when I had, I pass'd my Time as well as any of my Holy Predecessors. Now walking under the Windows of my Scraglio: If *Johayma* look out, she will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I shall know what Concupiscence is working in her; she cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my Safety; but if she peep, if she put her Nose abroad, there's Demonstration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the first Precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma running to him with a Casket in her Hand, and embracing him.

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good Conscience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didst thou know me in this disguise? And what Pearls and Jewels dost thou mean?

Mor. [Going back]— What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, *Morayma*?

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy self, and speak Sense to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a Monster? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor.

Mr. You have been raking together a Mass of Wealth, by indirect and wicked Means; the Spoils of Orphans are in these Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in these Pearls.

Mrs. Thou amazeſt me!

Mr. I would do so. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapine, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Misdemeanour, converted into Diamonds.

Mrs. Would some rich railing Rogue would say as much to me, that I might squeeze his Purse for Scandal.

Mr. No, Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Railers, when you insinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies, when they die. And do you think I'll be the Receiver of your Trust? I disengage my Conscience of it: Here take again your filthy Memento, and restore it, you had best, to the true Owners.

Mrs. I am fully documented by my own Daughter.

Mr. And a great Credit for me to be so: Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be disguis'd like a Slave, and Eyes-dropping under the Women's Windows, to be fished, as you deserve it richly, with a Piss-pot. If I had not known you casually by your shambling Gate, and a certain reverend awkwardness that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the Laughter of your own Servants; who have been in search of you through the whole Scraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Mrs. Prithce Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the Pitch and Spots of the World that are still sticking on me; but I hope to scour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'st; I am not the Man thou tak'st me for.

Mr. No, to my Sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Mrs. It was a very odd Beginning tho' methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm Embrace;

Embrace; prithee what was the Meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mr. I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the Zeal and Affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Mis. But thou wilt not teach me at this Age the Nature of a close Embrace?

Mr. No, indeed; for my Mother-in-law complains, that you are past teaching: But if you mistook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it would have been more acceptable.

Mis. Why this is as it should be now: Take the Treasure again, it can never be put into better Hands.

Mr. Yes to my Knowledge but it might. I have confess'd my Soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobey'd you till this Night, and now since through the Violence of my Passion, I have been so Unfortunate, I humbly beg your Pardon, your Blessing, and your Leave, that upon the first Opportunity I may go for ever from your Sight; for Heav'n knows, I never desire to see you more.

Mis. [*Wiping his Eyes.*] Thou mak'st me weep at thy Unkindness; indeed dear Daughter we will not part.

Mr. Indeed, dear Daddy, but we will.

Mis. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without Offence to his own Child: Here take the Jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mr. Well then, in Virtue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better Hand.

Mis. Meaning mine I know it.

Mr. Meaning his whom I love better than my Life,

Mis. That's me again.

Mr. I would have you think so.

Mis. How thy good Nature works upon me; well, I can do no less than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to rise to Night.

Enter Antonio in an African rich Habit.

Ant. What do you mean, my Dear, to stand talking in this suspicious Place, just underneath *Johanna's* Window? [*To the Musti.*] You are well met Comrade, I know you are the Friend of our Flight; are the Horses ready at the Postern Gate?

Mus. *Antonio*, and in disguise? now I begin to smell a Rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-stinks it; false *Morayna*, hast thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my self: He came disguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his Hands.

Mus. In good time you did so; I laid a Trap for a Bitch Fox; and a worse Vermin has caught himself in it: You would fain break loose now, though you left a Limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories, and in call of Company, that's my Comfort.

Ant. [*Taking him by the Throat.*] No; I have a Trick left to put thee past thy squeeking: I have given thee the Quinzey; that ungracious Tongue shall Preach no more false Doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? consider he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide first for our own Safety; if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a Vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little Cranny of his Windpipe, and some Part of Speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single Interjection: Come away Father-in-law, this is no place for Dialogues; when you are in the Mosque you talk by Hours, and there no Man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-law; now I am in the Pulpit, 'tis your Turn to hold your Tongue. [*He struggles.*] Nay if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the Stage with his Sword at his Reins.*]

Mor. T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make haste before we are discover'd.

Ant.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil Usage; he deserves not so much favour by any Action of his Life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Mistress.

Ant. I would, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in silence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Joh. [*At the Balcony.*]——A Bird in a Cage may peep at least; though she must not fly; what bustle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my Hopes, I know him by his Habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and hasting hence? this is no time for silence: Who's within, call there, where are the Servant? why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Hassan*, and the rest, make haste and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and stop 'em.

Ant. [*Turning back.*] O that Screech Owl at the Window! we shall be pursu'd immediately; which way shall we take?

Mor. [*Giving him the Casket.*] 'Tis impossible to escape them; for the way to our Houses lyes back again by the House; and then we shall meet 'em full in the Teeth; here take these Jewels; thou may'st leap the Walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind Soul?

Mor. I must take my Fortune; when you are got safe into your own Country, I hope you will bestow a Sigh on the Memory of her who lov'd you?

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good Night will be lost betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; besides I should never leap well with the weight of all thy Father's Sins about me; thou and they had been a Bargain.

Mor. Prithce take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll serve to make thy Peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming: shift for your self at least; remember I am yours for ever.

[*Servants crying, This way, this way, behind the Scenes.*]

Ant. And I but the empty Shadow of my self without thee! Farewell Father-in-Law, that shou'd have been, if I had not been curst in my Mother's Belly——Now which way Fortune.——

[*Runs amazingly backwards and forwards.*]

[*Servants within, Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.*]

Ant. O here's a Gate open; but it leads into the Castle; yet I must venture it. [Going out.]

[*A Shout behind the Scenes where Antonio is going out.*]

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight!——However 'tis good herding in a Crowd. [Runs out.]

[*Musti runs to Morayma and lays hold on her, then snatches away the Casket.*]

Must. Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my Flesh and Blood, but these are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my Flesh and Blood, and keep to your self your Life and Soul.

Must. Both or none, come away to Durance.

Mor. Well if it must be so, agreed, for I have another Trick to play you; and thank yourself for what shall follow.

[*Enter Servants.*]

Joh. [from above.] One of them took through the private way into the Castle; follow him be sure, for these are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly, *Omar, Abedine*; I have hold on the Villain that stole my Jewels; but 'tis a lusty Rogue, and he will prove too strong for me; what! help I say, do you not know your Master's Daughter?

Must. Now if I cry out, they will know my Voice; and then I am disgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting. [The Servants seize him.]

1st Serv. What a glorious Deliverance have you had, Madam, from this bloody-minded Christian!

Mor.



Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be punish'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot.

[Takes the Jewels, and runs out after Antonio at the same Passage.]

1st Serv. I long to be handselling his Hide, before we bring him to my Master.

2d Serv. Hang him for an old covetous Hypocrite: he deserves a worse Punishment himself for keeping us so hardly.

1st Serv. Ay, wou'd he were in this Villain's place: thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus. *[Beats him.]*

2d Serv. And thus wou'd I revenge my self of my last beating. *[He beats him too, and then the rest.]*

Muf. Oh, oh, oh!

1st Serv. Now supposing you were the *Musfi*, Sir.—

[Beats him again.]

Muf. The Devil's in that supposing Rascal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Musfi*: Now suppose yourselves my Servants, and hold your Hands; an anointed Halter take you all.

1st Serv. My Master! you will pardon the Excess of our Zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and so we us'd you.

Muf. Ay, so I feel you did; my Back and Sides are abundant Testimonies of your Zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my fugitive Daughter: run, I say.

[They run to the Gate, and the first Servant runs back again.]

1st Serv. Sir, the Castle is in a most terrible Combustion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable Commotion: the Voice of the Mobile is the Voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the Slave, and to assume the *Musfi*; and then I will return: for the Piety of the People must be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels and my Daughter.

[Exit Musfi and Servants.]

The SCENE changes to the Castle-Yard,

*And discovers Antonio, Mustapha, and the Rabble shouting :
They come forward.*

Ant. And so at length, as I inform'd you, I scap'd out of his covetous Clutches; and now fly to your illustrious Feet for my Protection.

Must. Thou shalt have it, and now defy the *Musti*. 'Tis the first Petition that has been made to me since my Exaltation to Tumult; in this second Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the Year of the *Hegyra*;—the Lord knows what Year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am settled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am resolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again; though I could not compass it before, and had design'd you a Casket of my Master's Jewels too; for I knew the Custom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Person, as you are, without a Present; but he has defrauded my good Intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em: 'tis a Prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of Mark about you.

Must. I shall make bold with his Treasure, for the Support of my new Government. [*The People gather about him.*]

What do these vile Raggamuffins so near our Person? your Savour is offensive to us; bear back there, and make room for honest Men to approach us; these Fools and Knaves are always impudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deserving; bear back, I say.

[*They make a wider Circle.*]

That's dutifully done! now shout to shew your Loyalty. [*A great Shout.*] Hear'st thou that, Slave *Antonio*? these obsequious Villains shout, and know not for what they make a Noise. You shall see me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beasts they are. For whom do you shout now? Who's to live and reign? tell me that the wisest of you.

1st Rabble. Even who you please, Captain.

Must.

Must. La you there; I told you so.

2d Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to live and reign; our Business is only to rise upon Command, and plunder.

3d Rabble. Ay, the richest of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Must. This last Fellow is a little more sensible than the rest; he has enter'd somewhat into the Merits of the Cause.

1st Rabble. If a poor Man may speak his Mind, I think, Captain, that your self are the fittest to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediately under the People; and thereupon I say, *A Mustapha, A Mustapha!*

[All cry, A Mustapha, A Mustapha!]

Must. I must confess the Sound is pleasing, and tickles the Ears of my Ambition; but alas, good People, it must not be! I am contented to be a poor simple Viceroy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I shall take care to instruct him in the Arts of Government; and in his Duty to us all: and therefore mark my Cry, *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan!*

[All cry, A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan!]

Must. You see, Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Ant. I observe your Modesty.

Must. But for a foolish Promise I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to set up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the Multi with his Servants.

Ant. Here's the old Hypocrite again; now stand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the rich and glorious Jewels; they are design'd to be yours, by vertue of Prerogative.

Must. Let me alone to pick a Quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

Must. *[making up to the Mobile]* Good People, here you are met together.

1st Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling; but why are we met together, Doctor? for that's it which no body here can tell.

2d Rabble. Why to see one another in the dark; and to make Holiday at Midnight.

Muf. You are met as becomer good Musulmen, to settle the Nation; for I must tell you, that though your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What stuff he talks!

Muf. 'Tis excellent fine matter, indeed, Slave *Antonio*; he has a rare Tongue; Oh, he would move a Rock or Elephant!

Ant. [*Aside.*] What a Block have I to work upon! But still remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels. [*To him.*]

Muf. Nay that's true on t'other side: the Jewels must be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my Conscience goes along with him, but the Jewels have set my Heart against him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is most manifest; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

2d Rabble. We find that in our decay of Trade; I have seen for these hundred Years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himself, without your Sovereign Consent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

3d Rabble. A scolding domineering Wife, if she prove honest; and if a Whore, a fine gaudy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Muf. No, the natural Effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom would he beget these Children? Even upon a Christian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, though I am ready to swear it upon the Alcoran! Yee, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muf. That's fine in earnest; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember.

Muf. Ay, Ay, the Jewels! now again I hate him; but yet my Conscience makes me listen to him.

Muf. Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the
Courage

Courage of your Ancestors; remember the Majesty of the People; remember your selves, your Wives and Children; and lastly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*; all these require your timely Assistance; shall I say they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest Tyes of these three P's, Self-Preservation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now answer me with an unanimous cheerful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader to a glorious Deliverance.

[*All cry, A Mufti, A Mufti! and are following him off the Stage.*

Ant. Now you see what comes of your foolish Qualms of Conscience: The Jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

Muſt. What, am I forsaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me! I charge you in my own Name come back ye Deserters, and hear me speak.

1st Rabble. What, will he come with his Balderdash, after the *Muſti's* eloquent Oration?

2d Rabble. He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, Captain, for we will hear you.

Muſt. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? your breaking open and gutting of Houses, your rummaging of Cellars, your demolishing of Christian Temples, and bearing off in Triumph the superstitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Moveables were sentenc'd for Idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seiz'd? Answer first for your remembrance, of all these sweetnesses of Mutiny; for upon these Grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Muſt. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to those Honey-Combs? Your *Muſti*? No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it, but durst not lead you; he was but your Counsellor, but I was your Captain; he only lod'd you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Must. I think I was, Slave *Antonio*. Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent.— Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Musti*? Or a *Musti* for your Captain? And further to instruct you how to cry, Will you have a *Musti*, or no *Musti*?

Omnes No *Musti*, no *Musti*.

Must. That I laid in for 'em, Slave *Antonio*.—

Do I then spit upon your Faces? do I discourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plund'ring? You may think I do, Believers, but Heav'n forbid: No, I encourage you to all these laudable Undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the Government; but you shall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Instigation.

3d Rabble. Nay, when his turn is serv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Restitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

1st Rabble. He may indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis Sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I would have a new Religion, where half the Commandments shou'd be taken away, the rest mollify'd, and there shou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes. Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Must. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little Inspiration: For I must tell you I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet's* own Breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Pease out of my Ear, rest satisfy'd till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depose the *Musti*.

Ant. And good reason; for when Kings and Queens are to be discarded, what shou'd Knaves do any longer in the Pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Must. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Blessing, 'tis but Justice they shou'd have the First-Fruits of it.— Slave *Antonio*, take him into Custody; and dost thou hear Boy, be sure to secure the little transitory Box of Jewels; if he

he be obstinate, put a civil Question to him upon the Rack, and he squeaks I warrant him.

Ant. [Seizing the *Musfi*.] Come my *quondam* Master, you and I must change Qualities.

Musf. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me; we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Flesh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Musf. Now, late *Musfi*, not forgetting my first Quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to sanctify a Work, and begin a God's Name.

1st Rabble. Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the last Mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himself.

As they are going out, enter Benducar leading Almeyda: He with a Sword in one hand; Benducar's Slave follows with Muley-Moluch's Head upon a Spear.

Musf. Not so much haste, Masters; come back again; you are so bent upon Mischief, that you take a Man upon the first Word of Plunder. Here's a sight for you: the Emperor is come upon his Head to visit you. [Bowing] Most Noble Emperor, Now I hope you will not hit us in the Teeth, that we have pul'd you down, for we can tell you to your Face, that we have exalted you.

[*They all shout.*]

Bend. [to Almeyda apart.] Think what I am, and what your self may be,

In being mine: refuse not proffer'd Love
That brings a Crown.

Alm. [to him.] I have resolv'd,
And these shall know my Thoughts.

Bend. [to her.] On that I build.—[*He comes up to the Rabble.*]
Joy to the People for the Tyrant's Death!
Oppression, Rapine, Banishment and Blood
Are now no more; but speechless as that Tongue
That lies for ever still.

How is my Grief divided with my Joy,
When I must own I kill'd him! bid me speak,
For not to bid me, is to disallow
What for your sakes is done.

Musf.

Musl. In the Name of the People we command you speak: But that pretty Lady shall speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a liking to her Person. Be not afraid, Lady, to speak to these rude Raggamuffins: There's nothing shall offend you, unless it be their Stink, and please you.

[*Making a Legg.*

Alm. Why shou'd I fear to speak, who am your Queen? My peaceful Father sway'd the Scepter long; And you enjoy'd the Blessings of his Reign, While you deserv'd the Name of *Africans*. Then not commanded, but commanding you, Pearlless I speak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How she assumes! I like not this beginning. [*Aside.*

Alm. I was not born so base to flatter Crowds, And move your Pity by a whining Tale: Your Tyrant wou'd have forc'd me to his Bed; But in th'Attempt of that foul Brutal Act, These loyal Slaves secur'd me by his Death. [*Pointing to Ben.*

Bend. Makes she no more of me than of a Slave? [*Aside.* Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*To Almeyda.* To frame a Speech more suiting to the Times:

The Circumstances of that dire Design, Your own Despair, my unexpected Aid, My Life endanger'd by his bold Defence, And after all, his Death, and your Deliverance, Were Themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

Musl. She might have pass'd over all your petty Buſi- nesses, and no great matter: But the raising of my Rab- ble is an Exploit of Consequence; and not to be mum- bled up in Silence, for all her Pertness.

Alm. When Force invades the Gift of Nature, Life, The eldest Law of Nature, bids defend: And if in that Defence a Tyrant fall, His Death's his Crime, not ours.

Suffice it that he's dead: all Wrongs die with him; When he can wrong no more, I pardon him: Thus I absolve my self; and him excuse, Who sav'd my Life and Honour; but praise neither.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay; But what speak I of Payment and Reward! Ungrateful Woman, you are yet no Queen;

Nor

Nor more than a proud haughty Christian Slave:

As such I seize my Right. [Going to lay hold on her.]

Alm. [drawing a Dagger] Dare not to approach me;

Now *Africans*,

He shows himself to you; to me he stood

Confest before, and own'd his Insolence

T'espouse my Person, and assume the Crown,

Chaim'd in my Right: for this he slew your Tyrant;

Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worse;

Embas'd your Slavery by his own Vileness,

And loaded you with more ignoble Bonds:

Then think me not ungrateful, not to share,

Th' Imperial Crown with a presuming Traytor.

He says I am a Christian; true I am,

But yet no Slave: If Christians can be thought

Unfit to govern those of other Faith,

'Tis left for you to judge.

Bend. I have not patience; she consumes the time

In idle Talk, and owns her false Belief:

Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard. (*side*)

Alm. [to the People] No, let me rather die your Sacri-

Than live his Triumph;

I throw my self into my Peoples Arms;

As you are Men, compassionate my Wrongs,

And as good Men, protect me.

Ant. Something must be done to save her.

[*aside to Must.*] This is all address'd to you, Sir: She singled you out with her Eye, as Commander in chief of the Mobility.

Must. Think'st thou so, Slave *Antonio*?

Ant. Most certainly, Sir, and you cannot in Honour but protect her; now look to your hits, and make your Fortune.

Must. Methought indeed she cast a kind leer towards me: Our Prophet was but just such another Scoundrel as I am, till he rais'd himself to Power, and consequently to Holiness, by marrying his Master's Widow: I am resolv'd I'll put forward for my self: for why should I be my Lord *Benducor*'s Fool and Slave, when I may be my own Fool and his Master?

Bend. Take her into Possession, *Mustapha*.

Must.

Must. That's better Counsel than you meant it: Yes, I do take her into Possession, and into Protection too: What say you, Masters, will you stand by me?

Om. One and all; one and all.

Bend. Hast thou betray'd me, Traytor? *Must.* Speak, and mind 'em of Religion.

[*Musti shakes his Head.*]

Must. Alas, the poor Gentleman has gotten a Cold with a Sermon of two Hours long, and a Prayer of four; and besides, if he durst speak, Mankind is grown wiser at this time of Day than to cut one another's Throats about Religion. Our *Musti's* is a green Coat, and the Christian's is a black Coat; and we must wisely go together by the Ears, whether green or black shall sweep our Spoils.

[*Drums within, and Shouts.*]

Bend. Now we shall see whose Numbers will prevail: The conquering Troops of *Muley-Zeydan* come To crush Rebellion, and espouse my Cause.

Must. We will have a fair Tryal of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have dispatch'd with *Muley-Zeydan*, your Lordship shall march in equal Proportions of your Body, to the four Gates of the City: and every Tower shall have a Quarter of you.

[*Antonio draws them up, and takes Alm. by the Hand. Shouts again and Drums.*]

Enter Dorax and Sebastian attended by African Soldiers and Portuguese. Almeyda and Sebastian run into each others Arms, and both speak to either.

Seb. and *Alm.* My Sebastian! My Almeyda!

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebastian* still alive! The Moors and Christians joyn'd! I thank thee, Prophet.

Dor. The Citadel is ours; and *Muley-Zeydan* Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince. Lay down your Arms: Such base Pictorian Blood Would only stain the Brightness of my Sword, And blunt it for some nobler Work behind.

Must.

Mos. I suppose you may put it up without Offence to any Man here present. For my Part, I have been loyal to my Sovereign Lady: though that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Mufti*, would have corrupted me; but if those two scape publick Justice, then I and all my late honest Subjects here deserve Hanging.

Bend. [to *Dor.*] I'm sure I did my Part to poyson thee, What Saint soe'er has fodder'd thee again:
A Dose less hot had burst through Ribs of Iron.

Mos. Not knowing that, I poyson'd him once more, And drench'd him with a Draught so deadly cold, That, had'st not thou prevented, had congeal'd The Channel of his Blood, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interposing Fool to mangle Mischiefe, And think to mend the perfect Work of Hell.

Dor. Thus when Heaven pleases, double Poysons cure. I will not tax thee of Ingratitude To me thy Friend, who hast betray'd thy Prince: Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee. But Fate, it seems, reserv'd the worst of Men To end the worst of Tyrants. Go bear him to his Fate,

And send him to attend his Master's Ghost. Let some secure my other poysoning Friend, Whose double Diligence preserv'd my Life.

Ans. You are fallen into good Hands, Father-in-Law; your sparkling Jewels, and *Morayma's* Eyes may prove a better Bail than you deserve.

Mos. The best that can come of me, in this Condition, is to have my Life begg'd first, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards.

[Exit Antonio with the *Mufti*, and at the same Time *Benducar* is carry'd off.]

Dor. [to *Mos.*] You and your hungry Head depart un- For Justice cannot stoop so low, to reach [touch'd; The groveling Sin of Crowds; but curst be they Who trust Revenge with such mad Instruments, Whose blindfold Business is but to destroy: And like the Fire commission'd by the Winds, Begins on Sheds, but rowling in a Round,

On Palaces returns. Away ye Skam,
 That still rise upmost when the Nation boyle:
 Ye Mongrel Work of Heaven with humane Shapes,
 Not to be damn'd or sav'd, but breathe and perish,
 That have but just enough of Sense, to know
 The Master's Voice when rated, to depart.

[Exeunt Mustapha and Rabble.]

Alm. With Gratitude as low, as Knees can pay

[Kneeling to him.]

To those blest holy Fires, our Guardian Angels,
 Receive these Thanks; 'till Altars can be rais'd.

Dor. Arise fair Excellence, and pay no Thanks,

[Raising her up.]

'Till Time discover what I have deserv'd.

Seb. More than Reward can answer.

If Portugal and Spain were joyn'd to Africa,
 And the main Ocean cruell'd into Land,
 If Universal Monarchy were mine,
 Here should the Gift be plac'd.

Dor. And from some Hands I shou'd refuse that Gift:
 Be not too prodigal of Promises;
 But stint your Bounty to one only Grant,
 Which I can ask with Honour.

Seb. What I am

Is but thy Gift, make what thou can'st of me,
 Secure of no Repulse.

Dor. [to Seb.] Dismiss your Train.

[To Alm.] You, Madam, please one Moment to retire.
 Sebastian signs to the Portugueses to go off: Almeyda bow-
 ing to him, goes off also: The Africans follow her.

Dor. [To the Captain of his Guard.] With you one Word
 in private.

[Goes out with the Captain.]

Seb. [Alone.] Reserv'd Behaviour, open Nobleness,
 A long mysterious Track of stern Bounty.
 But now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
 And draws this Scene to light.

Re-enters Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put
 on a Furrow, Hat, and Crewel.

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb.

Seb. Thou shou'd'st be *Alonso*.

Dor. So you shou'd be *Sebastian*:
But when *Sebastian* ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be *Alonso*.

Seb. As in a Dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine Eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my Wrongs;
And your inhumane Tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call so loud, that Lethargy should wake;
And Death shou'd give you back to answer me.
A Thousand Nights have brush'd their balmy Wings
Over these Eyes, but ever when they clos'd,
Your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the Dews they brought.
The long expected Hour is come at length,
By manly Vengeance to redeem my Fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal Sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whose Royal Office is Redress of Wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me Face to Face;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first Justice thou hast ever done me.
Then though I loath this Woman's War of Tongues,
Yet shall my Cause of Vengeance first be clear;
And Honour be thou Judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy Griefs
In Terms becoming Majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy Temper
Is insolent and haughty to Superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful Court,
Fill'd it with noisie Brawls, and windy Boasts;
And, with past Service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot Reward,
The Part of Heav'n in Kings: for Punishment
Is Hangman's Work, and Drudgery for Devils.
I must, and will reproach thee with my Service,
Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my Prince.)

But

But just Resentment and hard Usage coy'd
Th' unwilling Word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy Due.

Seb. How, Tyrant?

Dor. Tyrant!

Seb. Traytor; that Name thou can'st not eccho back:
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumcision
Ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traytor:
And, if a Name

More foul than Traytor be, 'tis Renegade.

Dor. If I'm a Traytor, think, and blush thou Tyrant,
Whose Injuries betray'd me into Treason,
Eftac'd my Loyalty, unshing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from Hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd Crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my first Dislike, and then my Loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for King no more:
This is not *Lisbonne*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,
Met nothing but a Lie in every Face;
And the gross Flattery of a gaping Crowd,
Envious who first shou'd catch, and first applaud
The Stuff or Royal Nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely Words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of Courtly Stile: related Actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd Reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,
And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites.
Enriquez answer'd, with a ready Lie,
To save his King's, the Boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of *Enriquez*? now by Heaven
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril Taunts.

Dor.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him:
That Thing, that Nothing, but a Cringe and Smile;
That Woman, but more dawb'd; or if a Man,
Corrupted to a Woman: thy Man Mistress.

Seb. All false as Hell or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns,
And pitch'd thy Standard in these foreign Fields:
By me thy Greatness grew, thy Years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first,
If those great Acts were done alone for me;
If Love produc'd not some, and Pride the rest?

Dor. Why, Love does all that's noble here below;
But all th' Advantage of that Love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either Hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own:
(For *Violante's* Vows were mine before:)
Thy Malice had Prevention, e'er I spoke;
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Enriquez*.

Seb. I meant thee a Reward of greater Worth.

Dor. Where Justice wanted, could Reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd Passenger expect a Bounty
From those rapacious Hands who stripp'd him first?

Seb. He had my Promise, e'er I knew thy Love.

Dor. My Services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.

Seb. Thy Insolence had cancell'd all thy Service;
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to Peace, and safe from all Affronts;
Ev'n to my Face, and done in my Despight,
Under the Wing of awful Majesty
To strike the Man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the Face of Heav'n, a Place more sacred,
Would I have struck the Man, who, propt by Power,
Would seize my Right, and rob me of my Love:
But, for a Blow provok'd by thy Injustice,
The hasty Product of a just Despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the Field,
That thou should'st make a Coward's Cause thy own!

Seb.

Seb. He durst; nay more, defin'd and bound with Tears,
To meet thy Challenge fairly; 'twas thy Fault
To make it Publick; but my Duty, then
To interpose; on pain of my Displeasure,
Betwixt your Swords.

Dor. On Pain of Infamy
He should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' Indignity thou didst was meant to me;
Thy gloomy Eyes were cast on me, with Scorn,
As who should say, the Blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy Hands
Against anointed Power — so was I forc'd
To do a Sovereign Justice to my self;
And spurn thee from my Presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell my self:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my Face.
All my long Avarice of Honour lost,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age;
Has Honour's Fountain then suck'd back the Stream?
He has; and hoisting Boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather Pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour, give 'em back —
Give me Revenge; while I have breath to ask it —

Seb. Now by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it —
Nor shall the sacred Character of King
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold Appeal:
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The Wrong, if done, debar'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with Ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me; speak?

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that Imputation, draw:
And prove my Charge a Lie.

Seb. No; to disprove that Lie I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy Worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou hast done this Day in my Defence;
To fight thee, after this, what were it else,

Thou.

Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgest?
That *Illanus* stands betwixt two rushing Seas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar;
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that *Illanus*.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own Revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable Malice:
Now draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile Excuse.

Seb. O Patience Heav'n!

Dor. Beware of Patience too;
That's a suspicious Word: It had been proper,
Before thy Foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last Defence,
I have thy Oath for my Security:
The only boon I beg'd was this fair Combat:
Fight or be Perjur'd now; that's all thy Choice.

Seb. Now I can thank thee as thou would'st be thank'd:
[Drawing.

Never was Vow of Honour better paid,
If my true Sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the Lists of Love.
Why 'tis Enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go: Bear my Message to *Hernandez* Ghost;
And say his Master and his Friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His Ghost! then is my hated Rival dead?

Seb. The Question is beside our present Purpose;
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

Dor. A Minute is not much in either's Life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall. [him.

Seb. He's dead: Make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I prithee let me hedge one Moment more
Into thy Promise: For thy Life preserv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that Rival dy'd,
Whose Death next thine I wish'd.

Seb.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shoud'st never know:
 But thou, like Jealousie, enquir'st a Truth,
 Which found will Torture thee: He dy'd in Fight:
 Fought next my Person; as in Confort fought:
 Kept pace for pace, and Blow for every Blow;
 Save when he heav'd his Shield in my Defence;
 And on his naked Side receiv'd my Wound.
 Then when he could no more, he fell at once:
 But rowl'd his falling Body cross their Way;
 And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.

Dor. I never can forg've him such a Death!

Seb. I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
 Now judge thy self, who best deserv'd my Love.
 I knew you both; (and durst I say) as Heav'n
 Foreknew among the shining Angel host
 Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
 And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears:
 Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
 My Fortune had been his, and his been mine.
 O, worse than Hell! what Glory have I lost,
 And what has he acquir'd by such a Death!
 I should have fallen by *Sebastian's* side,
 My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.
 His glorious End was a patch'd Work of Fate,
 Ill sorted with a soft effeminate Life;
 It suited better with my Life than his
 So to have dy'd: Mine had been of a Piece,
 Spent in your Service, dying at your Feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his Life,
 The more his Fame, to struggle to the Field,
 And meet his glorious Fate: Confess, proud Spirit,
 (For I will have it from thy very Mouth)
 That better he deserv'd my Love than thou.

Dor. O, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
 Yes I must grant, but with a swelling Soul,
Hemriquez had your Love with more desert:
 For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought against you;

Through

Through all the Mazes of the Bloody Field,
Hunted your sacred Life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious Error of my Fate.
Not of my Soul; my Soul's a Regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle Name:
Thou mean'st to kill a Tyrant, not a King. [*More calmly.*
Speak, didst thou not, *Alonzo*?

Dor. Can I speak!

Alas, I cannot answer to *Alonzo*:

No, *Dorax* cannot answer to *Alonzo*:

Alonzo was too kind a Name for me.

Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Arms,
In that blest Age I was the Man you nam'd:

Till Rage and Pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;

And lost like *Lucifer* my Name above.

Seb. Yet twice this Day I ow'd my Life to *Dorax*.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you; there's my Grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent:
Thou could'st not be a Villain, though thou would'st:
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.

Dor. O stop this headlong Torrent of your Goodness:
It comes too fast upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in Tears before; spare my Confusion:
For Pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through Guilt and Shame,
To throw my self beneath your Royal Feet.

[*Falls at his Feet.*

Now spurn this Rebel, this proud Renegade:

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou should'st not ask Forgiveness first
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's Noble.

[*Taking him up.*

Yet I will raise thee up with better News:

Thy *Violante*'s Heart was ever thine;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my Ward,

Her Soul was absent when she gave her Hand:

Nor could my Threats, or his pursuing Courtship,

Effect the Consummation of his Love:

So, still indulging Tears, she pines for thee,

A Widow and a Maid.

Dor. Have I been curling Heav'n, while Heav'n blest me!
I shall run mad with Ecstasie of Joy:

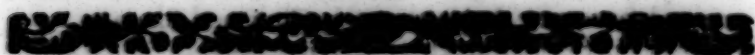
What, in one Moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my King, and to my Love!
But Pity is my Friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy Rival: Poor *Henriquez*!

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my Arms: [*Embracing him.*]
And all our Quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what *Henriquez* was: Be my *Alonzo*.

Dor. What, my *Alonzo*, said you? my *Alonzo*!
Let my Tears thank you; for I cannot speak;
And if I could,

Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine.

Seb. Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend
This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
Of Heav'n, to bless me thus. 'Tis Gold so pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp, without alloy.
Be kind, ye Powers, and take but half away:
With ease the Gifts of Fortune I resign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is a Room of State.

Enter Dorax and Antonio.

Dor. JOY is on every Face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paradise,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being:
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my self, and Friends:
And double Joy, that I have made 'em happy.

Ant.

Ant. Pleasure has been the Business of my Life;
And every Change of Fortune easie to me,
Because I still was easie to my self.
The Loss of her I lov'd would touch me nearest;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much,
And that's uneasie Pleasure.

Dor. If she be fated
To be your Wife, your Fate will find her for you:
Predestinated Ills are never lost.

Ant. I had forgot
To enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poison'd and betray'd and round beset,
You could unwind your self from all these Dangers;
And move so speedily to our Relief!

Dor. The double Poisons, after a short Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civil War,
By Nature's Benefit; and rous'd my Thoughts
To guard that Life which now I found attack'd.
I summon'd all my Officers in haste,
On whose experienc'd Faith I might relie:
All came resolv'd to die in my Defence,
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our Diligence prevented the Surprise
We justly fear'd: So *Muley-Zeydan* found us
Drawn-up in Battle, to receive the Charge.

Ant. But how the *Moor*s and *Christian* Slaves were join'd,
You have not yet unfolded.

Dor. That remains.
We knew their Interest was the same with ours:
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebastian*;
I could not see him die by vulgar Hands:
But prompted by my Angel, or by his,
Free'd all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my self,
Because I would not have his Person known.
I need not tell the rest, th' Event declares it.

Ant. Your Conquest came of course; their Men were raw,
And yours were disciplin'd: One doubt remains,
Why you industriously conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had add'd Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civil Broils betwixt
His Friends and mine: Which might prevent our Combat:
Yet, had he fallen, I had dismiss'd his Troops;
Or if Victorious, order'd his Escape.
But I forgot a new Increase of Joy,
To Feast him with Surprize; I must about it:
Expect my swift Return. [Exit Dorax.]

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Ser. Here's a Lady at the Door, that bids me tell you,
she is come to make an End of the Game, that was broken
off betwixt you.

Ant. What Manner of Woman is she? Does she not
want two of the four Elements? has she any thing about
her but Air and Fire?

Serv. Truly, she flies about the Room, as if she had
Wings instead of Legs; I believe she's just turning into
a Bird: A House-bird I warrant her: And so hasty to
fly to you, that rather than fail of Entrance, she would
come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

Ant. [Running to her, and embracing her.] Look if she
be not here already! What, no denial it seems will serve
your Turn? why! thou little Dun, is thy Debt so
pressing?

Mor. Little Devil if you please: Your Lease is out,
good Mr. Conjuror; and I am come to fetch your Soul
and Body; not an Hour of Lewdness longer in this
World for you.

Ant. Where the Devil hast thou been? and how the
Devil didst thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Castle-yard: But there
was nothing but Tumult, and Confusion: And I was
bodily affraid of being pick'd up by some of the Rabble:
Considering I had a double Charge about me——my
Jewels, and my Maiden-head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worship's sole Use
and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthful a piece: 'Twas too much odds
in Conscience.

Mor.

Mor. So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old Place of Affignation, the Garden-house: Where for want of Instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy Comfort, I have secur'd thy Father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his Effects for us.

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent Foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the World; and take up with a worse Pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy Fortune will be e'en too good for thee: For thou art going into the Country of Serenades and Gallantries; where thy Street will be haunted every Night with thy foolish Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be fighting, and singing under thy inexorable Windows, lamentable Ditties, and call thee Cruel, and Goddess, and Moon, and Stars; and all the poetical Names of wicked Rhime: While thou and I are minding our Bus'ness, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leisure Minutes, which will be very few, take that by way of threatening.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very Valiant, that you huff so much beforehand: But, they say, your Churches are fine Places for Love-Devotion: Many a fine Saint is there worship'd.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other Countries, good Conveniencies for dumb Interviews: I hear the Protestants are not much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the natural Name of Meeting-houses. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of Devotion than needs must, good future Spouse; and always in a Veil; for those Eyes of thine are damn'd Enemies to Mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is, that we Women are allow'd the Priviledge of having Souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some Lover, when ever you begin to go astray; and if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will serve the Turn.

Ant. When that Day comes, I must take my Revenge, and turn Gardener again: For I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that some young *Antonio* does not spring up in your own Family; as false as his Father, though of another Man's Planting.

Re-enter Dorax with Sebastian and Almeyda. Sebastian enters speaking to Dorax, while in the mean time Antonio presents Morayma to Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royal Pris'ner, *Muley-Zeydan*?

Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: Well I know him,
Of easy Temper, naturally Good,
And faithful to his Word.

Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the Measure of my Happiness;
I'm still in Pain for poor *Alvarez's* Life.

Dor. Release that Fear; the good old Man is safe:
I paid his Ransom;
And have already order'd his Attendance.

Seb. O bid him enter, for I long to see him.
Enter Alvarez with a Servant, who departs when Alvarez is enter'd.

Alv. Now by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
[Falling down and embracing the King's Knees.
I'm so o'er-whelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel
A latter Spring within my with'ring Limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Seb. Thou good old Man! [Raising him.
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more Joys;
Who stood brim-ful before.

Alv. O my dear Child!
I love thee so, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I so oft have dandled in these Arms!
What, when I gave thee lost, to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father who himself had scap'd
A falling House, and after anxious Search,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:

And

And digs through Rubbish, till he drags him out
To see the friendly Light.

Such is my Haste, so trembling is my Joy
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.

Seb. The Tempest is o'er-blown; the Skies are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still,
That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face.

Alv. Just such she shows before a rising Storm:
And therefore am I come with timely Speed,
To warn you into Port.

Alm. My Soul fore-bodes [Aside.]
Some dire Event involv'd in those dark Words;
And just disclosing in a Birth of Fate.

Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vast Empire,
Who still Survives of *Muley-Moluch's* Branch?

Dor. Yes, such a one there is, a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: My Prayers for my good Master
I hope are heard.

Seb. Thou hast a right in Heav'n,
But why these Prayers for me?

Alv. A Door is open yet for your Deliverance,
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that Captive's Life.

Seb. We have him here an honourable Hostage
For Terms of Peace: What more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.

Alv. Vastly more:
Almeyda may be settled in the Throne;
And you review your native Clime with Fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternal Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War,)
Are all included in that Prince's Life:

Let this fair Queen be given to *Muley-Zeydan*;
And make her Love the Sanction of your League.

Seb. No more of that: His Life's in my dispose;
And Pris'ners are not to insist on Terms.
Or if they were, yet he demands not these.

Alv. You should exact 'em.

Alm. Better may be made;

These cannot: I abhor the Tyrant's Race;
My Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Usurpers.
But, at one Blow to cut off all Dispute,
Know this, thou busie, old, officious Man,
I am a Christian; now be wise no more;
Or if thou would'st be still thought wise, be silent.

Alv. O I perceive you think your Int'rest touch'd:
'Tis what before the Battel I observ'd:
But I must speak, and will.

Seb. I prithee Peace;
Perhaps she thinks they are too near of Blood.

Alv. I wish she may not wed to Blood more near.

Seb. What if I make her mine?

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid!

Seb. With rather Heav'n may grant.
For, if I cou'd deserve, I have deserv'd her:
My Toils, my Hazards, and my Subjects Lives,
(Provided she consent) may claim her Love:
And, that once granted, I appeal to these,
If better, I could chuse a beauteous Bride.

Ant. The fairest of her Sex.

Mor. The Pride of Nature.

Dor. He only Merits her; she only him.
So pair'd, so suited in their Minds and Persons,
That they were fram'd the Tallies for each other.
If any Alien Love had interpos'd
It must have been an Eyefore to Beholders,
And to themselves a Curse.

Alv. And to themselves
The greatest Curse that can be, were to join.

Seb. Did I not love thee, past a Change to hate,
That Word had been thy Ruin; but no more,
I charge thee on thy Life, perverse old Man.

Alv. Know, Sir, I would be silent if I durst:
But, if on Shipboard, I should see my Friend
Grown Frantick in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowry Fields,
Would headlong plunge himself into the Deep,

Should

Should I not hold him from that mad Attempt,
Till his sick Fancy were by Reason cur'd?

Seb. I pardon thee th' Effects of doting Age;
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-Caution;
The second Non-age of a Soul, more wise;
But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.

Alv. Have you forgot?

Seb. Thou mean'st my Father's Will,
In Bar of Marriage to *Almeyda's* Bed:
Thou seest my Faculties are still entire,
Though thine are much impair'd. I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas ground'd on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to see her happy Change,
He would have cancell'd that harsh Interdict,
And join'd our Hands himself.

Alv. Still had he liv'd and seen this Change,
He still had been the same.

Seb. I have a dark Remembrance of my Father;
His Reas'nings and his Actions both were just;
And, granting that, he must have chang'd his Measures.

Alv. Yes, he was just, and therefore could not change.

Seb. 'Tis a base Wrong thou offer'st to the Dead.

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid,
That I should blast his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For dying he bequeath'd it to my Charge.
Believe, I am; and seek to know no more,
But pay a blind Obedience to his Will.
For to preserve his Fame I would be silent.

Seb. Craz'd Fool, who would'st be thought an Oracle,
Come down from off thy Tripes, and speak plain:
My Father shall be justify'd, he shall:
'Tis a Son's Part to rise in his Defence;
And to confound thy Malice, or thy Dotage.

Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd:
But, to be clear'd at my dead Master's cost,
O there's the Wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

Seb. Not Heav'n and Earth combin'd can hinder it.

Alv. Then, witness Heav'n and Earth, how loath I am
To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.
And since not only a dead Father's Fame,
But more, a Lady's Honour must be touch'd,
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire: That you alone may hear
What ev'n in whispers I would tell your Ear.

[*All are going out.*]

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay.
And were my Voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations should be summon'd to this place.
So little do I fear that Fellow's Charge:
So should my Honour like a rising Swan,
Brush with her Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the Waves.

Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare trust my Father's Memory,
To stand the Charge of that foul forging Tongue.

Alv. It will be soon discover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his Youth,
When newly marry'd, travel'd into Spain,
And made a long Abode in Philip's Court?

Seb. Why so remote a Question? which thy self
Can answer to thy self, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast:
And nearest to his Soul.

Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me gracious Heav'n,
That ever I should boast I was so near.
The Confident of all his young Amours.
And have not you, unhappy Beauty, heard, [To Alm.
Have you not often heard, your exil'd Parents
Were refus'd in that Court, and at that time?

Alm. 'Tis true: And often since, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to espouse her Cause;
She Counsell'd, nay, Enjoin'd me on her Blessing
To seek the sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me first Encouragement to come,
And, with my Brother, beg Sebastian's Aid.

Seb.

Sebast. Thou help'st me well, to justify my War:
[To Alm.] My dying Father swore me, then a Boy:
And made me kiss the Cross upon his Sword,
Never to sheath it, till that exil'd Queen
Were by my Arms restor'd.

Alv. And can you find
No Mystery couch'd in this excess of Kindness?
Were Kings e'er known, in this degenerate Age,
So passionately fond of noble Acts,
Where Interest shou'd not more than half with Honour?

Seb. Base groveling Soul, who know'st not Honour's
But weigh'st it out in mercenary Scales; (Worth;
The secret Pleasure of a generous Act,
Is the great Mind's great Bribe.

Alv. Show me that King, and I'll believe the Phoenix.
But knock at your own Breast, and ask your Soul
If those fair fatal Eyes edg'd not your Sword,
More than your Father's Charge, and all your Vows?
If so, and so your Silence grants it is,
Know, King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;
And Love is your Inheritance from him.

Almeyda's Mother too had Eyes, like her,
And not less charming, and were charm'd no less
Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.

Alm. Thou ly'st, Impostor, perjur'd Friend, thou ly'st.

Seb. Was't not enough to brand my Father's Fame,
But thou must load a Lady's Memory?
O infamous, o base, beyond Repair.
And to what End this ill-concerted Lye,
Which palpable and gross, yet granted true,
It bars not my inviolable Vows.

Alv. Take heed, and double not your Father's Crimes;
To his Adultry do not add your Incest.
Know, she's the Product of unlawful Love,
And 'tis your carnal Sister you wou'd wed.

Seb. Thou shalt not say thou wert condemn'd unheard.
Else, by my Soul, this Moment were thy last.

Alm. But think not Oaths shall justify thy Charge;
Nor Imprecations on thy cursed Head.
For who dares lye to Heaven, think Heaven a Jest.

Thou hast confess'd thy self the conscious Pandar
Of that pretended Passion;

A single Witness infamously known,
Against two Persons of unquestion'd Fame:

Alv. What Interest can I have, or what Delight
To blaze their Shame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd, you hate me, if unprov'd, condemn.
Not Racks or Tortures cou'd have forc'd this Secret,
But too much Care to save you from a Crime,
Which would have sunk you both. For let me say,
Almeyda's Beauty well deserves your Love.

Alm. Out, base Impostor, I abhor thy Praise.

Dor. It looks not like Imposture: but a Truth,
On utmost need reveal'd.

Seb. Did I expect from *Dorax* this return?
Is this the Love renew'd?

Dor. Sir, I am silent;
Pray Heav'n my Fears prove false.

Seb. Away; you all combine to make me wretched.

Alv. But hear the Story of that fatal Love;
Where every Circumstance shall prove another;
And Truth so shine by her own native Light,
That if a Lye were mixt, it must be seen.

Seb. No; all may still be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou canst say.

Alv. One Proof remains; and that's your Father's Hand:
Firm'd with his Signet; both so fully known,
That plainer Evidence can hardly be,
Unless his Soul wou'd want her Heav'n awhile,
And come on Earth to swear.

Seb. Produce that Writing.

Alv. [*to Dorax*] *Alonso* has it in his Custody.
The same, which when his Nobleness redeem'd me,
And in a friendly Visit own'd himself
For what he is, I then deposited:
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dor. Untouch'd, and Seal'd, as when intrusted with me,
[*giving a Seal'd Paper to the King.*]
Such I restore it with a trembling Hand,
Lest ought within disturb your Peace of Soul.

Seb.

Seb. Draw near *Almeyda*: thou art most concern'd:
[tearing open the Seals.

For I am most in Thee.

Alonso, mark the Characters:

Thou know'st my Father's Hand, observe it well:
And if th'Impostor's Pen have made one slip,
That shews it Counterfeit, mark that and save me.

Dor. It looks indeed too like my Master's Hand:
So does the Signet: more I cannot say;
But wish 'twere not so like.

Seb. Methinks it owns
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda's* Birth;
But such a Mist of Grief comes o'er my Eyes,
I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.

Alm. Heaven cannot be more true, than this is false.

Seb. O could'st thou prove it with the same Assurance!
Speak, hast thou ever seen my Father's Hand?

Alm. No; but my Mother's Honour has been read
By me, and by the World, in all her Acts;
In Characters more plain and legible
Than this dumb Evidence, this blotted Lye.
Oh that I were a Man, as my Soul's one,
To prove thee Traytor, an Assassinate
Of her Fame: thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus: ———

[Tearing the Paper.

And scatter o'er the Field thy Coward Limbs,
Like this foul Offspring of thy forging Brain.

[Scatt'ring the Paper.

Alv. Just so shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know, proud Woman, know in thy despair,
The most authentick Proof is still behind.
Thou wear'st it on thy Finger: 'tis that Ring,
Which match'd to that on his, shall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb Forgery: for that shall speak;
And sound a rattling Peal to either's Conscience.

Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold
And shaking Hand, just in the Pangs of Death,
Put on my Finger; with a parting Sigh,
And wou'd have spoke; but falter'd in his Speech
With undistinguish'd Sounds.

Alv.

Alv. I know it well:

For I was present: now *Almeyda*, speak:
And, truly tell us, how you came by yours.

Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her fight
To go to *Portugal*, bequeath'd it to me,
Presaging she shou'd never see me more:
She pull'd it from her Finger, shed some Tears,
Kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a Pledge of Love;
And hid a Mystery of great Importance
Relating to my Fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I disclose that fatal Mystery.
Those Rings, when you were born and thought another's,
Your Parents glowing yet in sinful Love,
Bid me bespeak: a curious Artist wrought 'em:
With Joynts so close, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each others Counterpart.
Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*.
(You know those Names are theirs:) and in the midst,
A Heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the Rivets of those Rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this Lye:
But if they joyn, you must for ever part.

[*Sebastian pulling off his Ring, Almeyda does the same,
and gives it to Alv. who unscrews both the Rings, and
fits one half to the other.*

Seb. Now Life or Death.

Alm. And either thine or ours.

I'm lost for ever.—

[*Swoons.*

[*The Women and Morayma take her up and carry her off.*

[*Sebastian here stands amaz'd without Motion, his Eyes fixt
upward.*

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; for I am past
All pow'r of Aid to her or to my self.

Alv. His Wife, said he, his Wife! O fatal Sound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome News
Had never reach'd their Ears.

So they had still been blest in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it but too late: and durst not speak.

Seb. [*Starting out of his Amazement.*] I will not live:
no, not a Moment more;

I will not add one Moment more to Incest:

I'll cut it off, and end a wretched Being.

For, should I live, my Soul's so little mine,
And so much hers, that I should still enjoy.

Ye cruel Powers

Take me as you have made me, miserable;

You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my Fate;

And you made that, not I.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

[*Ant. and Alv. lay hold on him, and Dorax wrests the
Sword out of his Hand.*]

Ant. For Heav'n's Sake hold, and recollect your Mind.

Alv. Consider whom you punish, and for what;

Your self unjustly: You have charg'd the Fault
On Heav'n, that best may bear it.

Though Incest is indeed a deadly Crime,

You are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done,

And known, had been abhorr'd.

Seb. By Heav'n you're Traytors all, that hold my Hands.

If Death be but Cessation of our Thought,

Then let me die, for I would think no more.

I'll boast my Innocence above;

And let 'em see a Soul they cou'd not fully:

I shall be there before my Father's Ghost;

That yet must languish long in Frosts and Fires,

For making me unhappy by his Crime: [*Struggling again,*

Stand off, and let me take my Fill of Death:

For I can hold my Breath in your Despight,

And swell my heaving Soul out, when I please.

Alv. Heav'n comfort you!

Seb. What, art thou giving Comfort!

Would'st thou give Comfort, who hast giv'n Despair?

Thou seest *Alonso* silent; he's a Man.

He knows, that Men abandon'd of their Hopes

Shou'd ask no Leave, nor stay for suing out

A tedious Writ of Ease from lingering Heav'n,

But

But help themselves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the Fates their Duty.

Dor. [*to Alv. and Ant.*] Let him go:
He is our King; and he shall be obey'd.

Alv. What, to destroy himself? O Parricide!

Dor. Be not injurious in your foolish Zeal,
But leave him free; or by my Sword I swear,
To hew that Arm away, that stops the Passage
To his eternal Rest.

Ant. [*Letting go his Hold.*] Let him be guilty of his
own Death if he pleases; for I'll not be guilty of mine,
by holding him.

[*The King shakes off Alv.*]

Alv. [*to Dor.*] Infernal Friend,
Is this a Subject's Part?

Dor. 'Tis a Friend's Office.
He has convinc'd me, that he ought to die.
And rather than he should not, here's my Sword
To help him on his Journey.

Seb. My last, my only Friend, how kind art thou,
And how inhuman these!

Dor. To make the Trifle Death a thing of Moment!

Seb. And not to weigh th' important Cause I had
To rid my self of Life?

Dor. True; for a Crime
So horrid in the Face of Men and Angels,
As wilful Incest is!

Seb. Not wilful neither.

Dor. Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated Acts
Refresh'd your Sin, and loaded Crimes with Crimes,
To swell your Scores of Guilt.

Seb. True; if I liv'd.

Dor. I said so, if you liv'd.

Seb. For hitherto was fatal Ignorance:
And no intended Crime.

Dor. That you best know.
But the malicious World will judge the worst.

Alv. O what a Sophister has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation!

Dor. Peace, old Dotard.

Man-

Mankind, that always judge of Kings with Malice,
Will think he knew this Incest, and pursu'd it.
His only Way to rectify Mistakes,
And to redeem her Honour, is to die.

Seb. Thou hast it right, my dear, my best *Alonso!*
And that, but petty Reparation too;
But all I have to give.

Dor. Your Pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.

Seb. What, more than Death?

Dor. Death? why, that's Children's Sport: a Stage-
We act it every Night we go to Bed. [Play, Death.
Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.

Wou'd you, who perpetrated such a Crime,
As frighten'd Nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'n's eternal Pavement with their trembling,
To view that Act, wou'd you but barely die?
But stretch your Limbs, and turn on t'other Side;
To lengthen out a black voluptuous Slumber,
And dream you had your Sister in your Arms?

Seb. To expiate this, can I do more than die?

Dor. O yes: you must do more; you must be damn'd:
You must be damn'd to all Eternity.
And sure Self-Murder is the readiest Way.

Seb. How, damn'd?

Dor. Why, is that News?

Alv. O, Horror! Horror!

Dor. What, thou a Statesman,
And make a Bus'ness of Damnation
In such a World as this! why, 'tis a Trade,
The Scrivener, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by Damnation.
The Politician does it by Advance:
And gives all gone before-hand.

Seb. O, thou hast given me such a Glimpse of Hell,
So push'd me forward, even to the Brink
Of that irremediable burning Gulph,
That looking in th' Abyss, I dare not leap.
And now I see what Good thou mean'st my Soul,
And thank thy pious Fraud: thou hast indeed,

Appear'd a Devil, but didst an Angel's Work.

Dor. 'Twas the last Remedy, to give you Leisure,
For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you safe.

Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonso*: I will live:
But never more to *Portugal* return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to shew
Triumphant Incest, and pollute the Throne.

Alv. Since Ignorance——

Seb. O, palliate not my Wound:
When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Incest:
No, 'tis resolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without *Almeyda's* Sight,
Nor can I see *Almeyda*, but I sin.
Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sacred Thought,
To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.

Dor. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?

Seb. What else?

The World was once too narrow for my Mind,
But one poor little Nook will serve me now;
To hide me from the rest of human Kind.

Africk has Desarts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monsters, and I am, sure, the greatest.

Alv. You may repent, and wish your Crown too late.

Seb. O never, never: I am past a Boy,
A Sceptre's but a Play-thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the rest with Ease.

Dor. O truly great!

A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Heav'n.
Old as he is, your Unkle Cardinal
Is not so far enamour'd of a Cloyster,
But he will thank you for the Crown you leave him.

Seb. To please him more, let him believe me dead:
That he may never dream I may return.

Alonso, I am now no more thy King,
But still thy Friend, and by that holy Name,
Adjure thee, to perform my last Request:
Make our Conditions with yon' Captive King,
Secure me but my solitary Cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a Crown restor'd.

Dor.

Dor. I will do more:

But fear not *Muley-Zeydan*; his soft Metal
Melts down with easie Warmth; runs in the Mould,
And needs no farther Forge. [Exit Dor.]

*Re-enter Almeyda led by Morayma, and follow'd
by her Attendants.*

Seb. See where she comes again.

By Heav'n, when I behold those beauteous Eyes,
Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on.

Alm. This is too cruel!

Seb. Speak'st thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death, for we must part, *Almeyda*.

Alm. I speak of all.

For all things that belong to us are cruel.

But what's most cruel, we must love no more.

O 'tis too much that I must never see you,

But not to love you is impossible:

No, I must love you: Heav'n may hate me that,

And charge that sinful Sympathy of Souls

Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.

Seb. Good Heav'n, thou speak'st my Thoughts, and I
Nay, then there's Incest in our very Souls. [speak thine.
For we were form'd too like.

Alm. Too like indeed,

And yet not for each other.

Sure when we part (for I resolv'd it too,

Tho' you propos'd it first,) however distant,

We shall be ever thinking of each other.

And, the same Moment, for each other pray.

Seb. But if a Wish shou'd come athwart our Prayers!

Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it: if we cou'd.

Seb. We cannot look upon each other's Face,

But, when we read our Love, we read our Guilt,

And yet, methinks, I cannot chuse but love.

Alm. I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durst for Shame,

If still you lov'd? you gave it Air before me.

Ah, why were we not born both of a Sex;

For then we might have lov'd without a Crime!

Why was not I your Brother? though that Wish

Involv'd our Parents Guilt, we had not parted;

We

We had been Friends, and Friendship is not Incest.

Seb. Alas, I know not by what Name to call thee!
Sister and Wife are the two dearest Names;
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that still we must confound
The dearest Names into a common Curse.

Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!

Seb. To have but one poor Night of all our Lives;
It was indeed a glorious, guilty Night:
So happy, that, forgive me Heav'n, I wish
With all its Guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know so soon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in such a Bliss?

Alm. Men have a larger Privilege of Words,
Else I shou'd speak: but we must part, *Sebastian*,
That's all the Name that I have left to call thee.
I must not call thee by the Name I wou'd;
But when I say *Sebastian*, dear *Sebastian*,
I kiss the Name I speak.

Seb. We must make Haste, or we shall never part.
I wou'd say something that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more than say: one Moment longer,
And I shou'd break through Laws divine and humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs, spread for little Man,
Which all the bulky Herd of Nature breaks.
The vigorous young World was ignorant
Of these Restrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious; therefore we must part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy Sight,
And once burnt down to Tinder, light again
Much sooner than before.

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the sad Denouncer of my Fate;
To toll the mournful Knell of Separation:
While I, as on my Death-bed, hear the Sound,
That warns me hence for ever.

Seb. [*to Dor.*] Now be brief,
And I will try to listen;
And share the Minute that remains, betwixt

The Care I owe my Subjects, and my Love:

Dor. Your Fate has gratify'd you all she can;
Gives easie Misery, and makes Exile pleasing.
I trusted *Muley-Zeydan*, as a Friend,
But swore him first to Secrecy: he wept
Your Fortune, and with Tears, not squeez'd by Art,
But shed from Nature, like a kindly Shower:
In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A safe Retreat, a gentle Solitude,
Unvex'd with Noise, and undisturb'd with Fears:
I chose you one. —————

Alm. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the Place of his Abode,
I shou'd be tempted to pursue his Steps,
And then we both were lost.

Seb. Ev'n past Redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that Design,
(As I must know, because our Souls are one,)
I shou'd not wander, but by sure Instinct,
Shou'd meet thee just half-way in Pilgrimage,
And close for ever: for I know my Love
More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

Alm. Tell me not that: for I must boast my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou should'st better love.

Dor. I may inform you both: for you must go,
Where Seas, and Winds, and Desarts will divide you.
Under the Ledge of *Atlas* lyes a Cave,
Cut in the living Rock, by Nature's Hands:
The venerable Seat of holy Hermits.
Who there, secure in separated Cells,
Sacred ev'n to the *Moor*s, enjoy Devotion:
And from the purling Streams, and savage Fruits,
Have wholesome Bev'rage, and unbloody Feasts.

Seb. 'Tis Penance too voluptuous for my Crime.

Dor. Your Subjects, conscious of your Life, are few:
But all desirous to partake your Exile,
And to do Office to your sacred Person.
The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,
Under safe Convoy, 'till they reach your Fleet.

Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd?

A vain Enquiry, since I leave my Lord:
For all the World beside is Banishment!

Dom. I have a Sister, Abbess in *Tercera's*,
Who lost her Lover on her Bridal Day. ———

Alm. There Fate provided me a Fellow-Turtle;
To mingle Sighs with Sighs, and Tears with Tears.

Dom. Last, for my self, if I have well fulfill'd
My sad Commission, let me beg the Boon,
To share the Sorrows of your last Recels;
And mourn the common Losses of our Loves.

Alv. And what becomes of me? must I be left,
(As Age and Time had worn me out of Use?)
These Sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
To fail me when my Master shou'd be serv'd:
And when they are, then will I steal to Death,
Silent and unobserv'd, to save his Tears.

Seb. I've heard you both; *Alvarez*, have thy Wish.
But thine, *Alonso*, thine is too unjust.
I charge thee with my last Commands, return,
And bless thy *Violante* with thy Vows.

Antonio, be thou happy too in thine.
Last, let me swear you all to Secrecy:
And to conceal my Shame conceal my Life.

Dom. Ant. Mor. We swear to keep it secret.

Alm. Now I wou'd speak the last Farewell, I cannot.
It wou'd be still farewell, a thousand times:
And, multiply'd in Echo's, still farewell.
I will not speak; But think a thousand thousand;
And be thou silent too, my last *Solusist*;
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.
My Heart's too great; or I wou'd die this Moment:
But Death, I thank him, in an Hour, has made
A mighty Journey, and I haste to meet him.

[*She flings up, and her Women hold her up.*]

Seb. Help to support this feeble drooping Flower:
This tender Sweet, so shaken by the Storm.
For these fond Arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,
And never, never must embrace her more.
'Tis past: — my Soul goes in that Word; — farewell.

Alv.

[*Alv. goes with Seb. to one End of the Stage. Women with Alm. to the other.*

Dor. coming up to Ant. and Mor. who stand on the Middle of the Stage.

Dor. Hasten to attend *Almeida*: For your Sake
Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:
And let *Sebastian* and *Almeida's* Fate
This dreadful Sentence to the World relate;
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are justly punish'd on their Children's Head.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken betwixt *Antonio* and *Morayma*.

Mor. I quak'd at Heart, for Fear the Royal Fashion
Shou'd have seduc'd us two to Separation:
To be drawn in, against our own Desire,
Poor I to be a Nephew, poor you a Brother.

Ant. I trembled when the Old Man's Hand was in,
He wou'd have prov'd we were too near of Kin:
Discovering old Intraiguers of Love, like i' other,
Betwixt my Father and thy sinful Mother;
To make us Sister Turk and Christian Brother.

Mor. Excuse me there; that League shou'd have been ra-
Betwixt your Mother and my Musti Father; [she
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit,
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine shou'd get it.

Ant.

EPILOGUE.

*Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and Sebastian
Wish Incest prov'd upon us. ———*

Mor. Wretched Question

Their Conscience was too queazy of Digestion.

*Ant. Thou would'st have kept the Counsel of thy Brother,
And sin'd 'till we repented of each other.*

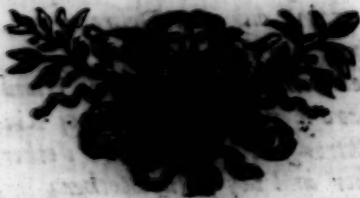
*Mor. Beas't as you are, on Nature's Laws to trample;
'Twere fitter thus we follow'd their Example.*

*And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.*

*To save a Maid's Remorses and Confusions,
E'en leave me now before we try Conclusions.*

*Ant. To copy their Example, first make certain
Of one good Hour, like theirs, before our parting;
Make a Debauch o'er Night of Love and Madnes's;
And marry when we wake in sober Sadnes's.*

*Mor. I'll follow no new Sects of your inventing.
One Night might cost me nine long Months repenting:
First wed, and if you find that Life a Fetter,
Die when you please, the sooner, Sir, the better:
My Wealth now'd get me Love o'er I cou'd ask it:
Oh, there's a strange Temptation in the Casket:
All these young Sharpers wou'd my Grace importune,
And make me thundering Vot's of Lives and Fortune.*



A M-

AMPHITRION:

OR, THE

Two SOSIA'S.

A

COMEDY,

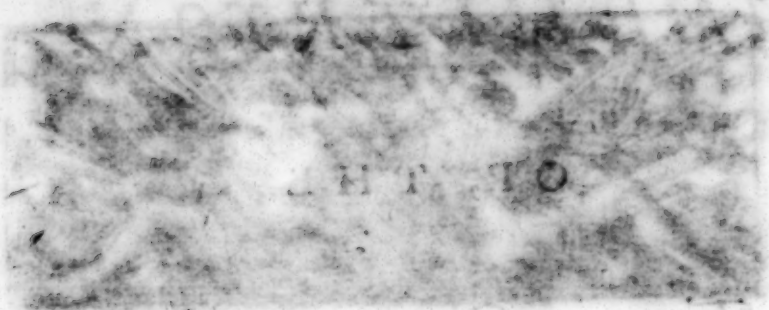
As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

*Egregiam verò laudem, & spolia ampla refertis;
Una dole Divum si Famina victa duorum est.*

Virg.

Printed in the Year M DCCXVII.



THEATRE ROYAL

COMEDY

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COMEDY

THEATRE ROYAL

COMEDY



To the Honourable

Sir *William Levison Gower*, Bar.



Here is one Kind of Virtue which is inborn in the Nobility, and indeed in most of the ancient Families of this Nation; they are not apt to insult on the Misfortunes of their Countrymen. But you, Sir, I may tell it you without Flattery, have grafted on this natural Commiseration, and rais'd it to a nobler Virtue: as you have been pleas'd to honour me, for a long Time, with some Part of your Esteem and your good Will; so in particular, since the late Revolution, you have increas'd the Proofs of your Kindness to me; and not suffer'd the Difference of Opinions, which produce such Hatred and Enmity in the brutal Part of humane Kind, to remove you from the settled Basis of your good Nature and good Sense. This Nobleness of yours, had it been exercis'd on an Enemy, had certainly been a Point of Honour, and as such I might have justly recommended it to the World: But that of Constancy to your former Choice, and the Pursuance of your first

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Favours, are Virtues not overcommon amongst *English Men*. All Things of Honour have, at best, somewhat of Ostentation in them, and Self-love; there is a Pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done. But to proceed in the same Track of Goodness, Favour and Protection, is to shew that a Man is act'd by a thorough Principle: It carries somewhat of Tenderness in it, which is Humanity in a Heroical Degree; 'tis a kind of unmoveable good Nature; a Word which is commonly despis'd, because it is so seldom practis'd. But after all, 'tis the most generous Virtue, oppos'd to the most degenerate Vice, which is that of Ruggedness and Harshness to our Fellow Creatures.

'Tis upon this Knowledge of you, Sir, that I have chosen you, with your Permission, to be the Patron of this Poem. And, as since this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the best Pattern of Humanity, the Earl of *Leicester*; I shall continue to follow the same Method, in all, to whom I shall address; and endeavour to pitch on such only, as have been pleas'd to own me in this Ruin of my small Fortune; who, though they are of a contrary Opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost Cause; and judging for my self, what I cannot chuse but judge; so long as I am a patient Sufferer, and no Disturber of the Government. Which, if it be a severe Penance, as a great Wit has told the World, 'tis at least enjoy'd me by my self: And *Sauba Pacha*, as much a Fool as I, was observ'd to discipline his Body no farther than he found he could endure the Smart.

You

The Epistle Dedicatory

You see, Sir, I am not entertaining you, like
Ovid, with a lamentable Epistle from *Reverus*. I
suffer no more than I can easily undergo; and
so long as I enjoy my Library, which is the
Birth Right of an English Man, the rest shall
never go near my Heart. The merry Philoso-
pher is more to my Humour than the melan-
cholic; and I find no Disposition in my self
to cry, while the mad World is daily supply-
ing me with such Occasions of Laughter. The
more reasonable Sort of my Countrymen, have
shewn so much Favour to this Piece, that they
give me no Doubt of their Protection for the
future.

As you, Sir, have been pleas'd to follow the
Example of their Goodness, in favouring me:
So give me leave to say, that I follow yours
in this Dedication, to a Person of a different
Perswasion. Tho' I must confess withal, that
I have had a former Encouragement from you
for this Address; and the warm Remembrance
of your noble Hospitality to me at *Trentham*,
when some Years ago I visited my Friends and
Relations in your Country, has ever since given
me a violent Temptation to this Boldness.

'Tis true, were this Comedy wholly mine, I
should call it a Trifle, and perhaps not think it
worth your Patronage; but when the Names of
Plautus and *Moliere* are joyn'd in it; that is,
the two greatest Names of Ancient and Modern
Comedy, I must not presume so far on their
Reputation, to think their best and most agree-
sion'd Productions can be term'd little. I will
not give you the Trouble of acquainting you
what I have added, or alter'd in either of them,
so much, it may be, for the worse; but only
that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that the Difference of our Stage from the Roman and the French, is so great. But I am afraid, for my own Interest, the World will too easily discover, that more than half of it is mine; and that the rest is but a lame Imitation of their Excellencies, than a just Translation. 'Tis enough, that the Reader know by you, that I neither deserve, nor desire any Applause from it. If I have perform'd any thing, 'tis the Genius of my Authors that inspir'd me; and if it has pleas'd in Representation, let the Actors share the Praise amongst themselves. As for *Plautus* and *Moliere*, they are dangerous People; and I am too weak a Gamester to put my self into their Form of Play. But what has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly supplied by the Excellent Composition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whose Person we have at length found an *Englishman*, equal with the best abroad. At least my Opinion of him has been such, since his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera*; and the Experience I have had of him, in the setting my three Songs for this *Amphitryon*: To all which, and particularly to the Composition of the *Pastoral Dialogue*, the numerous Choir of fair Ladies gave so just an Applause on the third Day. I am only sorry, for my own Sake, that there was one Star wanting, as beautiful as any in our Hemisphere; that young *Berenice*, who is misemploying all her Charms on stupid Country Souls, that can never know the Value of them; and losing the Triumphs, which are ready prepar'd for her in the Court and Town. And yet I know not whether I am so much a Loser by her Absence; for I have Reason to apprehend the Sharpness of her Judgment, if it were

Q R 9 2 3

The Epistle Dedicatory
were not allay'd with the Sweetness of her Na-
ture; and after all, I fear she may come Time
enough to discover a Thousand Imperfections in
my Play, which might have pass'd on vulgar Un-
derstandings. Be pleas'd to use the Authority of
a Father over her, on my Behalf; enjoin her to
keep her own Thoughts of *Amphitryon* to her
self: or at least not to compare him too strictly
with *Moliere's*. 'Tis true, I have an Interest in
this Partiality of hers: but withal, I plead some
Sort of Merit for it, in being so particularly as
I am,

S I R,

Oct. 24. Your most Obedient,
1690,

Humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

G 3

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THE lads'ring Bee, when his sharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone:
Such is a Satyr, when you take away
That Rage, in which his Noble Vigour lay.
What gain you, by not suffering him to teize ye?
He neither can offend you now, nor please ye.
The Honey-Bagg, and Venom, lay so near,
That both, together, you resolv'd to tear;
And lost your Pleasure, to secure your Fear.
How can he show his Manhood, if you bind him
To box, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind him?
This is plain levelling of Wit; in which
The Poor has all th' Advantage, not the Rich.
The Blockhead stands excus'd, for wanting Sense;
And Wits turn Blockheads in their own Defence.
Yet, though the Stage's Traffick is undone,
Still Julian's intermingling Trade goes on:
Though Satyr on the Theatre you smother,
Yet in Lampoons you libel one another.
The first produces still, a second Fig;
You whip 'em out, like School-Boys, 'till they gig:
And, with the same Success, we Readers guess;
For ev'ry one still dwindles to a less.
And much good Malice is so meanly drest,
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jest.

PROLOGUE.

Let not the Ladies suffer in the Play.

Their tender Sex is priviledg'd from War;

'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.

What Fame expect you from so mean a Prize?

We wear no murdering Weapons, but our Eyes.

Our Sex, you know, was after your designs;

The last Perfection of the Maker's Mind:

Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your Dross behind.

Beauty, for Valour's best Reward, he chose;

Peace, after War; and after Toil, Repose.

Hence ye prophane; excluded from our Sights;

And charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain Delights,

Go, make your best of solitary Nights.

Recant betimes, 'tis Prudence to submit:

Our Sex is still your Overmatch in Wit:

We never fail, with new, successful Arts,

To make fine Fools of you; and all your Parts.



Dramatis Personæ



Igniter,
Mercury,
Phœbus,
Amphitryon,
Sofia,
Griplus,
Polidas,
Tranio,

Mr. Lee.
Mr. Bourne.
Mr. Williams.
Mr. Nokes,
Mr. Sandford.
Mr. Bright,
Mr. Bowen.

W O M E N.

Alcmena,
Phædra,
Bromia,
Night,

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Mountford.
Mrs. Carey.
Mrs. Butler.

SCENE THE BEES.

A M.

Domestic Persons

AMPHITRYON;
OR, THE
Two SOSIAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mercury and Phœbus descend in several Machines.

PHŒBUS.

Now you the Reason of this present Summons?

'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heav'n;
What Business has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why we two of all the *Heads of Gods*
Are chosen out to meet him in Consult?
They call me God of Wisdom,
But *Mars* and *Vulcan*, the two Fools of Heav'n,
Whose Wit lyes in their Anvil and their Sword,
Know full as much as I.

Mars. And *Venus* may know more than both of us,
For 'tis some Petticoat Affair, I guess.

Phob. I have discharged my Duty: which was to inform you, *Phob.* we shall know more soon: when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Fathers; for to confess the Truth, we two are still better than Sons of Harlots; and if *Jupiter* had not been pleas'd to take a little Pains with our Mother, instead of being Gods, we might have been a couple of *Low-boys*.

Phob. But know you nothing farther, *Merc.* what News in Court?

Merc. There has been a devilish Quarrel, I can tell you, betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno*: she threaten'd to sue him in the Spiritual Court, for some Matrimonial Omissions; and he stood upon his Prerogative. Then she hit him in the Teeth of all his Bastards; and your Name and mine were us'd with less Reverence than became our Godships. They were both in their Cups; and at last the Matter grew so high, that they were ready to have thrown Stars at one another's Heads.

Phob. 'Twas happy for me that I was at my Vocation, driving Day-light about the World; but I had rather stand my Father's Thunderbolts, than my Step-Mother's Rail'ng.

Merc. When the Tongue-battle was over, and the Championess had harness'd her Peacocks, to go for *Samos*, and hear the Prayers that were made to her:—

Phob. By the way, her Worshipers had a bad Time on't; she was in a damnable Humour for receiving Petitions:—

Merc. *Jupiter* immediately beckons me aside; and charges me, that as soon as ever you had set up your Horses, you and I shou'd meet him here at *Thetis*: now, putting the Premises together, as dark as it is, methinks I begin to see Day-light.

Phob. As plain as one of my own Beams; she has made him uneasy at home, and he is going to seek his Diversion abroad: I see Heav'n it self as no priviledg'd Place for Happiness, if a Man must carry his Wife along with him.

Merc. 'Tis neither better nor worse, upon my Conscience: he is weary of hunting in the spacious Forest of a Wife.

Wife, and is following his Game *anymore*, in some little
here at Thos; that's many in *anymore* *Thos's* wife
 on Earth too, *you* help *em*, as indeed he does *em* make
em Cuckolds.

Phob. But if so, *Mercy*, then I, who am a Poet, must
 imitate his Love-Letter; and you, who are by Trade a
 Porter, must convey it.

Merc. No more, he's coming down slow upon *us*,
 and hears as far as he can see too; he's plaguy hot upon
 the Business, I know it by his hard Driving. [*sup. descends.*]

Jap. What, you are descanting upon my Actions?
 Much Good may do you with your Politicks:
 All Subjects will be censuring their Kings.

Well, I confess I am in Love; what then?
Phob. Some Mortal, we presume, of *Cadmus'* Blood:
 Some *Thos's* Beauty; some new *Semele*,
 Or some *Europa*.

Merc. I'll say that for my Father, he's constant to an
 handsome Family: he knows when they have a good
 Smack with 'em; and snuffs up Incense so favourily,
 when 'tis offer'd him by a fair Hand.

Jap. Well, my familiar Sons, this saucy Carriage
 I have deserv'd; for he who trusts a Secret,
 Makes his own Man his Master.
 I read your Thoughts;
 Therefore you may as safely speak as think.

Merc. Mine was a very homely Thought; I was con-
 sidering into what Form your Almightyship would be
 pleas'd to transform your self to Night. Whether you
 would fornicate in the Shape of a Bull, or a Ram, or an
 Eagle, or a Swan: what Bird or Beast you wou'd please
 to honour, by transgressing your own Laws, in his Like-
 nels; or in short, whether you wou'd recreate your self
 in Feathers, or in Leather?

Phob. Any Disguise to hide the King of Gods?
Jap. I know your Malice, *Phobus*, you wou'd say
 That when a Monarch sins, it shou'd be secret;
 To keep exterior Show of Sanctity;
 Main aim Respect, and cover bad Example:
 For Kings and Priests are in a Manner bound

For

Phob. But what necessity has you to the Law?

Which you commit a Crime, and yet commit?

For to be secret makes not Sin the less:

'Tis only hidden from the vulgar View:

Maintain, indeed, the Reverence due to Princes,

But not absolves the Conscience from the Crime.

Yap. I love, because 'twas in the Fates I shou'd.

Phob. With Reverence be it spoke, a bad Excuse;

This every wicked Act in Heav'n or Earth,

May make the same Defence; but what is Fate?

Is it a blind Contingence of Events?

Or sure Necessity of Causes link'd,

That must produce Effects? or is't a Pow'r

That orders all things by superior Will,

Foresees his Work, and works in that Foresight?

Yap. Fate is, what I

By virtue of Omnipotence have made it:

And Pow'r Omnipotent can do no Wrong:

Not to my self, because I will'd it so;

Nor yet to Men, for what they are is mine.

This Night I will enjoy *Amphitryon's* Wife:

For, when I made her, I decreed her such

As I shou'd please to love. I wrong not him

Whose Wife she is; for I reserv'd my Right,

To have her while she pleas'd me; that once past,

She shall be his again.

Merr. Here's Omnipotence with a Vengeance, to make

a Man a Cuckold, and yet not to do him Wrong. Then

I find, Father *Jupiter*, that when you made Fate, you

had the Wit to contrive a Holyday for your self now and

then. For you Kings never enact a Law, but you have

a Kind of an Eye to your own Privilege.

Phob. If there be no such thing as Right and Wrong,

Of an Eternal Being, I have done ———

But if there be ———

Yap. Peace, thou disputing Fool:

Learn this; if thou could'st comprehend my Ways;

Then thou wert *Jove*, not I: yet, thus far know,

That, for the Good of human Kind, this Night

I shall beget a future *Hercules*;

Who

AMPHITRYON.

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Who shall redress the Wrongs of injured Morals,
Shall conquer Monsters, and reform the World.

Merc. Ay, Brother *Phæbus*; and our Father made all
those Monsters for *Hercules* to conquer, and contriv'd all
those Vices on Purpose for him to reform too, there's
the Jest on't.

Phæb. Since Arbitrary Pow'r will hear no Reason, 'tis
Wisdom to be silent.——

Merc. Why that's the Point; this same Arbitrary Pow-
er is a knock down Argument; 'tis but a Word and a
Blow; now methinks our Father speaks out like an ho-
nest bare-fac'd God, as he is; he lays the Stress in the
right Place, upon absolute Dominion: I confess if he
had been a Man, he might have been a Tyrant, if his
Subjects durst have call'd him to Account: But you
Brother *Phæbus*, are but a meer Country Gentleman, that
never comes to Court; that are abroad all Day on Horse-
back, making Visits about the World; are drinking all
Night, and in your Cups are still railing at the Govern-
ment: O these Patriots, these bumpkin Patriots, are a
very silly Sort of Animal.

Jup. My present Purpose and Design you heard;
To enjoy *Amphitryon's* Wife, the fair *Alcmena*:
You two must be subservient to my Love.

Merc. [to *Phæbus*.] No more of your Grumbletonian
Morals, Brother; there's Preferment coming, be advis'd,
and pimp dutifully.

Jup. *Amphitryon*, the brave *Theban* General,
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight;
And in a single Duel slain their King:
His conquering Troops are eager on their March
Returning home; while their young General,
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Posts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by to Morrow Dawn, will reach this Town.

Merc. That's but short Warning, Father *Jupiter*: hav-
ing made no former Advances of Courtship to her, you
have Need of your Omnipotence, and all your Godship,
if you mean to be beforehand with him.

Phæb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening?
Time's

Time's precious, and these Summer Nights are short;
I must be early up to light the World;

Jup. You shall not rise, there shall be no to-Morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an End, I find.

Phœb. Or else a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. A Day will be well lost to buse Man;
Night shall continue Sleep, and Care shall cease.

So, many Men shall live, and live in Peace,

Whom Sunshine had betray'd to envious Sight,

And Sight to sudden Rage, and Rage to Death.

Now, I will have a Night for Love and me;

A long luxurious Night, fit for a God

To quench and empty his immortal Heat.

Merc. I'll lay on the Woman's side for all that; that she
shall love longest to Night, in Spight of your Omnipotence.

Phœb. I shall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades,
That early rise, but you must be obey'd.

Jup. No Matter for the cheating Part of Man;

They have a Day's Sin left to answer for.

Phœb. When wou'd you have me wake? [finish'd,

Jup. Why, when *Jove* goes to sleep: when I have
Your Brother *Mercury* shall bring you Word.

[Exit *Phœbus* on his Chariot.

[To *Merc.*] Now, *Hermes*, I must take *Amphitryon's*
To enjoy his Wife; [Form,

Thou must be *Sofia*, this *Amphitryon's* Slave;

Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*,

To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's Approach;

And bring her joyful News of Victory.

Merc. But why must I be *Sofia*?

Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thy self!
Thou must be *Sofia*, to keep out *Sofia*:

Who, by his Entrance, might discover *Jove*,

Disturb my Pleasures, raise unruly Noise,

And so distract *Alcmena's* tender Soul,

She wou'd not meet my Warmth, when I dissolve

Into her Lap, nor give down half her Love.

Merc. Let me alone; I'll cudgel him away:

But I abhor so villanous a Shape.

Jup.

AMPHITRYON

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Jup. Take it; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it:
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.
I cannot bear a Moment's Loss of Joy

Night appears above in her Chariot.
Look up, the *Night* is in her silent Chariot;
And rousing just o'er *Thetis*: bid her drive slowly,
Or make a double Turn about the World;
While I drop *Yous*, and take *Amphitryon's* Dress,
To be the greater, while I seem the less. [*Exit Jup.*]

Merc. [*to Night.*] Madam *Night*, a good Even to you:
fair and softly, I beseech you, Madam: I have a Word
or two to you, from no less a God than *Jupiter*.

Night. O my nimble Finger'd God of Theft, what
make you here on Earth, at this unseasonable Hour?
what Banker's Shop is to be broken open to *Night*? or
what Clippers, and Coiners, and Conspirators, have been
invoking your Deity for their Assistance?

Merc. Faith none of those Enormities; and yet I am
still in my Vocation: for you know I am a Jack of all
Trades: at a Word, *Jupiter* is indulging his Genius to
Night, with a certain noble Sort of Recreation, call'd
Wenching: The Truth on't is, Adultery is its proper
Name.

Night. *Jupiter* wou'd do well to stick to his Wife *Ju-*
no.

Merc. He has been marry'd to her above these Hundred
Years; and that's long enough in Conscience to stick to
one Woman.

Night. She's his Sister too, as well as his Wife; that's
a double Tye of Affection to her.

Merc. Nay, if he made bold with his own Flesh and
Blood, 'tis likely he will not spare his Neighbours.

Night. If I were his Wife, I would raise a Rebellion
against him, for the Violation of my Bed.

Merc. Thou art mistaken, *Old Night*: his Wife cou'd
raise no Faction: all the Deities in Heaven wou'd take
the Part of the Cuckold-making God; for they are all
given to the Flesh most dammably. Nay, the very God-
desses wou'd stickle in the Cause of Love; 'tis the way
to be popular to whore and love. For what dost thou
think

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think old *Night* was deposed, but that he was told and impotent; and made no Court to the fair Ladies, *Phaon* and *Jove* themselves, as chaste as they are, cry'd Shame on him. I say unto thee, *Old Night*, wee be to the Monarch that has set the Women on his Side.

Night. Then by your Rule, *Mercury*, a King who would live happily, must debauch his whole Nation of Women.

Merc. As far as his ready Money will go, I mean; for *Jupiter* himself can't please all of 'em. But this is beside my present Commission; he has sent me to will and require you to make a swinging long Night for him: for he hates to be flinted in his Pleasures.

Night. Tell him plainly, I'll rather lay down my Commission: what, would he make a Bawd of me?

Merc. Poor Ignorant! why he meant thee for a Bawd when he first made thee. What art thou good for, but to be a Bawd? Is not Daylight better for Mankind, I mean as to any other Use, but only for Love and Fornication? Thou hast been a Bawd too, a reverend, primitive, original Bawd, from the first Hour of thy Creation! and all the laudable Actions of Love have been committed under thy Mantle. Prither for what dost thou think that thou art worshipp'd?

Night. Why, for my Stars and Moonshine.

Merc. That is, for holding a Candle to Inquiry: but if they were put out, thou wou'dst be doubly worshipp'd by the willing bashful Virgins.

Night. Then for my Quiet, and the Sweetness of my Sleep.

Merc. No, for thy sweet waking all the Night: for Sleep comes not upon Lovers 'till thou art vanish'd.

Night. But it will be against Nature, to make a long Winter's Night at Midsummer.

Merc. Trouble not your self for that: *Phaon* is order'd to make a short Summer's Day to Morrow: so in four and twenty Hours all will be at Rights again.

Night. Well, I am edified by your Discourse, and my Comfort is, that whatever Work is made, I see no thing.

Merc.

Merc. About your Business then? Put a Spoke into your Chariot-wheel, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put my self into the Habit of a Serving-man, and dress up a false *Sofia*, to wait upon a false *Amphitryon*.
Good Night, *Night*.

Night. My Service to *Jupiter*. Farewell *Mercury*.
(*Night goes backward.* Exit *Merc.*)

SCENE II. *Amphitryon's Palace.*

Enter Alcmena alone.

Alc. Why was I marry'd to the Man I love!
For, had he been indifferent to my Choice,
Or had been hated, Absence had been Pleasure:
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon's* Life:
At home, in private, and secure from War,
I am amidst an Host of armed Foes:
Sustaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds,
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am in *Amphitryon's* Chain! wou'd I were there,
And he were here; so might we change our Fates;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him!

Enter Phœdra, crying.

Phœd. Good News, good News, Madam, O such admirable News, that if I kept it in a Moment, I shou'd burst with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army?

Phœd. No Matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon*?

Phœd. No Matter, neither.

Alc. Answer me, I charge thee, if thy good News be any thing relating to my Lord; if it be, assure thy self of a Reward.

Phœd. Ay, Madam, now you say something to the Matter: you know the Business of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon Earth, is to be scraping up something against a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage: every one in our own Vocation: but what Matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemies, if I get nothing of their Spoils?

Alc.

Alc. Say, Is my Lord victorious?

Phad. Why, he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the same Token, that you shou'd give me ten Pieces of Gold, if I brought you News of it.

Alc. They are thine; supposing he be safe too.

Phad. Nay, that's a new Bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*, that then you shou'd give me ten Pieces more; but I do undertake for my Lord's Safety: if you will please to discharge his Godship *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in Safety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phad. And I am sure I artickled with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you News, that my Lord was upon Return, you should grant me one small Favour more, that will cost you nothing.

Alc. Make Haste, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon Return?

Phad. Promise me that I shall be your Bedfellow to Night, as I have been ever since my Lord's Absence,—— unless I shall be pleas'd to release you of your Word.

Alc. That's a small Request, 'tis granted.

Phad. But swear by *Jupiter*.

Alc. But why by *Jupiter*?

Phad. Because he's the greatest: I hate to deal with one of your little baffling Gods that can do nothing, but by Permission: but *Jupiter* can swindle you off, if you swear by him, and are forsworn.

Alc. I swear by *Jupiter*.

Phad. Then I believe he is victorious, and I know he is safe: for I look'd through the Key-hole, and saw him knocking at the Gate; and I had the Conscience to let him cool his Heels there.

Alc. And wou'd'st thou not open to him! Oh thou Traitor!

Phad. No, I was a little wiser: I left *Sosia's* Wife to let him in: for I was resolv'd to bring the News, and make my Pennyworths out of him; as Time shall show.

Enter

Enter Jupiter, in the Shape of Amphitryon, with Sofia's Wife, Bromia. He kisses and embraces Alcmena.

Jup. O let me live for ever on those Lips! —
The Nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.

I swear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n, to be *Amphitryon*.

Alc. Then, not to swear beneath *Amphitryon's* Oath,
(Forgive me, *Juno*, if I am prophane)

I swear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good my Lord, what's become of my poor Bed-fellow, your Man *Sofia*? you keep such a Billing and Colling here, to set one's Mouth a watring: what, I say, though I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as well as my Lady; and shou'd be as glad as she, of a little honest Recreation.

Phad. And what have you done with your old Friend, and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Griphus*? has he brought me home a cramm'd Purse that swells with Bribes: if he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable Magistrate: but if he has not had the Wit to sell Justice, he judges no Causes in my Court, I warrant him.

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battle?
Is *Thebes* victorious, are our Foes destroy'd?

For now I find you safe, I shou'd be glad
To hear you were in Danger.

Jup. [*Aside.*] A Man had need be a God, to stand the Fury of three talking Women! I think in my Conscience I made their Tongues of Thunder.

Brom. [*Pulling him on one Side.*] I ask'd the first Question: answer me, my Lord,

Phad. [*Pulling him on t'other Side.*] Peace, mine's a Lover, and yours is but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the Title shall take Place, and I will be answer'd.

Jup. *Sofia* is safe: *Griphus* is rich: both coming:
I rode before 'em, with a Lover's Haste. — [*Aside,*
Was e'er poor God so worry'd: but for my Love,
I wish I were in Heav'n again with *Juno*.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded?

Jup.

Jup. Not so, my Love; but these chattering Tongues:
Have snatch'd their Answers first; they will be heard;
And surely *Jove* would never answer Pray'r
That Woman made, but only to be freed
From their eternal Noise: make Haste to Bed:
There let me tell my Story, in thy Arms;
There, in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Betwixt our Dyings, e'er we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battle, and Success:
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer things,
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonsense shall be eloquent, in Love.

Brom. [to *Phadra*.] My Lord is very hot upon't; this
Absence is a great Friend to us poor neglected Wives; it
makes us new again.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me
The Fondness of a Bride, without the Fear.
My whole Desires and Wishes are in you.

Phad. [Aside.] My Lady's Eyes are pinking to Bed-
ward too; now is the to look very sleepy, counterfeiting
Yawning; but she shall ask me Leave first.

Alc. Great *Jove*, thou whose holy Care presides
Over the Nuptial-Bed, pour all thy Blessings
On this auspicious Night.

Jup. *Jove* may grudge; for she may fear a Rival
In these bright Eyes: but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bless this Night.

Phad. [Aside.] But *Jupiter* should ask my Leave first;
were he here in Person.

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Bed:
The tedious journey has dispos'd my Lord
To seek his needful Rest [Exit *Bromia*.]

Phad. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman
must needs be weary; and therefore, 'twas not ill con-
triv'd that he must lye alone to Night, to recruit himself
with Sleep, and lay in enough for to Morrow Night,
when you may keep him waking. *Alc.*

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Alc. [*To Jupiter.*] I must confess I made a Kind of Promise.

Phad. [*Almost crying.*] A Kind of Promise, do you call it? I see you would fain be coming off: I am sure you swore to me, by *Jupiter*, that I should be your Bedfellow, and I'll accuse you to him, for the first Prayer I make: and I'll pray a Purpose too, that I will, though I have not pray'd to him this seven Years.

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did swear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forswear thy self; for *Jupiter* but laughs at Lovers-Perjuries.

Phad. The more Shame for him if he does: there would be a fine God indeed for us Women to worship, if he laughs when our Sweet-hearts cheat us of our Maidenheads: no, no, *Jupiter* is an honest Gentleman than you make of him.

Jup. I'm all on Fire; and wou'd not lose this Night; To be the Master of the Universe.

Phad. Ay, my Lord, I see you are on Fire: but the Devil a Bucket shall be brought to quench it, without my Leave: you may go to Bed, Madam; but you shall see how Heav'n will bless your Night's Work, if you forswear your self: ——— Some Fool, some meer *Alc.* Brother, or some blockheadly Hero, *Jove*, I beseech thee, send her.

Jup. [*Aside.*] Now I cou'd call my Thunder to revenge But that were to confess my self a God, [me, And then I lost my Love! ——— *Alc.* come, By Heav'n I have a Bridegroom's Fervour for thee, As I had ne'er enjoy'd.

Alc. [*Sighing.*] She has my Oath; And sure she may release it if she please.

Phad. Why truly Madam, I am not cruel in my Nature; to poor distressed Lovers; for it may be my own Case another Day: And therefore, if my Lord pleases to consider me.

Jup. Any thing, any thing, but name thy Wife, and have it.

Phad. Ay, now you say, any thing, any thing; but you

you wou'd tell me another Story to morrow Morning:
Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive; you
know the meaning of it. I am for nothing but the
Ready.

Jup. Thou shalt have all the Treasury of Heav'n.

Phad. [Yes, when you are Jupiter] to dispose of it.

Jup. [Aside.] I had forgot, and shew'd my self a God;
This Love can make a Fool of Jupiter.

Phad. You have got some Part of the Enemies Spoil I
warrant you; I see a little trifling Diamond upon your
Finger; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd be-
come mine too.

Jup. [Taking a Ring off his Finger, and giving it.] Here
This is a very Woman:
Her Sex is Avarice, and she, in one,
Is all her Sex.

Phad. Ay, ay, 'tis no Matter what you say of us. What
wou'd you have your Money out of the Treasury, with-
out paying the Officers their Fees? Go, get you together,
you naughty Couple, 'till you are both weary of worry-
ing one another, and then to Morrow Morning I shall
have another Fee for parting you.

[Phadra goes out before Alcmena with a Light.

Jup. Why now I am, indeed, the Lord of all: [Solus.
For what's to be a God, but to enjoy?

Let Human Kind their Sovereign's Leisure wait;

Love is, this Night, my great Affair of State:

Let this one Night, of Providence be void:

All *Jove*, for once, is on himself employ'd.

Let unregarded Altars smoke in vain:

And let my Subjects praise me, or complain.

Yet, if betwixt my Intervals of Bliss,

Some am'rous Youth his Oraisons address,

His Pray'r is in a happy Hour prefer'd:

And when *Jove* loves, a Lover shall be heard.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Night-Scene of a Palace.

Sofia with a Dark-Lantern: Mercury, in Sofia's Shape, with a Dark-Lantern also.

Sof. WAS not the Devil in my Master, to send me out in this dreadful dark Night, to bring the News of his Victory to my Lady? and was not I possess'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the Safeguard of my Person? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with Fear! I am diminish'd of my natural Weight, above two Stone: I shall not bring half my self home again, to my poor Wife and Family: I have been in an Ague-Fit, ever since shut of Evening; what with the Fright of Trees by the Highway, which look'd maliciously like Thieves, by Moon-shine: And what with Bulrushes by the River-side, that shak'd like Spears, and Lances at me. Well! the greatest Plague of a Serving-Man, is to be hir'd to some great Lord! They care not what Drudgery they put upon us, while they lye lolling at their Ease a-bed, and stretch their lazy Limbs, in Expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them.

Merc. [Aside.] He is but a poor Mortal, that suffers this! but I, who am a God, am degraded to a Foot-Pimp; a Waiter without Doors; a very civil Employment for a Deity!

Sof. The better Sort of 'em will say, Upon my Honour, at every Word: yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Privilege of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Privilege of the Law upon them. These are a very hopeful Sort of Patriots, to stand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: There's Conscience for you!

Merc.

Merc. [*Aside.*] This Fellow has something of the Republican Spirit in him.

Sof. [*Looking after him.*] Stay; this methinks shou'd be our House: And I shou'd thank the Gods, now, for bringing me safe home: But I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, 'till I have got the News for my good News, and then thank 'em once for all: For, if I praise 'em, before I am safe within Doors, some damn'd Mastiff Dog may come out, and worry me; and then my Thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before-hand: Therefore thou get'st not into the House this Night; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sof. Now am I to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory; 'tis good to exercise my Parts beforehand, and file my Tongue into eloquent Expressions, to tickle her Ladyship's Imagination.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Sof. [*Setting down his Lantern.*] This Lantern, for once, shall be my Lady: because she is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. [*Aside.*] No, Rogue, 'tis thy Lord is the Lantern by this Time, or Jupiter is our'd Partner.

Sof. Thus thus I make my Addresses to her: [*Exit.*] Madam, my Lord has chosen me out, as the most faithful, though the most unworthy of his Followers; to bring your Ladyship this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then she———O my poor Sister, [*is a first time.*] how am I overjoy'd to see thee! She can say no less:———Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this Glory:—Well answer'd on my Side.———And how dost my Lord amuse you?———Madam, he always does like a Man of Courage, when he is call'd by Honour:———There I think I nick'd it.———But when will he return?———As soon as possibly he can: But not so soon as his impatient Heart cou'd wish him with your Ladyship.

Merc.

Merc. [*Aside.*] When *These* is an University, thou de-
scendest to be their Orator.

Sof. But what does he do, and what does he say? Pri-
thee tell me something more of him——He always says
less than he does, Madam: And his Enemies have found
it to their cost —— Where the Devil did I learn these Ele-
gancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the natural Endowments of a Fop;
and only wants the Education!

Sof. [*Staring up at the Sky.*] What, is the Devil in the
Night! She's as long as two Nights: The seven Stars are
just where they were seven Hours ago! high Day ——
high Night, I mean, by my Favour. What, has *Phœbus*
been playing the Good-fellow, and overslept himself,
that he forgets his Duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Raskal treats us Gods! but I
shall make him alter his Tone immediately.

[*Mercury comes nearer, and stands just before him.*

Sof. [*Seeing him, and starting back, aside.*] How now?
what do my Eyes dazzle, or is my dark Lanthorn false
to me! is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghost
of some Body slain in the late Battel? If he be, 'tis un-
conscionably done, to fright an honest Man thus, who
never drew Weapon wrathfully in all my Life ——
Whatever Wight he be, I am devilishly afraid, that's cer-
tain: But 'tis Discretion to keep my own Counsel: I'll
sing, that I may seem Valiant.

[*Sofia sings; and as Mercury speaks, by little and lit-
tle drops his Voice.*

Merc. What sawcy Companion is this, that deafens
us with his hoarse Voice? what Midnight Ballad-singer
have we here? I shall teach the Villain to leave off Cat-
terwawling.

Sof. I would I had Courage, for his sake; that I might
teach him to call my Singing Catterwawling, an illiterate
Rogue; an Enemy to the Muses and to Musick.

Merc. There is an ill Saviour that offends my Nostrijs;
and it wafers this way.

Sof. He has smelt me out: My Fear has betray'd me into this Savour——I am a dead Man: The bloody Villain is at his fee, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there?

Sof. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend?

Sof. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I desire Peace and all its Works; my Arms are out of Exercise, they have maul'd no Body these three Days: I long for an honourable Occasion to pound a Man; and lay him asleep at the first Buffet.

Sof. [*Aside.*] That wou'd almost do me a Kindness; for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of sleep these three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Sof. Why, I am a Man, Fellow——Courage *Sofia*——

Merc. What kind of Man?

Sof. Why a Two-leg'd Man, what Man should I be? [*Aside.*]——I must bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milkop as my self.

Merc. Thou art a Coward I warrant thee, do not I hear thy Teeth chatter in thy Head?

Sof. Ay, ay, that's only a sign they would be snapping at thy Nose——[*Aside.*]——Bless me, what an Arm and Fist he has, with great Thumbs too: And Gols and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? answer me directly, upon Pain of Assassination.

Sof. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go: That's directly home——though this is somewhat an uncivil Manner of Proceeding, at the first Sight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me first make you a small Present of this Box o'the Ear——

[*Strikes him.*]

Sof. If I were as cholrick a Fool as you now, here would be fine Work betwixt us two; but I am a little better bred, than to disturb the sleeping Neighbourhood, and so good Night, Friend——

[*Is going.*]

Merc.

Merc. [*Stopping him.*] Hold, Sir; you and I must not part so easily; once more, whither are you going?

Sof. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches: Let me but only knock at that Door there.

Merc. What Business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sof. This is our House; and when I am got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Sawciness, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sof. 'Tis mine, in the first Place; and next, my Master's; for I lye in the Garret, and he lyes under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names, Sirrah?

Sof. His Name is *Amphitryon*, hear that and tremble.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sof. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is——

Sof. Lord, Friend, you are so very troublesome—— what should my Name be but *Sofia*?

Merc. How, *Sofia*, say you? how long have taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sof. Here's a fine Question: Why I never took it up, Friend, it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born, *Sofia*? take this Remembrance for that Lie. [*Beats him.*]

Sof. Hold Friend, you are so very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What Offence has my Name done you, that you should beat me for it? S. O. S. I. A. They are as civil, honest, harmless Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sof. What am not I *Sofia*, say you?

Merc. No.

Sof. I should think you are somewhat merrily dispos'd, if you had not beaten me, in such sober Sadness. You would persuade me out of my Heathen Name, would you?

Merc. Say you are *Sofia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sof. I dare say nothing, but Thought it free; but whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon's* Man, and the first Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sof. Lord, Lord, Friend, one of us two is horribly giv'n to Lying — but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say, my Name is *Sofia*, and yours is not.

Sof. I would you could make good your Words, for then I should not be beaten, and you should.

Merc. I find you would be *Sofia* if you durst — but if I catch you thinking so —

Sof. I hope I may think I was *Sofia*; and I can find no Difference betwixt my former self, and my present self; But that I was plain *Sofia* before, and now I am call'd *Sofia*.

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so. [Beats *Merc.*

Sof. [Kneeling.] Truce a little, I beseech thee! I would be a Stock or a Stone now by my good Will, and would not think at all, for Self-Preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter fairly with you? And promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove my self to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in Safety; I promise you I will not beat you.

Sof. In the first Place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sof. And is not this House *Amphitryon's*?

Merc. Who denies it?

Sof. I thought you would have deny'd that too; for all hangs upon a String. Remember then, that those two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the aforesaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body, that for fake-fake shall be nameless, to bring a Present to his Wife, with News of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return to-morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle; but who is that certain Servant, there's all the Question?

Sof. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc.

Merc. Peace.

Sof. I dare not wholly trust that abominable Cudgel; but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine; that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it; but if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon Force and Brutality, but somewhat also upon Reason, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that same certain Man; and in order to it, answer me to certain Questions.

Merc. I say I am *Sofia*, *Amphitryon's* Man; what Reason have you to urge against it?

Sof. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. Damon; who was an honest Husbandman, whose Sister's Name was *Harpage*, that was marry'd, and dy'd in a Foreign Country.

Sof. So far you are right, I must confess; and your Wife's Name is—

Merc. Brumia, a devilish Shrew of her Tongue, and a Viper of her Hands; that leads me a miserable Life; keeps me to hard Duty a-Bed; and beats me every Morning when I have risen from her Side, without having first—

Sof. I understand you; by many a sorrowful Token. This must be I—

Merc. I was once taken upon Suspicion of Burglary, and was whipt through *Thames*, and branded for my Pains. [Aside.]

Sof. Right me again; but if you are I, as I begin to suspect, that whipping and branding might have been past over in Silence, for both our Credits—And yet now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All these Circumstances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon some Private Passages—

What was the Present that *Amphitryon* sent by you or me, no matter which of us, to his Wife *Alcmena*?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large Stones.

Sof. And where are they now?

Merc. In a Case, seal'd with my Master's Coat of Arms.

Sof. This is prodigious, I confess; but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for some false Brother may have reveal'd it to him. [Aside.] But I have another Question to ask you, of somewhat that pass'd only betwixt my self

and me; if you are *Sofia*, what were you doing in the Heat of Battel?

Merc. What a wise Man should, that has a respect for his own Person. I ran into our Tent, and hid my self amongst the Baggage.

Sof. [*Aside.*] Such another cutting Answer, and I must provide my self of another Name. [*To him.*] And how did you pass your Time in that same Tent? You need not answer to every Circumstance so exactly now; you must lye a little, that I may think you the more me.

Merc. That Cunning shall not serve your Turn, to circumvent me out of my Name: I am for plain naked Truth — There stood a Hoghead of old Wine, which my Lord reserv'd for his own Drinking —

Sof. [*Aside.*] O the Devil! as sure as Death, he must have hid himself in that Hoghead, or he could never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hoghead, upon the Ground; there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good Drinking —

Sof. Nay, now I have caught you; there was neither Inviter nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A lusty Gammon of —

Sof. [*Sighing.*] Bacon — that word has quite made an End of me — Let me see — this must be I, in spite of me — but let me view him nearer.

[*Walks about Mercury with his dark Lantern.*]

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lantern?

Sof. No harm, Friend; I am only surveying a Parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for: — He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Impamis*, there's the Patch upon my Nose, with a Fox to him —

Item, A very foolish Face with a long Chin at end on't: *Item*, One Pair of shambling Legs, with two play Feet belonging to them. And — *Item*, from Head to Foot all my Bodily Apparel — [*To Mercury.*] Well, you are *Sofia*; there's no denying it; but what am I then? for my Mind gives me, I am some Body still, if I knew but who I were.

Merc.

Merc. When I have a Mind to be *Sofia* no more, then thou may'st be *Sofia* again.

Sof. I have but one Request more to thee, that, though not as *Sofia*, yet as a Stranger, I may go into that House, and carry a civil Message to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah; not being *Sofia*, you have no Message to deliver, nor Lady in this House.

Sof. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lye in the Streets all Night, after such a Journey, and such a Beating — and therefore I am resolv'd to knock at the Door in my own Defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recal my Word, and break off the Truce — and then expect —

[*Holds up his Cudgel.*]

Sof. No; the Devil take me if I do expect: I have felt too well what sower Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*; to see if he will acknowledge me for *Sofia*; if he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a sore drubbing; if he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sofia* again; so far 'tis tolerably well; but then I shall have a second drubbing, for an unfortunate Ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable.

[*Exit Sofia.*]

Mercury alone.

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his Credentials. I think too I have given *Jupiter* sufficient time for his Consummation. Oh, he has taken his Cue; and here he comes as leisurely, and as lank, as if he had empty'd himself of the best Part of his Almightyship.

SCENE II.

Enter Jupiter leading Alcmena, followed by Phadra. Pages with Torches before them.

Jup. Those Torches are offensive: Stand aloof: [*To the Pages.*]
Nor, though they bless me with thy heav'nly Sight, [*To her.*]
They may disclose the Secret I would hide:
The *Ithobans* must not know I have been here;

Detracting Crowds would blame me that I rob'd
These happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To Consecrate to thy desir'd Embrace;
And I could wish no Witness but thy self;
For thou thy self art all I wish to please.

Alcm. So long an Absence, and so short a Stay!
What, but one Night! One Night of Joy and Love,
Could only pay one Night of Cares and Fears;
And all the rest are an uncancell'd Sum!
Curse on this Honour, and this publick Fame;
Would you had less of both, and more of Love!

Jasp. *Alcm.* Alcmens, I must go.

Alcm. Not yet, my Lord.

Jasp. Indeed I must.

Alcm. Indeed you shall not go.

Jasp. Behold the ruddy streaks o'er yonder Hill,
Those are the Blushes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this northern World.

Alcm. No matter for the Day, it was but made
To number out the Hours of busy Men.

Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched;
And take their fill of anxious bustling Day:

But you and I will draw our Curtains close,
Extinguish Day-light, and put out the Sun:

Come back, my Lord, in faith you shall retire.

You have not yet lay long enough in Bed,

To warm your widow'd Side.

Plaad. [*Aside.*] I find my Lord is an excellent School-
master, my Lady is so willing to repeat her Lesson.

Merc. [*Aside.*] That's a plaguy little Devil; what a
reguish Eye she has! I begin to like her strangely; she's
the Perquisite of my Place too; for my Lady's Waiting-
woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's Chief Gentleman.
I have the Privilege of a God too; I can view her na-
ked through all her Cloaths — Let me see — Let me
see: I have discover'd something that pleases me already.

Jasp. Let me not live but thou art all Enjoyment!

So charming and so sweet,

That not a Night, but whole Eternity,

Were well employ'd

To love thy each Perfection as it ought. [while.

Alcm. [Kissing him.] I'll bribe you with this Kiss to stay a

Jup. [Kissing her.] A bribe indeed that soon will bring

But, to be just, I must restore your Bribe. [me back.

How I could dwell for ever on those Lips!

O I could kiss 'em pale with eagerness!

So soft, by Heav'n, and such a juicy Sweet,

That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour.

Alcm. Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:

You fill 'em with Diseases, Wants and Woes,

And only dash 'em with a little Love;

Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand:

Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,

They would but make a Day of ev'ry Year:

Take back your sev'nty Years, (the Stint of Life)

Or else be kind, and cram the Quintessence

Of sev'nty Years, into sweet sev'nty Days:

For all the rest is flat, insipid Being.

Jup. But yet one Scruple pains me at my Parting:

I love so nicely, that I cannot bear

To owe the Sweetness of Love which I have tasted,

To the submissive Duty of a Wife:

Tell me; and sooth my Passion e'er I go,

That in the kindest Moments of the Night;

When you gave up your self to Love and me,

You thought not of a Husband, but a Lover.

Alcm. But tell me first, why you would raise a Blush

Upon my Checks, by asking such a Question?

Jup. I would owe nothing to a Name so dull

As Husband is, but to a Lover all. [Night,

Alcm. You should have ask'd me then, when Love and

And Privacy, had favour'd your Demand.

Jup. I ask it now, because my Tenderness

Surpasses that of Husbands for their Wives.

O that you lov'd like me! then you would find

A thousand, thousand Niceties in Love;

The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:

But Love refin'd will fancy to it self:

Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets;

The being Happy is not half the Joy;

The manner of the *Slings* is all
 In me (my charming *Slings*) you behold
 A Lover that diffuses a lawful Tide
 Such as of Monarchs to successive Thrones;
 The generous Lover holds by Force of Arms;
 And claims his Crown by Conquest.

Alcm. Methinks you shou'd be pleas'd, I give you all
 A virtuous and modest Wife to give.

Jup. No, no, that very Name of Wife and Marriage
 Is Poyson to the dearest Sweets of Love:
 To please my Niceness you must separate
 The Lover from his mortal Foe, the Husband.
 Give to the yawning Husband your cold Virtues;
 But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
 Your amorous Murmurs, be your Lover's Part.

Alcm. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord,
 But only love me still, and love me thus.
 And think me such as best may please your Thought.

Jup. There's Mystery of Love in all I say:
 Farewel; and when you see your Husband next,
 Think of your Lover then.

[*Exeunt Jupiter and Alcmena severally: Phædra follows her.*]

Merc. [*Alone.*] Now I should follow him; but Love has
 laid a Lime-twigg for me, and made a lame God of me.
 Yet why should I love this *Phædra*? She's Interessed,
 and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three Thousand Years hence,
 there will be a whole Nation of such Women, in a cer-
 tain Country that will be call'd *France*; and there's a
 Neighbour Island too, where the Men of that Country
 will be all Interest. Oh what a precious Generation will
 that be, which the Men of the Island shall propagate out
 of the Women of the Continent?

[*Phædra re-enters.*]—And so much for Prophecy; for
 she's here again, and I must love her in spite of me.
 And since I must, I have this Comfort, that the greatest
 Wits are commonly the greatest Cullies, because neither
 of the Sexes can be wiser than some certain Parts about
 'em will give 'em leave.

Phad. Well *Sofia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is Victorious.

Phad.

Phad. And my Servant Judge Gipsy?

Merc. A voluptuous Cockatrice.

Phad. But has he gotten wherewithal to be voluptuous, is he wealthy?

Merc. He sells Justice as he uses, fleeces the rich Rebel, and hangs up the Poor.

Phad. Then while he has Money he may make Love to me. Has he sent me no Token?

Merc. Yes, a Kiss; and by the same Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phad. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man presume to kiss me?

Merc. Suppose I were a God, and shou'd make Love to you?

Phad. I wou'd first be satisfy'd, whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppose I were Mercury, the God of Merchandise?

Phad. What, the God of small Wares, and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. [*Aside.*] How the Gipsy despises me?

Phad. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making Love: Dost thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Mistresses by their good Faces? no, 'tis the Gold and the Presents they can make; there's the Privilege they have over their fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithstanding, I must tell you, pretty *Phadra*, I am desperately in love with you.

Phad. And I must tell thee, ugly *Sofia*, thou hast not wherewithal to be in Love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in Love, I hope.

Phad. I grant a poor Rogue may be in Love, but he can never make Love: Alas *Sofia*, thou hast neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to please me, nor Gold to bribe me: And besides all this thou hast a Wife, poor miserable *Sofia*! What ho *Dromio*!

Merc. O thou merciless Creature, why dost thou conjure up that Spright of a Wife?

Phad.

REPETITION

Phed. To rid myself of the Devil, I am for Love:
 Since you are so lovingly dispos'd, I'll put you together,
 to exercise your Power upon your own Weakness: What
 Brumas, I say, make haste; here's a Viall of yours, full
 of freigh, that's going off without paying Duties.

Merc. Since thou wilt not let me see *Ant. Costum.* The shall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars; but thou mightst have lent me a little *Crown or Garment* in

Soldier, besides a Legion of— **Good Gentleman**
Marcher Singers.

Sept. 1917. When the Enemy was routed, I lost the Pleading of a Tent.

Phad. That's to say, a House of Canvas, with Move-
bles of Straw: make haste *Bromia*.

'Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phad. You durst not fight I'm certain; and therefore came last in, when the rich Plunder was gone before hand.—Will you come, *Bramis*?

Merc. Princes do not call for food: ————— A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phed. Of what was that Gobbet made? answer quickly,
for I am just calling very loud—Bro—

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud, if thou dost not like the Mercat.

Phil. Dynamics.

Warr. That brute in this Fashion, with his Arms a-
bo, like a City Magistrate; and a great bouncing Belly,
like an Hostess with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now
what say you to that Present, Phoebe?

Phad. Why I am considering —

Ques. What, I pray thee?

Phad, Why, how to divide the "Bride" equally; to take the Gift, and refuse the Giver, thou art so damnablely ugly and so old.

Now the Devil take you for stuffing me to this ugly shape to day! But Grimes is as old and as ugly too.

Phad. But *Gripus* is a Person of Quality, and my Lady's Uncle, and if he marries me, I shall take Place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife! she has sent her Tongue before

A MARRIAGE

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For. Mr. Phad. The Thunder's already; there's a Storm
approaching; *Phad.* I'll be quick to it.

Merc. Phad, of thy Drowning, I thank thee for it: Oh how
I should hate thee now, if I could leave loving thee!

Phad. What's that of the dear Golden Goblet, as you
hope for me to know what, *Bess.*

Merc. You give me Hope then —

Phad. Yes, absolutely Hope neither; but Gold is a great
Comfort in Love Matters; and the more you apply of it,
the better. — *[Aside.]* I am honest, that's certain; but
when I weigh my Honesty against the Goblet, I am not
quite resolv'd on which Side the Scale will turn.

[Exit Phadra.]

Merc. *[Aloud.]* Farewel Phadra; remember me to my
Wife, and tell her —

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her what? Traytor! that you are going a-
way without seeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my
Master.

Brom. *Upph* — so brisk too! your Master did his Duty
to my Lady, before he parted: He could leave his Army
in the Lurch, and come galloping home at Midnight, to have
a lick at the Honey-Pot; and lie to Bed as quietly as a
ny Mouse, I warrant you: My Master knew what be-
long'd to a marry'd Life; but you, Sirrah — You
Trencher-carrying Rascal, you worse than Dunghil-
Cock; that stood clapping your Wings and crowing with-
out Doors, when you should have been at Roost, you
Villain. —

Merc. Hold your Peace, Dame Parrot, and leave your
cackling: My Master charg'd me to stand Centry without
Doors.

Brom. My Master! I dare swear thou bel'y'st him, my
Master's more a Gentleman than to lay such an unreason-
able Command upon a poor distressed marry'd Couple,
and after such an Absence too. No, there's no Compa-
rison between my Master and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and
you, Bromia. You and I have had our time in a civil way,

S: oule,

Spouse, and much good Love has been betwixt us; but we have been married fifteen Years, I take it; and that highly toighty Business ought, in Conscience, to be over.

Bro. Marry come up, my sawcy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that said to me.

Merc. But will you hear Reason, *Bonnie*? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom; they are in Honey Moon still; do but think in Decency what a Jest it wou'd be to the Family, to see two venerable old married People, lying saug in a Bed together, and fighting out fine tender Things to one another!

Bro. How now, Traytor, dar'st thou maintain that I am past the Age of having fine Things said to me?

Merc. Not so, my Dear; but certainly I am past the Age of saying 'em.

Bro. Thou deserv'st not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou perjur'd Villain.

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my Sorrow; many a poor Husband wou'd he glad to compound for less Honour in his Wife, and more Quiet. Prithce be but honest and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worst with every Thing else about thee.

Bro. Thou wou'd'st have a Woman of the Town, wou'd'st thou! to be always speaking my Husband fair, to make him digest his Cuckoldom more easily: Wou'd'st thou be a Wittol, with a Vengeance to thee? I am resolv'd I'll scour thy Hide for that Word.

[Holds up her Ladle at him.]

Merc. Thou wilt not strike thy Lord, and Husband, wilt thou?

Bro. Since thou wilt none of the Meat, 'tis but Justice to give thee the Bastings of the Ladle.

[She courses him about.]

Mercury running about. [Aside.] Was ever poor Deity so Henpeck'd as I am! nay, then 'tis time to charm her asleep with my enchanted Rod—before I am disgrac'd or ravish'd.

[Plucks out his Caduceus and strikes her upon the Shoulder with it.]

Bro.

He. What art thou rebelling against thy appointed Wife? I'll make thee—how now—What, has the *Regus* bewitch'd me! I grow dull and stupid on the sudden—I can neither stir Hand nor Foot—I am just like him—I have lost the Use of all my—Members—[*Yawning.*]—I can't so much as wag my Tongue—neither, and that's the last live-ing Part about a—~~Woman~~—[*Falls down.*]

Mercury alone.

Lord, what have I suffer'd, for being but a counterfeit marry'd Man one Day! If ever I come to this House, as a Husband again—then—and yet that then was a Lye too—For while I am in Love with this young Gipsy, *Phedra*, I must return—But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*; thou that want'st nothing of her Tongue, but the Immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee set Foot in Heaven, *Juno* will have a rattling Second of thee; and there will never be a fair Day in Heaven or Earth after it.

For two such Tongues will break the Poles asunder;
And, hourly scolding, make perpetual Thunder.

[*Exit Mercury.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, before Amphitryon's Palace.

Amphitryon and Sofia.

Amph. NOW Sirrah, follow me into the House, thou shalt be convinc'd at thy own Cost, Villain! What horrible Lyes hast thou told me! such Improbabilities, such Stuff, such Nonsense!—that the Monster with two long Horns, that frighted the great King, and the Devil at the Stone-cutters, are Truths to these.

Sof. I am but a Slave, and you are Master; and a poor Man is always to lye, when a rich Man is pleas'd to contradict

constant Sin: but is sure this of itself is no Sin.

Amph. So sure 'tis thy Fact of Enticement, thou art not made for lying neither.

Sof. That's certain: for all my Neighbours say I have an honest Face; or else they would never call me Cuck-old, as they do.

Amph. I mean thou hast not Wit enough to make a Lie, that will hang together: thou hast set up a Trade, that thou hast not Skill enough to manage: O that I had but a Crab-tree Cudgel for thy Sake!

Sof. How, a Cudgel, said you! the Devil take Jupiter for inventing that hard-hearted, merciless, knobby Wood.

Amph. The Bitterness is yet to come: thou hast had but a half Dose of it.

Sof. I was never good at swallowing Physick; and my Stomach wambles at the very Thought of it: But, if I must have a second Beating, in Conscience let me strip first, that I may show you the black and blue Streaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am sure I suffer'd them in your Service.

Amph. To what Purpose wouldst thou show them?

Sof. Why so the Purpose that you may not strike me upon the sore Places: and that as he beat me last Night cross ways, so you would please to beat me long ways, to make clean Work on't, that at least my Skin may look like Checquer-work.

Amph. This Request is, too reasonable to be refus'd; but, all Things may be done in Order, tell me over again the same Story, with all the Circumstances of thy Commission: that a Blow may follow in due Form for every Lie. To Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. No, it shall be all a Lie if you please, and I'll eat my Words to save my Shoulders.

Amph. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be disappointed: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. With all my Heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel: but would you be pleas'd to answer me one civil Question? Am I to use Complaisance to you, as to a great Person, that will have all Things said your own Way;

Way, or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Company of a further Saying?

Amph. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth, so help thee, God!

Sof. That's a dismal Conclusion of a Sentence: but since it must be so ——— Back and Sides, at your own Peril ——— I get out from the Port in an unlucky Hour; the dusky Canopy of Night enveloping the Hemisphere.

Amph. [Strikes him.] *Imprimis*, For Fustian: ——— now proceed.

Sof. I stand corrected: In plain Prose then, I went darkling, and whistling, to keep my self from being afraid; mumbling Curles betwixt my Teeth, for being sent at such an unnatural Time of Night.

Amph. How, Sirrah, cursing and swearing against your Lord and Master! take ——— *[Going to strike.]*

Sof. Hold, Sir, ——— pray consider, if this be not unreasonable, to strike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old Dog-trot of Lying again, if this must come of plain dealing.

Amph. To avoid Impertinences, make an End of your Journey; and come to the House: what found you there a God's Name?

Sof. I came thither in no God's Name at all; but in the Devil's Name, I found before the Door a swarming Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features; and accounted also in my Habit.

Amph. Who was that Fellow?

Sof. Who shou'd it be, but another *Sofio*! a certain Kind of other Me: who knew all my unfortunate Commission, precisely, to a Word, as well as I *Sofio*; as being sent by your self from the Port, upon the same Errand to *Albanus*.

Amph. What gross Absurdities are these!

Sof. O Lord, O Lord, what Absurdities! as plain as any Packstaff. That other Me, had posted himself there before me; ——— You won't give a Man Leave to speak poetically now, or else I wou'd say, that I was arriv'd at the Door, just before I came thither.

Amph. This must either be a Dream, or Drunkenness, or

or Madneſs in thee. Leave your Buffooning and Lying. I am not in Humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Sof. I wou'd you ſhou'd know I ſwear a Lie, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but juſt Fighting. I tell you once again in plain Sincerity, and Simplicity of Heart, that before laſt Night I never took my ſelf but for one ſingle individual *Sofia*; but, coming to our Door, I found my ſelf I know not how divided, and as it were ſplit into two *Sofias*.

Amph. Leave Buffooning: I ſee you wou'd make me laugh, but you play the Fool ſcurvily.

Sof. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this Company.

Amph. How now Impudence! I ſhall——

Sof. Be not in Wrath, Sir: I meant not you: I cannot poſſibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I muſt certainly be two Fools; becauſe, as I told you, I am double.

Amph. That one ſhou'd be two, is very probable!

Sof. Have you not ſeen a Sixpence ſplit into two Halves, by ſome ingenious School-boy; which bore on either Side the Impreſſion of the Monarch's Face? Now, as thoſe Moieties were two Three-pences, and yet in Effect but one Six-pence.

Amph. No more of your villanous Tropes and Figures.

Sof. Nay, if an Orator muſt be diſarm'd of his Similitudes.

Amph. A Man had need of Patience, to endure this Gibberish: be brief, and come to a Concluſion.

Sof. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me: for that there was two I, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This I, that am here, was weary: the t'other I was freſh: this I was peaceable, and t'other I was a hecſtaring Bully I.

Amph. And thou expect'ſt I ſhou'd believe thee?

Sof. No, I am not ſo unreaſonable; for I cou'd never have believ'd it my ſelf, if I had not been well beaten into it: But a Cudgel you know, is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fiſt: What ſhall I ſay, but that I

was compell'd at last to acknowledge my self! I found that he was very I, without Fraud, Cozen, or Deceit. Besides, I view'd my self, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot: He was handsome, of a noble Presence, a charming Air, loose and free in all his Motions. And saw he was so much I, that I should have Reason to be better satisfied with my own Person, if his Hands had not been a little of the heaviest.

Amph. Once again to a Conclusion: Say you pass'd by him, and entred into the House.

Sof. I am a Friend to Truth, and say no such Thing: He defended the Door, and I could not enter.

Amph. How, not enter!

Sof. Why, how should I enter? unless I were a Spright to glide by him, and shoot my self through Locks, and Bolts, and two Inch-Boards?

Amph. O Coward! Didst thou not attempt to pass?

Sof. Yes, and was repuls'd and beaten for my Pains.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Sof. I beat Mr.

Amph. Didst thou beat thy self?

Sof. I don't mean I, here: but the absent Mr. beat me here present.

Amph. There's no End of this intricate Piece of Nonsense.

Sof. 'Tis only Nonsense, because I speak it who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Sense, and substantial Sense, if a great Man said it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Elegance of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Amph. No more; but let us enter: Hold; my Alcmena is coming out, and has prevented me! how strangely will she be surpris'd to see me here, so unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena and Phadra.

Alc. [To Sof.] Make Haste after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Success, which ~~Amphitryon~~ has led against the Rebels.

O Heavens! [Seeing him.]

Amph. These Heav'n's, and all their blest Inhabitants,

Grant, [Saluting her.]

that the sweet Rewarder of my Pains

May

May still be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alcm. So soon return'd!

Amph. So soon return'd! Is this my Welcome home?

[Stepping back.]

So soon return'd, says I am come unwish'd.

This is no Language of desiring Love:

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years:

And every little Absence is an Age.

Alcm. What says my Lord?

Amph. No, my *Alcmena*, no:

True Love, by its Impatience measures Time.

And the dear Object never comes too soon.

Alcm. Nor ever came you so, nor ever shall:

But you your self are chang'd from what you were.

Pall'd in Desires, and surfeited of Bliss;

Not so I met you at your last Return;

When, yesternight, I flew into your Arms,

And stabb'd in your warm Embrace.

Amph. How's this?

Alcm. Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,

And shoot it self into your much lov'd Bosom?

Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy?

Nay agonize with Pleasure at your sight,

With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,

As no false Love could feign!

Amph. What's this you tell me?

Alcm. Far sport of Truth, by Heav'n!

And you return'd those Proofs with Usury;

And left me, with a Sigh, at Break of Day.

Have you forgot?

Amph. Or have you dreamt, *Alcmena*?

Perhaps some kind, revealing Deity,

Has whisper'd in your Sleep, the pleasing News

Of my Return; and you believ'd it real!

Perhaps too, in your Dream, you us'd me kindly;

And my preventing Image scold'd the Joys

You meant awake to me.

Alcm. Some melancholy Vapour, sure, has seiz'd

Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and disturb'd your Sense:

Or yesternight is not so long a time,

But

But you might yet remember; and not force
An honest Blush into my glowing Cheeks,
For that which lawful Marriage makes no Crime.

Alcm. I thank you for my melancholy Vapour.

Ale. 'Tis but a just requital for my Dream.

Phad. I find my Master took too much of the Cir-
cure last Night, [*signs*.] and now is stinging for a Quartel
that no more may be expected from him to Night, when
he has no Affects. [*In the mean time Amph. and Ale.*

walk by themselves, and frown at each other as they meet.

Alcm. You dare not justify it to my Face.

Alcm. Not what?

Amph. That I return'd before this Hour.

Alcm. You dare not, false, deny you came last Night,
And staid till Break of Day.

Amph. O Impudence! — Why *Sofia*!

Sof. Nay, I say nothing; for all Things here may go
by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alcm. Speak, *Phadras*, Was he here?

Phad. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-maid;
and by my Place, I am to forget all that was done over
Night in Love-Matters, — unless my Master please to rub
up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amph. Now in the Name of all the Gods, *Alcmene*,
A little recollect your scatter'd Thoughts,
And weigh what you have said.

Alcm. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, e'er I spoke:
And she, and *Demus*, all the Slaves and Servants,
Can witness they beheld you, when you came.
If other Proof were wanting, tell me how
I came to know your Fight, your Victory,
The Death of *Pterelas*, in single Combat?
And farther, from whose Hands I had a Jewel,
The Spoils of him you slew.

Amph. This is amazing!
Have I already given you those Diamonds,
The Present I reserv'd?

Alcm. 'Tis an odd Question:
You see I wear 'em; look,

Amph. Now answer, *Sofia*.

Sof. Yes, now I can answer with a safe Conscience, as to that Point, all the rest may be Art Magick; but, as for the Diamonds, here they are, under safe Custody.

Alcm. Then what are these upon my Arm? [*To Sofia.*]

Sof. Flints, or Pebbles, or some such Trumpery of enchanted Stones.

Phad. They say, the Proof of a true Diamond is to glitter in the Dark; I think my Master had best take my Lady into some By-corner, and try whose Diamond will sparkle best.

Sof. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine present 'em to you?

Alcm. What Friend?

Sof. Why another *Sofia*, one that made himself *Sofia* in my despite, and also Unsofiated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauseous Nonsense; break open the Sea, and take out the Diamonds.

Sof. More Words than one to a Bargain, Sir; I thank you: That's no part of Prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals: Do you look first upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conscience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm.

[*Looking.*]

Sof. Then take the Signature into your own Custody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper Peril.

[*Giving him the Casket.*]

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing but an empty Space, the Nest where they were laid.

[*Breaking open the Seal.*]

Sof. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine; here has been fine conjuring Work; or else the Jewel, knowing to whom it shou'd be given, took Occasion to steal out, by a natural Instinct, and ty'd it self to that pretty Arm.

Amph. Can this be possible!

Sof. Yes, very possible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*, as well as I *Sofia* have brought forth another Me *Sofia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated these Diamonds, and so we are all three double.

Phad. If this be true, I hope my Goblet has gigg'd another
another

another golden Goblet; and then they may carry double upon all four. *[Aside.]*

Alcm. My Lord, I have stood silent, out of Wonder
What you could wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealousy, *[Aside.]*
Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs.
I fear, and yet I must be satisfied:

And to be satisfy'd, I must dissemble.

Alcm. Why muse you so, and murmur to your self?
If you repent your Bounty, take it back.

Amph. Not so; but, if you please, relate what pass'd
At our last Interview.

Alcm. That Question wou'd infer you were not here.

Amph. I say not so;

I only wou'd refresh my Memory,
And have my Reasons to desire the Story.

Phad. So, this is as good Sport for me, as an Examination
of a great Belly before a Magistrate.

Alcm. The Story is not long: you know I met you,
Kiss'd you, and press'd you close within my Arms,
With all the tenderness of Wisely Love.

Amph. I cou'd have spar'd that Kindness.

And what did I? *[Aside.]*

Alcm. You strain'd me with a Masculine Embrace;
As you wou'd squeeze my Soul out. *[To her.]*

Amph. Did I so?

Alcm. You did.

Amph. Confound those Arms that were so kind—*[Aside.]*
Proceed, proceed— *[To her.]*

Alcm. You wou'd not stay to sup; but, much complaining
of your Drowsiness, and want of natural Rest—

Amph. Made haste to Bed: Ha, was't not so? Go on—
[Aside.] And stab me with each Syllable thou speak'st.

Phad. So, now 'tis coming, now 'tis coming.

Alcm. I have no more to say.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alcm. Why not?

Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife
To go to Bed, my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

Alcm.

Alcm. Ungrateful Man!

Amph. The Justice is too!

Alcm. I need not justify: Of what am I accus'd?

Amph. Of all that prodigality of Love,
Giv'n to another, and when'd thou wast
So black my Heart, I since my self I know,
I ever set my Foot upon this Thicket.
So am I innocent of all those Joys,
And dry of those Embraces.

Alcm. Then I, it seems, am vile?

Amph. As surely false, as what thou say'st is true.

Alcm. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love?
And am a foul Adulteress?

Amph. What thou art,
Thou stand'st condemn'd to be, by thy Relation.

Alcm. Go, thou unworthy Man; for ever go:
No more my Husband; go thou base Impudent;
Who tak'st a vile Pretence so close my Face;
And, not content to leave, wouldst ruin me,
Enjoy thy wish'd Divorce: I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime:
I need not; spit thy Venom; do thy worst:
But know, the more thou would'st expose my Virtue,
Like purest Linen laid in open Air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Illusion,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Discomfited is but petty Reparation:
But, since thou hast, with Impudence assur'd
My false Return, and brib'd my Slaves to voice it,
The Truth shall, in the Face of Heav'n, be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Sea-men, shall be brought,
Who were embark'd, and came with me to Land;
Not parted, till I reach'd this cruel Door:
So shall this Vision of my late Return
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to those
Who thus betray'd my Honour.

Des. Sir, shall I wait on you?

Alph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here.

Mel. *Aside.* *What I* *[Exit Amphitryon.]*

Alph. Oh! *[Exit Alcmena.]*

Darkness, and Silence, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all the Sadness, Pain, and Grief,
Attend my Steps *[Exit]*

Syl. What if I should lye now, and say we have been
here before? I never saw any good that came of telling
Truth.

Mel. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a
little to suspect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but
Copper.

Syl. Yes, 'tis safe 'd, I will lye abominably, against the
Light of my own Conscience. For suppose the other
Syls has been here: perhaps that strong Dog has not only
beaten me, but also has been profane upon my Wife,
and most cruelly mistreated her! Now, by asking certain
Questions of her, with a Side Wind, I may come to un-
derstand how Sports go; and whether my Nuptial Bed
be violated.

Mel. *Aside.* *What I* *[Exit]*
Phad. *He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a
little to suspect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but
Copper.*

Syl. A little suspected, or so; concerning this dismal
Revelation to my Family.

Phad. But that should not make you neglect your Du-
ty to me, your Mistress.

Syl. Pious Soul: I would then wert; upon Condition
that all should wear the Coat under Ground.

Phad. What is all your late Courtship to me, dwindle'd
into a poor, miserable Wif? You may remember, I did
not like you at all.

Syl. No, but you may be accommodated, in
an odd old manner, between my Master and my Lady.

Phad. I mean, as the Saffron, betwixt you and me—

Syl. Why, I hope we two never quarrel'd?

Phad. Must I remember you of a certain Promise that
you made me at our last Parting?

Ver. VI.

Sof. Oh, when I went to the Army: that I shou'd
 still be smiling thy Beauty to Judge *Crisp*, and keep up
 his Affections to thee.

Phed. No, I mean the Business between you and me
 this Morning: that you promis'd me—

Sof. That I promis'd thee:—I find it now: That
 young Dog, my Brother *Sofis*, has been here before me,
 and made Love to her. *[Aside.]*

Phed. You are considering, whether or no you should
 keep your Promise—

Sof. That I shou'd keep my Promise.—The Truth
 on't is, she's another *hells* *Morsel* than old *Dromis*. *[Aside.]*

Phed. And I had rather you should break it, in a Man-
 ner, and, as it were, and in some Sense.

Sof. In a Manner, and as it were, and in some Sense,
 thou say'st? — I find, the strong Dog has only tick'd
 up her Imagination, and not enjoy'd her: so that with
 my own Limbs, I may perform the Sweetness of his
 Function with her. *[Aside.]*

No, sweet Creature, the Promise shall not be broken;
 but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man
 of Honour. *[To her.]*

Phed. Then, you remember the Preliminaries of the
 Present—

Sof. Yes, yes, in gross I do remember something; but
 this Disturbance of the Family has somewhat stupi-
 fy'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quaint* stuff, I warrant
 thee, some acceptable Toy, of small Value.

Phed. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: But I put
 a greater Value upon your Presents.

Sof. A Gold Goblet, say'st thou? Yes, now I think
 on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity after
 Conjunction.

Phed. No, no; I had rather make sure of one Strike
 before-hand, than be promis'd ten Gratitudes.

Sof. Yes, now I remember, it was, in some Sense, a
 Gold Goblet, by way of Earnest; and it cost'd—

Phed. One large—

Sof. One large—

Phed. Gallon.

Sof. Gallon.

Sof. No; that was somewhat too large, in Conscience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reasonably speaking, one large ———— Thimble-full: But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are so like, that in speaking, I might easily mistake them.

Phad. Is it come to this? Out Traytor!

Sof. I had been a Traytor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the swallowing of a Gallon: but a Thimble full of Cordial-water is easily sipt off: and then, this same Goblet is so very light too, that it will be no Burthen, to carry it about with thee in thy Pocket.

Phad. O Apostate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain!

Enter Bromia.

What, are you here, *Bromia*! I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You see I can be a Friend, upon Occasion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindness: but, for this Fugitive, ———— this Rebel, ———— this Miserant. ————

Sof. A kind Welcome, to an absent Lover, as I have born.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me so barbarously this Morning.

Sof. The other *Sofia* has been with her too; and has us'd her barbarously: barbarously, that is to say uncivilly; and uncivilly; I am afraid that means too civilly.

[Aside.]

Phad. You had best deny you were here this Morning! And by the same Token ————

Sof. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's Sake, dear *Phadra*.

Now must I ponder with my self a little, whether it be better for me to have been here, or not to have been here this Morning.

[Aside.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Phadra*, My Lord's without; and will not enter till he has first spoken with you.

[Exit Servant.]

Phad. *[To him in private.]* Oh, that I could stay to help worry thee for this Abuse: but the best o't is, I leave thee in good Hands ————

Brom. Farewell Thimble. — I and the To him, *Bromia*.
[Exit Phadri.]

Brom. No; you did not beat me, and put me into a Swoon, and deprive me of the natural Use of my Tongue for a long half Hour: You did not beat me down with your little Wand: But I shall teach you to use your Rod another Time. — I shall.

Sof. Put her into a Swoon, with my little Wand, and so forth: That's more than ever I could do. These are terrible Circumstances, that some *Sofia* or another has been here: Now, if he has literally beaten her, Gramercy, Brother *Sofia*; he has but done, what I would have done, if I had durst: But I am afraid it was only a damn'd Love-figure; and that the Wand that laid her asleep, might signify the Peace-maker.

Brom. Now you are snuffing upon a cold Set, for some pitiful Excuse: I know you: Twenty to one, but you will plead a Drunkenness: You are us'd to be Pot-valiant.

Sof. I was pumping, and I thank her, she has invented for me. — Yes, *Bromia*, I must confess I was exalted: and, possibly, I might scour upon thee, or perhaps be a little more familiar with thy Person, by the way of Kindness, than if I had been sober; but, prithee, inform me what I did; that I may consider what Satisfaction I am to make thee.

Brom. Are you there at your Dog-tricks! You would be forgetting, would you? like a drunken Bully that affronts over Night, and, when he is call'd to Account, the next Morning, remembers nothing of the Quarrel; and asks Pardon, to avoid Fighting.

Sof. By Bacchus, I was overtaken; but I shoud be loth that I committed any Folly with thee.

Brom. I am sure, I kept my self awake all Night, that I did, in Expectation of your coming.

Sof. But what Amends did I make thee, when I came?

Brom. You know well enough, to my sorrow, but that you play the Hypocrite.

Sof. I warrant, I was monstrous kind to thee.

Brom.

Brom. Yes, monstrous kind indeed: You never said a truer Word: for, when I came to kiss you, you pass'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sof. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: He justifies!

Sof. Yes, I do justify, that I turn'd my Cheek, like a prudent Person, that my Breath might not offend thee: for, now I remember, I had eaten Garlick.

Brom. Ay, you remember, and forget, just as it makes for you, or against you: but, to mend the Matter, you never spoke one civil Word to me: but stood like a Stock, without Sense or Motion.

Sof. Yet better.

Brom. After which, I lovingly invited you to take your Place in your Nuptial Bed, as the Laws of Matrimony oblige you: and you inhumanly refus'd me.

Sof. Ay, there's the main Point of the Business! Art thou morally certain, that I refus'd thee? Look me now in the Face, and say I did not commit Matrimony with thee!

Brom. I wonder how thou canst look me in the Face, after that Refusal!

Sof. Say it once again, that I did not feloniously come to Bed with thee!

Brom. No, thou cold Traytor, thou know'st thou didst not.

Sof. Best of all; 'twas discreetly done of me to abstain.

Brom. What, do you insult upon me too!

Sof. No, I do not insult upon you; — but —

Brom. But what? How was it discreetly done then? Ha!

Sof. Because it is the receiv'd Opinion of Physicians, that nothing but puking-Chitts, and Booby-Fods are prescribed in Drunknetics.

Brom. A receiv'd Opinion, Snivel-guts! I'll be judg'd by all the Marry'd Women of this Town, if any one of 'em has receiv'd it: The Devil take the Physicians, for meddling in our Matters: if a Husband will be rul'd by them,

that, there are five Weeks of Abstinence in Dog-days too; for fear a Child that was got in *August*, should be born just nine Months after, and be blear'd-ey'd, like a *Moss-Eaten*.

Sof. Let the Physicians alone; they are honest Men, whatever the World says of 'em. But, for a certain Reason, that I best know, I am glad that Matter ended so fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes 'twas very fair and peaceable: To strike a Woman down, and beat her most outrageously.

Sof. Is it possible that I drubb'd thee!

Brom. I find your Drift: You would fain be provoking me to a new Trval now: But, i'faith, you shall bring me to no more Handy-blows: I shall make bold to trust to my Tongue hereafter: You never durst have offer'd to hold up a Finger against me, till you went a Trooping.

Sof. Then I am a Conqueror: And I had my own Courage: This Renown I have atchiev'd by Soldiership and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouse, henceforward, to your supream Commander. [*Strutting.*]

Enter Jupiter and Phædra, attended by Musicians and Dancers.

Phad. Indeed I wondred at your quick Return.

Jup. Ev'n so Almighty Love will have it, *Phædra*;

And the stern Goddess of sweet-bitter Cares,

Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke,

I would have mann'd my Heart, and held it out;

But, when I thought of what I had posselt;

Those Joys, that never end, but to begin,

O, I am all on fire to make my Peace:

And die, *Jove* knows, as much as I can die,

Till I am reconcil'd.

Phad. I fear 'twill be in vain.

Jup. 'Tis difficult;

But nothing is impossible to Love;

To Love *him* mine: for I have prov'd his Force,

And my *Alcmena* too has felt his Dart.

If I submit, there's hope.

Phad. 'Tis possible I may solicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promise me to do thy best?

Phad.

Phad. Nay, I promise nothing — unless you begin
To promise first —

Jup. I wo not be ungrateful.

Phad. Well; I'll try to bring her to the Window; You
shall have a fair Shoot at her: If you can bring her down,
you are a good Mark's Man.

Jup. That's all I ask:
And I will so reward thee, gentle *Phadras* —

Phad. What, with Cats-guts and Rofin! This *Sol-la* is
but a lamentable, empty Sound.

Jup. Then there's a Sound will please thee better.

[*Throwing her a Purse.*]

Phad. Ay, there's something of Melody in this Sound.
I could dance all Day, to the Musick of *Chink, Chink.*

[*Exit Phad.*]

Jup. Go *Sofia* round our *Thebes*,
To *Polydus*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War; invite 'em all
To join their Pray'rs to smooth *Alcmena's* Brow;
And, with a solemn Feast, to crown the Day.

Sof. [*Taking Jupiter about the Knees.*] Let me embrace
you, Sir — [*Jupiter pushes him away.*] Nay, you must
give me leave to express my Gratitude; I have not eaten,
to say eating, nor drunk, to say drinking, never since
our villainous Encamping so near the Enemy: 'Tis true,
I scap'd the bloody Flux, because I had so little in my
Bowels to come out, and I durst let nothing go, in Con-
science, because I had nothing to swallow in the Room
on't.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, see that all things be prepar'd,
With that Magnificence, as if some God
Were Guest, or Master here.

Sof. Or rather, as much as if twenty Gods were to
be Guests, or Masters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to Day, and to Morrow.

Sof. Or, rather again, for to Day and Yesterday; and
as many Months backwards, as I am indebted to my
own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you.

[*Exeunt Sofia and Bromia severally.*]

Jup. Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Sofia*,
(Who, that thou art not present, hear in my Voice.)
Be ready to attend me at my Call;
And to supply his Place.

Enter Mercury as Jupiter. Alcmena and Rhodra appear above.

Jup. See, The appears:
This is my Bribe to *Rhoda*, when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Jupiter signs to the Musicians. Song and Dance: After which, Alcmena withdraws, frowning.

S O N G.

Celia, that I once was blest
Is now the Torment of my Breast;
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possess:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
First to Love, and then to leave me!

II.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
Then I had never known the Want:
But possessing once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaint:
Once possessing is but tasting;
Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

III.

Celia now is mine no more;
But I am hers; and must adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour,
Charm, that captiv'd me before,
No Unkindness can dissolve;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

Jup. O stay.

Merc. She's gone; and seem'd to frown at parting.

Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appear'd:

For

For I, who made her, know her inward State; (W)
No Woman, once well pleas'd, can thoroughly hate
I gave 'em Beauty, to subdue the Strong;
(A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long.)
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave,
Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to rise.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Jupiter following Alcmena; Mercury and Phædra.

Jup. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me speak.

Alcm. No, I would fly thee, to the Ridge of
And leap the Precipice, to scape thy Sight. [Earth,

Jup. For Pity——

Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man.

Jup. I cannot leave you: No; but like a Ghost,
Whom your Unkindness murder'd, will I haunt you.

Alcm. Once more, be gone: I'm odious to my self
For having lov'd thee once.

Jup. Hate not the best and fairest of your Kind;
Nor can you hate your Lover, tho' you would;
Your Tears, that fall so gently, are but Grief:
There may be Anger; but there must be Love.
The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
But counterfeits a Coinefs, to be courted.

Alcm. Courtship from thee, and after such Affronts!

Jup. Is this that everlasting Love you vow'd,
Last Night, when I was circled in your Arms?
Remember what you swore—— [much?

Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who could swear too
Think what thou art, and that unswears it all.

Jup. Can you forsake me, for so small a Fault?

'Twas but a Jest, perhaps too far pursu'd:

'Twas but at most, a Tryal of your Faith,

How you could bear Unkindness,
Twas but to get a reconciling Kiss,
A wanton Stratagem of Love.

Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare,
A Jest, and then a Tryal, and a Bait;
All stuff, and dawbing!

Jup. Think me Jealous, then.

Alcm. O that I could; for that's a noble Crime;
And which a Lover can, with ease, forgive:
'Tis the high Pulse of Passion, in a Fever;
A sickly Draught, but shews a burning Thirst:
Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealousie:
And in that Loathing of thy full gorg'd Love,
Thou saw'st the nauseous Object, with Disdain.

Jup. O think not that: For you are ever new:
Your Fruits of Love, are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes, where some are in the Bud,
Some green, and ripening some, while others fall.

Alcm. Ay, now you tell me this,
When rous'd Desires, and fresh Recruits of Force,
Enable languish'd Love to take the Field.
But never hope to be receiv'd again:
You would again deny you were receiv'd,
And brand my spotless Fame.

Jup. I will not dare to justify my Crime,
But only point you where to lay the Blame:
Impute it to the Husband, not the Lover.

Alcm. How vainly would the Sophister divide,
And make the Husband, and the Lover, two!

Jup. Yes, 'tis the Husband is the guilty Wretch:
His Insolence forgot the Swears of Love,
And, deeming them his due, despis'd the Vow.
Not so the famish'd Lover could forget:
He knew he had been there, and had been blest
With all that Hope can wish, or Sense can bear.

Alcm. Husband and Lover, both alike I hate.

Jup. And I confess I have deserv'd that hate:
Too charming fair, I kneel for your Forgiveness:
I beg by those fair Eyes,

[Kneeling.
Which

Which gave me Wounds, that time can never cure;
Receive my Sorrows, and restore my Joys.

Alcm. Unkind, and cruel! I can speak no more.

Jup. O give it vent, *Alcm.* give it vent;
I merit your Reproach. I would be curs'd:

Let your Tongue curse me, while your Heart forgives.

Alcm. Can I forget such Ulage!

Jup. Can you hate me?

Alcm. I'll do my Best. For sure I ought to hate you.

Jup. That Word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue,
It came not from your Heart. But try again,
And if, once more, you can but say, I hate you,
My Sword shall do you justice.

Alcm. Then, I hate you——

Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death?

Alcm. I hate you much; but yet I Love you more.

Jup. To prove that Love, then say, that you forgive me:
For there remains but this Alternative:
Resolve to pardon, or to punish me.

Alcm. Alas, what I resolve, appears too plain:
In saying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal?
Permit me, in this Transport of my Joy——

[Kisses her Hand.

Alcm. Forbear; I am offended with my self,

[Putting him gently away with her Hand.

That I have shewn this Weakness—— Let me go,
Where I may blush, alone——

[Going; and looking back on him.

But come not you:

Lest I should spoil you, with excess of Fondness,

And let you love again——

[Exit *Alcm.*

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, she invites me: [Aside.
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex:

I gave 'em but one Tongue, to say us nay;

And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be sure that none [To *Merc.*
Approach, to interrupt our Privacy.

[Exit *Jupiter* after *Alcm.*

Mercury

Mercury and Phœdra remain.

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example, for us two.

Phœd. No Example at all, *Sister*: for my Lady had the Diamonds afore-hand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet shall be forth-coming, if thou wilt give me Weight for Weight.

Phœd. Yes, and Measure for Measure too, *Sister*: that is, for a Thimble full of Gold, a Thimble full of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phœdra*? Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you.

[*Pulling out the Goblet in a Case from under his Cloak.*]

Phœd. Now Jupiter of his Mercy, let me kiss thee, O thou dear Metal!

[*Taking it in both Hands.*]

Merc. And Venus, of her Mercy, let me kiss thee, dear, dear *Phœdra*.

Phœd. Not so fast, *Sister*! there's a damn'd Proverb in your way: Many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip, you know.

Merc. Why, thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phœd. Yes; as sure as you wou'd cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am yet but just even with you, for the last Trick you play'd me. And, besides, this is but a bare retaining Fee; you must give me another, before the Cause is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-side to Night?

Phœd. No, nor to Morrow-Night neither: but this shall be my Sweet-heart in your Place: 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer in cold Weather.

[*Exit Phœdra.*]

Mercury alone.

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I stole from *Cyprian*, and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common Fate of all-gifted Goods, that, as they come in by Courtship, they go out by Whoring. —

Enter

Oh, that I could see you again, but I'll manage him some
in the Balcony.

Amph. Not one of those I look'd for, to be found!
As some mischance had torn from my Sight!
Perhaps, as she says, 'tis Witchcraft all:
Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be stol'n;
But how I came, in Person, yesterday,
And gave that Present to *Alcibiades* Hands,
That which I never gave, nor ever came,
O there's the Rock, on which my Reason splits.
Would that were all! I fear my Honour, too!
I'll try her once again: She may be mad:
A wretched Remedy; but all I have,
To keep me from Despair.

Merc. [From the Balcony, aside.] This is no very charitable
Action of a God, to use him ill, who has never offended
me: but my Planet disposes me to Malice: and when
we great Persons do but a little Mischief, the World has
a good Reason of us.

Amph. How now! what means the locking up of my
Doors, at this Time of Day?

Merc. Softly, Friend, softly: You knock as loud, and
as saucily, as a Lord's Footman, that was sent before
him, to warn the Family of his Honour's Visit. Sure
you think the Doors have no Feeling! What the Devil
amazed, that rap with such Authority?

Amph. Look out, and see: 'tis I.

Merc. You? what you?

Amph. No more, I say, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom first.

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had best command 'em, and try whe-
ther they will obey you.

Amph. Dost thou not know me!

Merc. Prithce, how should I know thee? dost thou
take me for a Conjuror?

Amph. What's this, Midsummer-Moon? Is all the World
gone a Madding? why says?

Merc.

Merc. That's my Name indeed: dost thou think I had forgot it!

Amph. Dost thou see me?

Merc. Why, dost thou pretend to be invisible? If thou hast any Business here, dispatch it quickly; I have no Leisure to throw away upon such prating Companions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave! How dare thou use this insolent Language to thy Master!

Merc. How! Thou my Master? By what Title? I never had any other Master, but *Amphitryon*.

Amph. Well: and for whom dost thou take me?

Merc. For some Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave!

Merc. How shou'd I know thee, when I see thou dost not know thy self! Thou *Amphitryon*? In what Tavern hast thou been? and how many Drunks did thy Business, to metamorphose thee into my Lord?

Amph. I will so drub thee for this Insolence!

Merc. How now, Impudence! are you threatening your Betters! I shou'd bring you to condign Punishment, but that I have a great Respect for the good Wine, though I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What, stunc to let me in? why *Phedra*? *Drum!*

Merc. Peace Fellow; if my Wife hears thee, we are both undone. At a Word, *Phedra* and *Drum* are very busy; one in making a Cawdill for my Lady; and the other in heating Napkins, to rub down my Lord; when he rises from Bed.

Amph. Amazement strikes me.

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Master and my Lady had a falling out, and are retir'd, without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddling Fool, thou wou'd'st not be thrusting thy Nose into other People's Matters. Get thee about thy Business, if thou hast any; for I'll hear no more of thee.

[*Exit Mercury from above.*]

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, and scorn'd by my Wife, To what a desprate Plunge am I reduc'd,

And I would you had said so. If this be true the Villain says? But why That feeble, If! It must be true; She owns it. Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th' Affront? One way, I spread my Infamy abroad; And, t'other, hide a burning Coal within, That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Sosia, Polydas, Gripus and Tranio.

Grip. Yonder he is; walking hastily to and fro, before his Door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a frosty Morning: 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Sof. I begin to be afraid, that he has more Stomach to my Sides and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he shakes his Head! and stamps, and what Strides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again; I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair-spoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sof. Why, this is as it shou'd be: I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent Humour: yes, we will have a Crash at the Bottle, when your Lordship pleases: I have summon'd 'em, you see; and they are notable Topers, especially Judge *Gripus*.

Grip. Yea, 'faith; I never refuse my Glass, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. [To *Sof.*] Why, thou insolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to use his Master thus.

Sof. Here's a fine Business towards! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my Legs cou'd carry me, to call 'em: nay you may trust my Diligence, in all Affairs belonging to the Belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commission, I'll bear him Witness.

Amph. How can you be Witness where you were not present? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Sof. Why, to my best Remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph.

Amph. What Nonsense dost thou plead for an Excuse of thy said Language, and thy said Replies?

Sof. You fright a Man out of his senses, first; and blame him, after words, for talking Nonsense: but tis better for me to talk Nonsense, than for some to do Nonsense: I will say that, whatever counts out. Pray Sir, let all Things be done decently: what, I hope, when a Man is to be hang'd, he is not trust'd upon the Gallows, like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your Pardon, Gentlemen: I have no longer Patience to forbear him.

Sof. Justice, justice: my Lord *Gripus*: as you are a true Magistrate, protect me. Here's a process of Beating going forward, without Sentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this must not be: Let me first understand the demerits of the Criminal.

Sof. Hold you to that point, I beseech your Honour, as you commiserate the Case of a poor, innocent Malefactor. *Amph.* To shut the Door against me, in my very Face, to deny me Entrance, to brave me from the Balcony, to laugh at me, to threaten me: what proofs of Innocence call you these? but if I punish not this Insolence—

[Is going to beat him, I beg you let me go— and is held by Polydore and Tranio.]

Sof. I charge you in the King's Name, hold him fast; for you see he's bloodily dispos'd.

Grip. Now, what hast thou to say for thy self, *Sofia*?

Sof. I say, in the first Place, be sure you hold him, Gentlemen; for I shall never plead worth one farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Pol. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Sof. Then, if I may speak boldly, under my Lord's Favour, I do not say he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordship fibbs most abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you let me go?

Sof. No Impudence at all, my Lord: for how cou'd I, naturally speaking, be in the Balcony and affronting you; while at the same time I was in every Street of *Ides*, inviting these Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip.

Grip. Hold a little, *Amphitryon*, I bid you, that he spoke to you from the old Balcony; and a right girl you are.

Amph. Just now, not a minute before he brought you hither.

Sof. Now speak my Witnesses.

Grip. I can assure you him, for this last half hour.

Amph. And I.

Them. And I.

Sof. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred person, to tell my Lord he fibbs only?

Amph. Who gave you that order, to invite 'em?

Sof. He that best might; your self: by the same token, you bid old *Dromis* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a Brace, or a Lease; no, now I think on't, it was for ten couple of Gods, to make sure of Plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commission?

Sof. Why, you gave me this pretended Commission, when you were just ready to give my Lady the Fiddles and a Dance; in order, as I suppose, to your second Bedding.

Amph. Where, in what place, did I give this order?

Sof. Here, in this place; in the presence of this very Door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd speak, they wou'd both justify it.

Amph. O Heaven! these Accidents are so surprizing, the more I think of 'em, the more I am lost in my Imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us some Passages, as he came along, that seem to surpass the Power of Nature.

Sof. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Sofus*? 'tis a sly Youth: pray Heaven you have not just such another Relation, within Doors, call'd *Amphitryon*. It may be it was he, that put upon me, in your likeness: and perhaps he may have put something upon your Lordship too, that may weigh heavy upon the Forehead.

Amph. [to those who told him.] Let me go. *Sofus* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him: Open the Door; I'll resolve my Doubts immediately.

Sof.

Sof. The Door is peremptory, that it will not be open'd, without Keys: and my Brother, on the inside, is in Possession; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifest that I am affronted; break open the Door there.

Grip. Stir not a Man of you, to his Assistance.

Amph. Dost thou take part with my Adulteress too, because she is thy Niece?

Grip. I take part with nothing, but the Law; and to break the Doors open, is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command 'em then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph. (*Aside*) The Devil take all Justice-breakers: I curse him too when I have been haunting him all over the Town, to be my Witness! — But I'll bring Soldiers to force open the Doors, by my own Commission.

[*Exit Amphitryon.*]

Sof. Pox o' these Forms of Law, to defeat a Man of a Dinner, when he's sharp set: 'tis against the Privilege of a Free-born Stomach: and is no less than Subversion of Fundamentals.

[*Jupiter above in the Gallery.*]

Jup. Oh, my Friends, I am sorry I have made you wait so long: you are welcome; and the Door shall be open'd to you, immediately.

[*Exit Jupiter.*]

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon*?

Sof. Why, who shou'd it be else?

Grip. In all Appearance it was he: but how got he thi-

Pal. In such a Trice too!

[*Enter*?

Tran. And after he had just left us?

Grip. And so much alter'd, for the better, in his Humour?

Sof. Here's such a Company of foolish Quakers, when a Man's a hungry: You had best stay Dinner till he has prov'd himself to be *Amphitryon* in Form of Law: But I'll make short Work of that Business: for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I should be glad it were.

Sof.

Sof. How glad it were? with your damn'd Interrogatories, when you ought to be thankful, that so it is.

Grip. [*Aside.*] That I may see my Mistress *Phadra*, and present her with my great gold Goblet.

Sof. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wish I may be kept without Doors, fasting and biting my own Fingers, for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*: I am sure 'tis he that is my lawfully begotten Lord: And if you had an Ounce of true Justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impostor, and a Vagabond. [*The Door is open'd: Mercury from within.*]

Merc. Enter quickly, Masters: The Passage on the Right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you. For I am call'd another way.

[*Gripus, Tranio, and Polydas go into the House.*]

Sof. I should know that Voice, by a secret Instinct: 'Tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Sofia*: It must be so; for it carries a cudgelling Kind of Sound in it——But put the worst: Let me weigh this matter wisely: Here's a Beating, and a Belly-full: Against no Beating, and no Belly-fully. The Beating is bad; but the Dinner is good: Now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but, not to fill my Belly, is positively Bad——Upon the whole matter, my final Resolution is, to take the Good and the Bad as they come together. [*Is entering: Mercury meets him at the Door.*]

Merc. Whither now, you Kitchen-skum? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without Permission?

Sof. Most Illustrious Sir: My Ticket is my Hunger: Shew the full Bowels of your Compassion, to the empty Bowels of my Famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll eat you into Quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sof. You'll get but little Credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but mere Carrion! brave *Sofia*, compassionate coward *Sofia*: And beat not thy self, in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that Privilege, Sirrah, to assume my

my Name? have you not been sufficiently warn'd of it? and received part of Punishment already?

Sof. May it please you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us: And we may use it in common, like a Strumpet: Witness Heav'n, that I would have obey'd you, and yielded my Title to the Name; but, where ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Sofia*, in spite of me: I am sensible there are two *Sofias*; and why may not there be two *Sofias*? Let those two cut one another's Throats at their own Pleasure: But you and I will be wiser, by my Consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sofias* would but make two Fools.

Sof. Then let me be the Fool; and be you the prudent Person: And chuse for your self some other Name: Or you shall be the elder Brother; and I'll be content to be the younger; though I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Sof. Ah! Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore; I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, thou shalt not disgrace my Father: For there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sof. Ah! Poor *Sofia*! What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper Name!

Sof. I did not mean my self: I was thinking of another *Sofia*, a poor Fellow, that was once of my Acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of Doors, when Dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phadra.

Phad. *Sofia*, you and I must—Bless me! what have we here, a Couple of you, or do I see double?

Sof. I would fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreasonable; and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he would be content to be but one and a half, 'twould serve very well.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal: I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose: For still he's obstinate to stick to me: And I can never beat him out of my Resemblance.

Phad.

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Phad. Which of you two is *Sofia*? for t'other must be the Devil.

Sof. You had best ask him that has play'd the Devil with my Back and Sides.

Merc. You had best ask him who gave you the Gold Goblet?

Phad. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sofia*. That will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been interloping, Sirrah.

Sof. No, indeed, Sir; I only promis'd her a Gold Thimble: which was as much as comes to my Proportion of being *Sofia*.

Phad. This is no *Sofia* for my Money: beat him away t'other *Sofia*: he grows insufferable.

Sof. [Aside.] Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the Dinner; for a pragmatical Son of a Whore, as he is——

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sof. I am sure I meant you no Offence: for, if I am not *Sofia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know; and, if you are *Sofia*, you may be the Son of a Whore, for ought you know.

Merc. Whatever I am, I will be *Sofia*, as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the Civility of the Cudgel.

Sof. If you will promise to beat me into the House, you may begin when you please with me: but to be beaten out of the House, at Dinner-time, Flesh and Blood can never bear it.

[*Mercury beats him about, and Sofia is still making towards the Door: but Mercury gets his wit; and at length drives him off the Stage.*]

Phad. In the Name of Wonder, what art thou, that art *Sofia*, and art not *Sofia*?

Merc. If thou wouldst know more of me, my Person is freely at thy disposing.

Phad. Then I dispose of it to you again, for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my Use.

Merc.

Merc. I can be ugly or handsome, as I please: go to Bed old, and rise young. I have so many Sures of Persons by me, that I can shift 'em when I will.

Phad. You are a Fool then, to put on your worst Cloaths, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: ask no more Questions; I am for thy Turn; for I know thy Heart: and see all thou hast about thee:

Phad. Then you can see my Back-side too; there's a Bargain for you.——

Merc. In thy right Pocket: — let me see: — three Love-Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the Bottom, on three Sides; full of Fustian Passion, and hearty Nonsense: as also in the same Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; consisting of nine Lines and a half: scrawl'd and false spell'd, to show thou art a Woman; and full of Fraudulence, and Equivocations, and Shoeing-horns of Love to him; to promise much, and mean nothing; to show, over and above, that thou art a meer Woman.

Phad. Is the Devil in you, to see all this? Now, for Heaven's Sake, do not look in t'other Pocket.——

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a little godly Prayer-Book, and——a bawdy Lampoon, and——

Phad. [*Giving a great Frisk.*] Look no farther, I beseech you.——

Merc. And a Silver Spoon.——

Phad. [*Stricking.*]——Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd last Night from *Bromia*.

Phad. Keep my Counsel, or I am undone for ever.

[*Holding up her Hands to him.*]

Merc. No: I'll mortifie thee, now I have a Handle to thy Iniquity, if thou wilt not love me.——

Phad. Well, if you'll promise me to be secret, I will love you: because indeed I dare do no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl; I will be secret; and further, I will be assisting to thee in thy Filching: for thou and I were born under the same Planet.

Phad. And we shall come to the same End too, I'm afraid.

Merc.

Merc. No; no; since thou hast Wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou need'st never fear Hanging.

Phæd. And will you make your self a younger Man; and be handsome too: and rich; for you that know Hearts, must needs know, that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Son*.

Merc. Thou shalt know more of that another Time: in the mean while, here's a Cast of my Office for thee.

[*He stamps upon the Ground: some Dancers come from under-ground: and others from the sides of the Stage: A Song, and a Fantastick Dance.*]

Mercury's SONG to Phædra.

I.

FAir Iris, I love, and hourly I dye,
But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
For I am as false, and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
We mean not the taking for Better for Worse.
When present, we love; when absent, agree:
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me:
The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phæd. This Power of yours makes me suspect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more Certainty, tell me what I am just now thinking.

Merc. Why, thou art thinking, let me see, for thou art a Woman, and your Minds are so variable, that it's very

Very hard even for a God to know them. But, to satisfy thee, thou art willing, now, for the same Power I have exercised; that thou might'st stamp, like me; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Now, God, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do stamp in somebody's Name, but I know not whose; [stamps.] Come up, Gentle-folks, from below; and sing me a Pastoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man; as we always have in Love-Matters.

[New Singers come up, and sing a Song.]

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Thyrsis and Iris.

I.

Thyrsis. **F**air Iris and her Swain
 Were in a shady Bow'r;
 Where Thyrsis long in vain
 Had sought the Shepherd's Hour:
 At length his Hand advancing upon her sunny Breast;
 He said, O kiss me longer,
 And longer yet, and longer,
 If you will make me blest.

II.

Iris. An easy yielding Maid,
 By trusting is undone;
 Our Sex is oft betray'd,
 By granting Love too soon.
 If you desire to gain me, your Sufferings so redoubt;
 Prepare to love me longer,
 And longer yet, and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

III.

Thyrsis. The little Care you show
 Of all my Sorrows past,
 Makes Death appear no less,
 And Life too long to last.

Exit

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*Phad. Iris, kiss me kindly, in pity of my fate;
And kindly still, and kindly,*

Before it be too late.

IV.

*Iris. You finally court your Bliss,
And for advantage make;*

Time for Mothers to pass,

But 'tis for Men to take.

So you may kiss me kindly, and I will not rebel;

And kindly still, and kindly,

But kiss me not and tell.

V.

A RONDEAU.

Chorus. Thus at the Height we love and live,

And fear not to be poor:

We give, and give, and give, and give,

Till we can give no more:

But what to-Day will take away,

To Morrow will restore.

Thus at the Height we love and live,

And fear not to be poor.

*Phad. Adieu, I leave you to pay the Musick: Hope
well Mr. Planet; there's a better Heav'n in store for you:
I say no more, but you can guess.*

*Merc. [alone] Such Bargain-Lovers, as I with Phadra
Are all the Leagues and Friendships of the Great: [treat,
All their Ends, and each wou'd other cheat.*

They only seem to hate, and seem to love;

But Int'rest is the Point on which they move.

Their Friends are Foes; and Foes are Friends again;

And, in their Turns, are Enemies, and honest Men.

Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold.

'Tis who bids most; for all Men wou'd be sold.

[Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gripus and Phædra. Gripus has the Goblet in his Hand.

Phad. **Y**OU will not be so base to take it from me?
Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: And I'll seize my own, in whatever Hands I find it.

Phad. You know I only show'd it you to provoke your Generosity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Present.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: and I'll indite you for a Receiver of stoln Goods.

Phad. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Mistress!

Phad. Thou most mercenary Magistrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thy self!

Phad. Thou Seller of other People: thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'st to Privilege; and when it changes for the Sovereign, veerst to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Present?

Phad. No: but I'll send thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will soon decide the Difference. [*Exit Phædra.*]

Enter Mercury, with two Swords.

Merc. [*Bowing.*] Save your good Lordship.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb: I am out of Humour, and am in haste: Leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my Duty to attend on your Lordship, and to ease you of that undecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden, to one of my Profession.

Merc. By your Lordship's Permission, Phædra has sent me to take it from you.

Grip.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. [*Still Bowing.*] No; but by your Honour's Permission, I am to restore it to her, and persuade your Lordship to renounce your Pretensions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare pass my Word for your free Consent to both. — Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your Choice of one of these?

Grip. Why these are Swords: what have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your Choice of one of them; which your Lordship pleases; and leave the other to your most Obedient Servant.

Grip. What, one of these ungodly Weapons? take Notice, I'll lay you by the Heels, Sirrah: This has the Appearance of an unlawful bloody Challenge.

Merc. You Magistrates are pleas'd to call it so, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one anothers Throats.

Grip. Be answer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law shall decide our Controversie.

Merc. By your Permission, my Lord; it must be dispatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee any such Permission, to dispatch me into another World.

Merc. At the least, my Lord, you have no Occasion to complain of my want of Respect to you: You will neither restore the Goblet, nor renounce *Phadra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuse it: all this is done in the Forms of Honour: It follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own arbitrement; and I suppose, you are too honourable not to approve of my Proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new sort of Process, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand, without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that signify nothing but to squeeze the Subject: Therefore, with your Lordship's Favour, I begin.

[*Fillips him under the Chin.*

Grip. What's this for?

Merc. To give you an Occasion of returning me a box o' th' Ear: that so, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no Answer, but suffer a Non-suit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Costs and Charges are to be paid: Will you please to restore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I must ascend to your Lordship's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh. Oh, oh. — Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordship will be pleas'd to hear Reason.

Grip. Take the Cup, and the Devil give thee Joy on't. [Pulling again.]

Merc. [still holding him.] And your Lordship will farther be graciously pleas'd, to release all Claims, Titles, and Actions whatsoever to *Phadra*: You must give me leave to add one small *memento*, for that too. [Pulling him again.]

Grip. I renounce her, I release her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. [to her.] *Phadra*; my Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without pushing Matters to Extremity.

Phad. I over-heard it all: But give me Livery and Seisin of the Goblet, in the first Place.

Merc. There's an act of Oblivion shou'd be pass'd too.

Phad. Let him begin to remember Quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verfes with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon and Guards.

Amph. [to *Gripus*.] At the last I have got Possession without your Lordship's Warrant; *Phadra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phad. I'll carry no such lying Message: you are not here, and you cannot be here: for, to my Knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber!

Amph. All of a Piece, and all Witchcraft! Answer me precisely; dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*?

Phad. Answer me first: Did you give me a Diamond, and a Purse of Gold?

Amph. Thou know'st I did not.

Phad.

Phad. Then, by the same Token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*: if you are he, I am sure I left you in Bed with your own Wife: now you had best stretch out a Leg; and feel about for a fair Lady.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword; and kill the Sorcerer: Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me.

[*To the Guards.*

Phad. I'll save you the Labour; and call him down to confront you; if you dare attend him. [*Exit Phædra,*

Merc. [*Aside.*] Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or else *Amphitryon* had not enter'd so easily. [*Gripos is stealing off.*] ——— Whither now, *Gripos*? I have Business for you: if you offer to stir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, follow'd by Tranio and Polydas.

Jup. Who dares to play the Master in my House? What Noise is this that calls me from above, Invades my soft Recess, and Privacy, And, like a Tide, breaks in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I see?

Tran. What Prodigy!

Pol. How, two *Amphitryons*!

Grip. I have beheld th' Appearance of two Suns; But still the false was dimmer than the true; Here, both shine out alike.

Amph. This is a Sight, that, like the *Gorgon's Head*, Runs through my Limbs, and stiffens me to Stone. I need no more inquire into my Fate: For what I see resolves my Doubts too plain.

Tran. Two Drops of Water cannot be more like.

Pol. They are two very same's.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Our *Jupiter* is a great Comedian; he counterfeits most admirably: Sure his Priests have copy'd their Hypocrisie from their Master.

Amph. Now I am gather'd back into my self; My Heart beats high, and pushes out the Blood

[*Drawing his Sword.*

To give me just Revenge on this Impostor.

If you are brave, assist me——not one stirs: [*To the Guards.* What, are all brib'd to take th' Enchanter's Part?

'Tis true, the Work is mine; and thus —

[*Going to rush upon Jupiter; and is held by Tranio and Polydas.*]

Pol. It must not be.

Jup. Give him his Way: I dare the Madman's worst:
Put still take Notice, that it looks not like

The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out at first

To brutal Force: it shews he doubts his Cause,

Who dares not trust his Reason to defend it. [*and Bed;*]

Amph. [*Struggling.*] Thou base Usurper of my Name,
No less than thy Hearts-blood can wash away
Th' Affronts I have sustain'd.

Tran. We must not suffer

So strange a Duel, as *Amphitryon*

To fight against himself.

[*Hands:*]

Polyd. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your
We know our Duty to our General:

We know the Tyes of Friendship to our Friend:

But who that Friend, or who that Gen'l is,

Without more certain Proofs betwixt you two,

Is hard to be distinguish'd, by our Reason:

Impossible by Sight.

Amph. I know it; and have satisfy'd my self;
I am the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. See again,

He shuns the certain Proofs; and dares not stand
Impartial Judgment, and award of Right.

But since *Alcmena's* Honour is concern'd,

Whom, more than Heav'n, and all the World, I love;

This I propose, as equal to us both.

Tranio, and *Polydas*, be you Assistants,

The Guards be ready to secure th' Impostor,

When once so prov'd, for publick Punishment;

And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cause.

Amph. I am content: Let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. [*Aside to Merc.*] On whole Side wou'd you please
that I shou'd give the Sentence?

Merc. [*Aside to him.*] Follow thy Conscience for once;
but not to make a Custom of it neither; nor to leave an
evil Precedent of Uprightness to future Judges. — [*Aside.*]

'Tis

'Tis a good thing to have a Magistrate under Correction: Your old fornicating Judge, dare never give Sentence against him that knows his Haunts.

Polyd. Your Lordship knows I was Master of *Amphitryon's* Ship; and desire to know of him, what pass'd in private betwixt us two at his Landing, when he was just ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* answer first.——

Jupit. and Amph. together. My Lord, I told him——

Grip. Peace both of you: —— 'Tis a plain Case they are both true; for they both speak together: but for more certainty, let the false *Amphitryon* speak first.

Merc. Now they are both silent.——

Grip. Then 'tis as plain on t'other side, that they are both false *Amphitryons*.

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* shall speak first?

Grip. Let the Cholerick *Amphitryon* speak; and let the peaceable hold his Peace.

Amph. [*to Polyd.*] You may remember that I whisper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one single Moment.

Polyd. You did so.

Grip. No more Words then; I proceed to Sentence.

Jupit. 'Twas I that whisper'd him; and he may remember I gave him this Reason for it; that if our Men were beaten, I might secure my own Retreat.

Polyd. You did so.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was Pay-master: What Directions did you give me the Night before the Battel?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou speaking?

Merc. [*Aside.*] It shou'd be a double U: but they have no such Letter in their Tongue.

Amph. I order'd you to take particular Care of the great Bag.

Grip. Why this is Demonstration.

Jupit. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tygers Skin; and mark'd *Beta*.

Grip. In Sadness I think they are both Jugglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing: And then *biccus doccius* and they are both here again.

Tran. You peccable *Amphitryon*, what Mony was there in that Bag?

Jupit. The Sum in gross, amounted just to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a Farthing.

Grip. Paugh: Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thousand Pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themselves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jupit. But the rest was not all Silver; for there were just four thousand Brass Half-pence.

Grip. Being but Brass, the Proof is inconsiderable: If they had been Silver, it had gone on your side.

Amph. [to *Jupit.*] Death and Hell, you will not persuade me, that I did not kill *Pterelus*?

Jupit. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?

Amph. That last was Poyson to me. ——— [Aside, Yet there's one Proof thou can'st not counterfeit:

In killing *Pterelus*, I had a Wound

Full in the brawny part of my right Arm:

Where still the Scar remains: Now blush, Impostor;

For this thou canst not show.

[*Bares his Arm; and shows the Scar, which they all look on.*

Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon*.

Jupit. May your Lordship please ———

Grip. No, Sirrah, it does not please me: Hold your Tongue, I charge you; for the Case is manifest.

Jupit. By your Favour then, this shall speak for me.

[*Bares his Arm; and shows it.*

Tran. 'Tis just in the same Muscle.

Polyd. Of the same Length and Breadth; and the Scar of the same blacish Colour.

Grip. [to *Jupit.*] Did not I charge you not to speak? 'Twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.

Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. Forasmuch there was but one *Pterelus*; and he must have been in the Plot against himself too: For he was kill'd first by one of them; and then rose again out of

of Respect to t^e other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, and Bromia.

Alcm. [*turning to Phæd. and Brom.*]

No more of this; it sounds impossible
That two shou'd be so like, no Difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alc. Then where's *Alcmena's* Honour and her Fame?
Farewel my needless Fear, it cannot be:
This is a Case too nice for vulgar Sight:
But let me come; my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point, and tremble to its proper Choice.

[*Seeing Amphitryon, goes to him.*

There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am, onely his. — [*Goes to take him by the Hand.*

Amph. [*pushing her away from him.*] Away, Adulteress!

Jup. My gentle Love; my Treasure and my Joy;
Follow no more, that false and foolish Fire,
That wou'd mis-lead thy Fame to sure Destruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee liable to Scorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch,
Who wou'd by base Aspersions blot thy Virtue.

Alcm. [*going to him, who embraces her.*]

I was indeed mistaken; thou art he!
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon*.
Th' Impostor has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my Choice;
Thy Kindness is a Guide that cannot err.

Amph. What! in my Presence to prefer the Villain?
O execrable Cheat! I break the Truce;
And will no more attend your vain Decisions;
To this ——— and to the Gods I'll trust my Cause.

[*Is rushing upon Jupiter, and is held again.*

Jup. Poor Man; how I condemn those idle Threats!
Were I dispos'd, thou might'st as safely meet
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*:
(Nor *Jove* need blush to be *Alcmena's* Champion)
But in the Face of *Zeus*, she shall be clear'd:
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.

Attend, and I will bring convincing Proof.

Amph. Thou wou'dst elude my Justice, and escape;
But I will follow thee, through Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge.

Jup. I'll spare thy Pains: it shall be quickly seen,
Betwixt us two, who seeks, and who avoids. —
Come in my Friends: and thou who seem'st *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in doubt, may know the true.

[*Jupiter re-enters the House: with him Amphitryon,
Alcmena, Polydas, Tranio, and Guards.*]

Merc. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*; stay with *Phadra*:

[*To Grip. and Brom. who are following.*]

Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours:

Amphitryon's Rival shall appear a God:

But know before-hand, I am *Mercury*;

Who want not Heav'n, while *Phadra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, and't please your Lordship, is my Fellow
Phadra to be exalted into the Heav'n's, and made a
Star?

Phad. When that comes to pass, if you look up a-
nights, I shall remember old Kindness, and vouchsafe to
twinkle on you.

*Enter Sofia, peeping about him: and seeing Mercury, is start-
ing back.*

Sof. Here he is again; and there's no passing by him into
the House, unless I were a Spright, to glide in through
the Key-hole. — I am to be a Vagabond, I find.

Merc. *Sofia*, come back.

Sof. No I thank you; you may whistle me long enough;
a beaten Dog has always the Wit to avoid his Master.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Sofia* again.

Sof. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he
that has an Itch to be beaten, let him take it up for
Sofia; — What have I said now! I mean for me;
for I neither am nor will be *Sofia*.

Merc. But thou may'st be so in Safety: for I have ac-
knowledg'd my self to be God *Mercury*.

Sof. You may be a God, for ought I know; but the
Devil take me if ever I worship you; for an unmerciful
Deity, as you are.

Merc.

Merc. You ought to take it for an Honour to be drub'd by the Hand of a Divinity.

Sof. I am your most humble Servant, good Mr. God; but by the Faith of a Mortal, I cou'd well have spar'd the Honour that you did me. But how shall I be sure that you will never assume my Shape again?

Merc. Because I am weary of wearing so villanous an Outside.

Sof. Well, well; as villanous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am sure that I may chastise you safely: and that there's no God, lurking under your Appearance.

Sof. Ay; but you had best take heed how you attempt it: for as *Mercury* has turn'd himself into me, so I may take the Toy into my Head, to turn my self into *Mercury*, that I may swinge you off, condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witnesses, that I take *Phadra* for my Wife of the left hand; that is, in the Nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phad. You shall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: for you have a terrible ill Name below: and I am afraid you'll get a Footman, instead of a Priest to Marry us. (us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* shall draw up Articles betwixt

Phad. But he's damnably us'd to false Conveyancing:— Well be it so: for my Counsel shall overlook 'em before I Sign: Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white. [*Here Gripus gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my Heart; that I may have thee under black and white hereafter.

Phad. [*to Grip.*] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, &c. betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves —

Merc. And *Phadra*, Queen of Gypsies. — *Imprimis*, I promise to buy and settle upon her an Estate, containing Nine thousand Acres of Land, in any Part of *Bacotia*, to her own Liking.

Phad. Provided always, that no Part of the said Nine thousand Acres shall be upon, or adjoining to Mount *Par-nassus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a Poetical Estate.

Merc.

Merc. Memorandum, that she be always constant to me; and admit no other Lover.

Phad. Memorandum, unless it be a Lover that offers more: and that the Constancy shall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. Item, that she shall keep no Male Servants in her House: Item, no Rival Lap-Dog for a Bedfellow: Item, that she shall never pray to any of the Gods.

Phad. What, wou'd you have me an Atheist?

Merc. No Devotion to any He-Deity, good *Phadra*.

Bram. Here's no Provision made for Children yet.

Phad. Well remember'd, *Bramia*: I bargain that my Eldest Son shall be a Hero, and my eldest Daughter a King's Mistress.

Merc. That is to say, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phadra*.

Phad. That's true; but who dares call 'em so? Then for the Younger Children:——but now I think on't, we'll have no more, but Mafs and Miss; for the rest wou'd be but chargeable, and a Burden to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes; the Second shall be a False Prophet: he shall have Wit enough to set up a New Religion: and too much Wit to dye a Martyr for it.

Phad. O what had I forgot? there's Pin-Mony, and Ali-mony, and Separate Maintenance, and a thousand Things more to be consider'd; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Sof. I am a Fool, I must confess; but yet I can see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of you: I have observ'd that you Women-Wits are commonly so quick upon the Scent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phadra*, that in case Mr. Heaven there, shou'd be pleas'd to break these Articles, in what Court of Judicature she intends to sue him?

Phad. The Fool has hit upon't: — Gods, and great Men, are never to be sued; for they can always plead Privilege of Peerage: and therefore for once, Monsieur, I'll take your Word; for as long as you love me you'll be sure to keep it: and in the mean time I shall be gaining Experience how to manage some rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

It Thunders; and the Company within Doors, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, and Tranio, all come running out, and join with the rest, who were on the Theatre before.

Amph. Sure 'tis some God: he vanish'd from our Sight,
And told us, we shou'd see him soon return.

Alc. I know not what to hope, nor what to fear.
A simple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconsenting Innocence is lost.

A second Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter appears in a Machine.

Jup. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above:
Th'Impostor God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own Shape, see *Jupiter* appear,
And let that Sight secure thy jealous Fear.
Disgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to boast:
No Fame, in *Jove's* Concurrence, can be lost:
What he enjoys, he sanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking, stamps into a Price.
'Tis I, who ought to murmur at my Fate;
Forc'd by my Love, my Godhead to translate;
When on no other Terms I cou'd possess,
But by thy Form, thy Features, and thy Dress;
To thee were giv'n, the Blessings that I sought,
Which else, not all the Bribes of Heav'n had bought.
Then take into thy Arms thy envy'd Love;
And, in his own Despight, triumph o'er *Jove*.

Merc. [*aside.*] *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena* both stand mute,
and know not how to take it.

Sofia. [*aside.*] Our Sovereign Lord *Jupiter* is a fly Companion;
he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

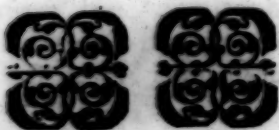
Jupit. From this auspicious Night shall rise an Heir,
Great, like his Sire, and, like his Mother, Fair:
Wrongs to redress, and Tyrants to dislize;
Born for a World that wants a *Hercules*.
Monsters, and Monster-men he shall ingage,
And toil, and struggle, through an Impious Age.
Peace to his Labours shall at length succeed;
And murmur'ing Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happiness, by need.

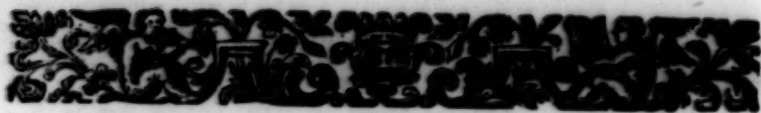
[*Jupiter is carry'd back to Heaven.*
Ommes.

Omnes. We all congratulate *Amphytrion*.

Merc. Keep your Congratulations to your selves, Gentlemen: 'Tis a nice Point, let me tell you that; and the less that is said of it, the better. Upon the whole Matter, if *Amphitryon* takes the Favour of *Jupiter* in Patience, as from a God, he's a good Heathen.

Sofia. I must take a little extraordinary Pains to Night, that my Spouse may come even with her Lady, and produce a Squire to attend on young *Hercules*, when he goes out to seek Adventures; that when his Master kills a Man, he may stand ready to pick his Pockets; and piously relieve his aged Parents. Ah, *Bromia*, *Bromia*; if thou hadst been as handsome and as young as *Phadra*; I say no more, but some-body might have made his Fortunes as well as his Master, and never the worse Man neither. For, let the wicked World say what they please, The fair Wife makes her Husband live at Ease: The Lover keeps him too; and but receives, Like *Jove*, the Remnants that *Amphitryon* leaves: 'Tis true, the Lady has enough in store To satisfy those two, and eke two more: In fine, the Man, who weighs the Matter fully, Would rather be the Cuckold, than the Cully.





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Phædra*. *Mrs. Mountfort*.

I'M thinking, (and it almost makes me mad,)
How sweet a Time those Heathen Ladies had.
Idolatry was ev'n their Gods own Trade;
They worshipt the fine Creatures they had made.
Cupid was chief of all the Deities;
And Love was all the Fashion, in the Skies.
When the sweet Nymph held up the Lilly Hand,
Jove was her humble Servant at Command.
The Treasury of Heav'n was ne'er so bare,
But still there was a Pension for the Fair.
In all his Reign, *Adul'try* was no Sin;
For Jove the good Example did begin.
Mark, too, when he usurp'd the Husband's Name,
How civilly he sav'd the Lady's Fame.
The secret Joys of Love he wisely hid;
But you, Sirs, boast of more, than e'er you did.
You teize your Cuckolds; to their Face torment 'em;
But Jove gave his new Honours to content him.
And, in the kind Remembrance of the Fair,
On each exalted Son bestow'd a Star.
For these good Deeds, as by the Date appears,
His Godship flourish'd full two thousand Years.
At last, when he and all his Priests grew old,
The Ladies grew in their Devotion cold;
And, that false Worship wou'd no longer hold.
Severity of Life did next begin;
(And always does, when we no more can Sin.)
That Doctrine, too, so hard, in Practice, lyes,
That, the next Age may see another rise.
Then, Pagan Gods may, once again, succeed;
And Jove, or Mars, be ready, at our Need,
To get young Godlings; and, so, mend our Breed.



3

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APPENDIX

CHAPTER I

SECTION I

ARTICLE I

SECTION II

ARTICLE II

SECTION III

ARTICLE III

SECTION IV

ARTICLE IV

SECTION V

ARTICLE V

SECTION VI

ARTICLE VI

SECTION VII

CLEOMENES,

T H E

Spartan Heroe.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL.

To which is prefixt

The LIFE of CLEOMENES.

His Armis, illâ quoque tutus in aula. Juv. Sat. IV.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

MEMOIRS

THE

History of

A

TRACED

As it is called in the

THEATRE ROYAL

THE MEMOIRS OF

Printed in the Year 1780



To the Right Honourable the
Earl of *ROCHESTER*,
*Knight of the most Noble Order of
the Garter, &c.*

IS enough for your Lordship to be
conscious to your self of having per-
form'd a just and honourable Acti-
on, in Redeeming this Play from the
Persecution of my Enemies; but it
would be Ingratitude in me, not to
publish it to the World. That it has appear'd on
the Stage, is principally owing to you: That it
has succeeded, is the Approbation of your Judg-
ment, by that of the Publick. 'Tis just the Inver-
sion of an Act of Parliament: Your Lordship
first sign'd it, and then it was pass'd amongst the
Lords and Commons. The Children of old Men
are generally observ'd to be short liv'd, and of a
weakly Constitution: How this may prove I
know

The Epistle Dedicatory.

know not; but hitherto it has promis'd well :
And if it survive to Posterity, it will carry the
Noble Name of its Patron along with it; or,
rather, it will be carried by yours to After-ages.
Ariosto, in his *Voyage of Astolpho to the Moon*,
has given us a fine Allegory of two Swans; who,
when Time had thrown the Writings of many
Poets into the River of Oblivion, were ever in a
Readiness to secure the Best, and bear them aloft,
into the Temple of Immortality. Whether this
Poem be of that Number, is left to the Judg-
ment of the Swan who has preserv'd it: And
though I can claim little from his Justice, I may
presume to value my self upon his Charity. It
will be told me, That I have mistaken the *Italian*
Poet, who means only that some excellent Wri-
ters, almost as few in Number as the Swans, have
rescued the Memory of their Patrons from For-
getfulness and Time; when a vast Multitude of
Crows and Vultures, that is, bad Scriblers, Para-
sites, and Flatterers, oppress'd by the weight of
the Names which they endeavour'd to redeem,
were forc'd to let them fall again into *Lethe*,
where they were lost for ever. If it be thus,
my Lord, the Table would be turn'd upon me :
But I should only fail in my vain Attempt: For
either some other Immortal Swan will be more
capable of sustaining such a weight, or you who
have so long been Conversant in the Management
of great Affairs, are able with your own Pen
to do Justice to your self; and, at the same time,
to give the Nation a clearer and more faithful in-
sight into those Transactions, wherein you have
worthily sustain'd so great a Part. For to your
Experience in State Affairs, you have also join'd
no

The Epistle Dedicatory.

no vulgar Erudition: Which all your Modesty is not able to conceal; for to understand critically the Delicacies of *Horace*, is a height to which few of our Noble Men have arriv'd: And that this is your deserv'd Commendation, I am a living Evidence; as far, at least, as I can be allow'd a competent Judge on that Subject. Your Affection to that admirable Ode, which *Horace* writes to his *Mecenas*, and which I had the Honour to inscribe to you, is not the only Proof of this Assertion. You may please to remember, that in the late happy Conversation, which I had with your Lordship at a Noble Relation's of yours, you took me aside, and pleas'd your self with repeating to me, one of the most beautiful Pieces in that Author. It was the Ode to *Barine*, wherein you were so particularly affected with that Elegant Expression, *Juvenumque prodis publica cura*. There is indeed the Virtue of a whole Poem, in those words; that *curiosa felicitas*, which *Petrarch* so justly ascribes to our Author. The Barbarity of our Language is not able to reach it: Yet, when I have leisure, I mean to try, how near I can raise my *English* to his *Latin*: Though in the mean time, I cannot but imagine to my self, with what Scorn his sacred *Muses* would look on so lame a Translation as I could make. His *Recalcitrat undique tutus* might more reasonably be apply'd to me, than he himself apply'd it to *Augustus Caesar*. I ought to reckon that Day, as very Fortunate to me, and distinguish it, as the Ancients did, with a whiter Stone; because it furnish'd me with an Occasion of reading my *Cleomenes* to a beautiful Assembly of Ladies, where your Lordship's three Fair Daugh;

The Epistle Dedicatory:

Daughters were pleas'd to Grace it with their Presence: And, if I may have leave to single out any one in particular, there was your admirable Daughter-in-Law; shining, not like a Star, but a Constellation of her self; a more true and brighter *Berenice*. Then it was, that whether out of your own Partiality, and Indulgence to my Writings, or out of Complaisance to the fair Company, (who gave the first good Omen to my Success, by their Approbation) your Lordship was pleas'd to add your own: And afterwards to Represent it to the Queen, as wholly Innocent of those Crimes, which were laid unjustly to its Charge. Neither am I to forget my charming Patroness; though she will not allow my publick Address to her, in a Dedication; but Protects me unseen, like my Guardian-Angel; and shuns my Gratitude, like a Fairy, who is Bountiful by stealth, and conceals the Giver, when she bestows the Gift. But my Lady *Sylvia* has been juster to me, and pointed out the Goddess, at whose Altar I was to pay my Sacrifice and Thanks-Offering. And had she been silent, yet my Lord Chamberlain himself, in restoring my Play, without any Alteration, avow'd to me, that I had the most Earnest Sollicitress, as well as the Fairest; and that nothing cou'd be refus'd to my Lady *Hyde*.

These Favours, my Lord, receiv'd from your self, and your noble Family, have encourag'd me to this Dedication; wherein I not only give you back a Play, which, had you not redeem'd it, had not been mine; but also at the same time, Dedicate to you the unworthy Author, with my inviolable Faith, and (how mean soever) my utmost

The Epistle Dedicatory.

most Service: And I shall be proud to hold my Dependance on you in Chief, as I do part of my small Fortune in *Wiltshire*. Your Goodness has not been wanting to me, during the Reign of my two Masters. And even from a bare Treasury, my Success has been contrary to that of Mr. *Cowley*; and *Gideon's* Fleece has then been moisten'd, when all the Ground has been dry about it. Such and so many Provocations of this Nature, have concurr'd to my Invading of your Modesty, with this Address. I am sensible that it is in a manner forc'd upon you. But your Lordship has been the Aggressor in this Quarrel, by so many Favours, which you are not weary of conferring on me. Though at the same time, I own the Ambition on my Side, to be ever esteem'd

Your Lordship's most Thankful,

and most Obedient Servant;

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R E F A C E.

T IS now seven or eight Years since I design'd to write this Play of Cleomeneis; and my Lord Falkland, (whose Name I cannot mention without Honour, for the many Favours I have receiv'd from him) is pleas'd to witness for me, That in a French Book, which I presented him about that time, there were the Names of many Subjects that I had thought on for the Stage; amongst which, this Tragedy was one. This was out of my Remembrance; but my Lord, on the Occasion of stopping my Play, took the Opportunity of doing me a good Office at Court, by representing it as it was, a Piece long ago design'd: Which being judiciously treated, I thought was capable of moving Compassion on the Stage. The Success has justified my Opinion, and that at a time when the World is running mad after Farce, the Extremity of bad Poetry, or rather the Judgment that is fallen upon Dramatick Writing. Were I in the Humour, I have sufficient Cause to expose it in its true Colours; but having for once escap'd, I will forbear my Satyr, and only be thankful for my Deliverance. A great Part of my good Fortune, I must confess, is owing to the Justice which was done me in the Performance: I can scarcely refrain from giving every one of the Actors their particular Commendations; but none of them will be offended, if I say what the Town has generally granted, That Mrs. Barry, always Excellent, has, in this Tragedy, excell'd her self, and gain'd

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gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman whom I have ever seen on the Theatre. After all, it was a bold Attempt of mine, to write upon a single Plot, mix'd with Comedy; which though it be the natural and true Way, yet is not to the Genius of the Nation. Yet to gratifie the barbarous Party of my Audience, I gave them a short Rabble-Scene, because the Mob (as they call them) are represented by Plutarch and Polybius, with the same Character of Baseness and Cowardice, which are here describ'd, in the last Attempt of Cleomenes. They may think me, if they please, for this Indulgence; for no French Poet would have allow'd them any more than a bare Relation of that Scene, which debases a Tragedy to show upon the Stage.

For the rest, some of the Mechanick Rules of Unity are observed, and others are neglected. The Action is but one which is the Death of Cleomenes; and every Scene in the Play is tending to the Accomplishment of the main Design. The Place is likewise one; for 'tis all in the Compass of Alexandria, and the Port of that City. The time might easily have been reduc'd into the Space of twenty four Hours, if I would have omitted the Scene of Famine, in the fifth Act; but it pleas'd me to try how Spartans could endure it; and, besides, gave me the Occasion of Writing that other Scene, betwixt Cleomenes, and his suspected Friend; and, in such a Case, 'tis better to trespass on a Rule, than leave out a Beauty.

As for other Objections, I never heard any worth answering; and least of all that foolish One, which is rais'd against me by the Sparks, for Cleomenes not accepting the Favours of Cassandra. They would not have refus'd a fair Lady. I grant they would not; but let them grant me, That they are not Hero's; and so much for the Point of Honour. A Man might have pleaded an Excuse for himself, if he had been false to an old Wife, for the sake of a young Mistress; but Cleora was in the Flower of her Age, and it was yet but Honey-moon with Cleomenes; and so much for Nature. Some have told me, That many of the fair Sex complain for want of tender Scenes, and soft Expressions of Love: I will endeavour to make them some amends, if I write again; and my next Hero shall be no Spartan.

P R E F A C E.

I know it will be here expected, that I should write somewhat concerning the forbidding of my Play; but the less I say of it, the better. And besides, I was so little concern'd at it, that had it not been on Consideration of the Actors, who were to suffer on my Account, I should not have been at all Sollicitous, whether it were play'd, or no. No Body can imagine, that in my declining Age I write willingly, or that I am Desirous of Exposing, at this Time of Day, the small Reputation which I have gotten on the Theater. The Subsistence which I had from the former Government, is lost; and the Reward I have from the Stage is so little, that it is not worth my Labour.

As for the Reasons which were given for suspending the Play, it seems they were so ill founded, that my Lord Chamberlain no sooner took the Pains to read it, but they vanish'd; and my Copy was restor'd to me, without the least Alteration by his Lordship. 'Tis printed as it was acted; and I dare assure you, that here is no Parallel to be found: 'Tis neither Compliment, nor Satyr; but a plain Story, more strictly followed than any which has appear'd upon the Stage. 'Tis true, it had been garbled before by the Superiors of the Playhouse; and I can not reasonably blame them for their Caution, because they are answerable for any thing that is publicly represented: And their Zeal for the Government is such, that they had rather lose the best Poetry in the World, than give the least Suspicion of their Loyalty. The fault is, that they were diligent enough to make sure Work: And to geld it so clearly in some places, that they took away the very Manhood of it: I can only apply to them, what Cassandra says somewhere in the Play to Ptolemy;

To be so nice in my Concerns for you;
To doubt where Doubts are not; to be too fearful;
To raise a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger;
And then be frightened, though it cannot reach you.

But, since it concerns me to be as circumspect as they are, I have given leave to my Bookseller to print the Life of Cleomeneas, as it is elegantly, and faithfully translated out of
Plutarch,

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Plutarch, by my learned Friend, Mr. Creech; to whom the World has been indebted for his excellent Version of Lucretius; and I particularly oblig'd in his Translation of Horace. We daily expect Manilius from him; an Author worthy only of such Hands; which having formerly reveal'd the Secrets of Nature to us here on Earth, is now discovering to us her Palace in the Skies; and if I might be allow'd to say it, giving Light to the Stars of Heaven.

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit; & extra
Processit longè flammantia mœnia Mundi.

BUT to return to Plutarch; you will find him particularly fond of Cleomenes his Character; who as he was the last of the Spartan Heroes, so he was, in my Opinion, the greatest. Even his Enemy, Polybius, though engag'd in the contrary Faction, yet speaks honourably of him; and especially of his last Action in Egypt. This Author is also made English, and will shortly be publish'd for the common Benefit.

What I have added to the Story, is chiefly the Love of Agathocles, the King's Mistress; whose Name I have chang'd into Cassandra; only for the better sound. As I have also the Name of Nicagoras, into that of Cornus, for the same Reason. Cratesicles, Pantheus, and Sosibius, are to be found in the Story, with the same Characters which they have in the Tragedy. There is likewise mention made of the Son of Cleomenes, who had Resolution enough to throw himself headlong from a Tower, when he had heard of his Father's ill Success. And for Cleora, whom I make the second Wife of Cleomenes (for ~~Agathocles~~ was dead before) you will find a hint of her in Plutarch; for he tells us, That after the Loss of the Battle at Sellasia, he return'd to Sparta, and entering his own House, was there attended by a Free-born Woman of Megalopolis.

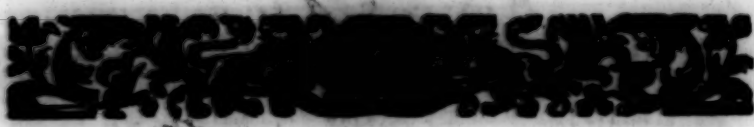
The Picture of Ptolemy Philopater, is given by the fore-mention'd Authors to the full. Both agree that he was an Original of his Kind; a Lazy, Effeminate, Cowardly, Cruel, and Luxurious Prince, manag'd by his Favourite, and impos'd on by his Mistress. The Son of Sosibius, whom I call

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Cleantes, was a Friend to Cleomenes: But Plutarch says he at length forsook him. I have giv'n him a fairer Character, and made it only a seeming Treachery, which he practis'd. If any be so curious to enquire what became of Cassandra, whose Fortune was left in suspense at the Conclusion of the Play, I must first inform them, that after the Death of Cleomenes, (the Heroe of my Poem) I was oblig'd by the Laws of the Drama, to let fall the Curtain immediately; because the Action was then concluded. But Polybius tells us, that she surviv'd Ptolemy, who reign'd about twenty seven Years; that with her Brother Agathocles, she govern'd Egypt in the Minority of his Son Ptolemy Epiphanes; and that finally for oppress'g of the People, both the Brother and Sister were slain in a popular Insurrection.

There is nothing remaining, but my Thanks to the Town in general, and to the fair Ladies in particular, for their kind Reception of my Play. And though I cannot retract what I said before, that I was not much concern'd in my own particular, for the Embargo which was laid upon it: Yet I think my self oblig'd, at the same time, to render my Acknowledgements to those Honourable Persons, who were instrumental in the freeing it. For as it was from a Principle of Nobleness in them, that they would not suffer one to want, who was grown old in their Service: So it is from a Principle of another sort, that I have learn'd to possess my Soul in Patience, and not to be much disquieted with any Disappointment of this Nature.




The following Verses were sent me by a young Gentleman, under twenty Years of Age, whose Modesty would have conceal'd his Name; but I learn'd it from another Hand, and have taken the boldness to subscribe it without his Leave. I presume that on the Reading of them, no Body can blame me for making Cleonidas speak above his Youth, when you see an Englishman so far surpassing my Spartan.

To Mr. DRYDEN, on his CLEOMENES.

HAS Youth then lost its great Prerogative?
And do's the Soul alone for Age survive?
Like Embryo's sleeping in their Seeds, seem nought,
'Till friendly Time does ripen it to Thought?
Judgment, Experience, that before was theirs;
But Fancy wanton'd in a younger Sphere;
Play'd with some loose and scatter'd Beams of Light,
And revell'd in an Anarchy of Wit.
Both Youth and Age unequally did charm;
As much too cold was this, as that too warm.
But you have reconcil'd their differing Praise,
By fixing both to your immortal Bays.
Where Fancy mounts, but Judgment holds the Reins;
Not checks, but guides you to harmonious Strains.
'Tis Harmony indeed, 'tis all unite,
Like finish'd Nature, and divided Light:
Like the vast Order, and its numerous Throng,
Crowded to their Almighty Maker's Song;
Where Heav'n and Earth seem but one single Tongue. }
O wondrous Man! where have you learn'd the Art
To charm our Reason, while you wound the Heart!
Far more than *Spartan* Morals to inspire,
While your great Accents kindle *Spartan* Fire.

Thus Metals, bred in Earth, receive
 Receive the Impress of your Master's Hand;
 Your Here form'd to represent Good,
 So nicely patient in his Want of Force,
 That it no more of Death appears,
 While the rich Garment of your Sense it wears,
 So just a Husband, Father, Son, and Friend,
 Great in his Life, but greater in his End:
 That sure, like *Xenophon*, you meant to shew,
 Not what they are, but what they ought to do;
 At once a Poet, and Instructor too.
 The Parts so manag'd, as if each were thine;
 Thou draw'st both Ore and Metal from the Mine;
 And to be seen, thou mak'st ev'n Vice to shine.
 As if, like *Siam's* transmigrating God,
 A single Life in each you made abode;
 And the whole Business of the tedious Round,
 To Copy Patterns which in each you found,
 Sure you have gain'd from Heav'n *Prometheus* Fire,
 To form, then kindle Souls into Desire:
 Else why successive starts of Hopes and Fears;
 A martial Warmth first rais'd, then quench'd with Tears?
 Unless this Truth shines clearly through the whole,
 Sense Rules the World, but you command the Soul.

Theophilus Parsons.



THE



THE
L I F E
O F
C L E O M E N E S.

THUS fell *Agis*. His Brother *Archidamnus* was too quick for *Leonidas*, and sav'd himself by a timely Retreat. But his Wife then newly brought to Bed, the Tyrant forc'd her from her own House, and compell'd her to marry his Son *Cleomenes*, though at that time too young for a Wife; for he was unwilling that any one else should have her, she being Heiress to her Father *Gorgias*'s great Estate; for Person, the finest Woman in all *Greece*, very good-natur'd, of an exemplary Life, and therefore, they say, she did all she could, that she might not be compell'd to this Match.

Being thus married to *Cleomenes*, she hated *Leonidas*, but to the Youth she shew'd her self a kind and obliging Wife. He, as soon as they came together, began to love her

her very much, and the constant Kindness that she still retain'd for the Memory of *Agis*, wrought somewhat of Concern in the young Man for him, so that he would often enquire of her concerning what had pass'd, and attentively listen to the Story of *Agis's* Designs. Now *Cleomenes* had a generous and great Soul; he was as temperate and moderate in his Pleasures as *Agis*, but not so very cautious, circumspect and gentle: a Spur of Passion always gall'd him, and his Eagerness to pursue that which he thought good and just, was violent and heady. To make Men willing to obey, he conceiv'd to be the best Discipline: but likewise to break the stubborn, and force them to be better, was in his Opinion commendable and brave. This Disposition made him dislike the Management of the City: The Citizens lay dissolv'd in supine Idleness and Pleasures; the King minded nothing, designing, if no Body gave him any Disturbance, to waste his Time in Ease and Riot; the Publick was neglected, and each Man intent upon his private Gain. 'Twas dangerous, now *Agis* was kill'd, to mention the exercising and training of their Youth, and to set up for the ancient Bravery and Equality, was Treason against the State. 'Tis said also that *Cleomenes*, whilst a Boy, studied Philosophy under *Spharus* the *Borysthinite*, who coming to *Sparta*, was very diligent in instructing the Youth: *Spharus* was one of the Chief of *Zeno* the *Citizens's* Scholars, and 'tis likely that he admir'd the manly Temper of *Cleomenes*, and inflam'd his generous Ambition. The ancient *Leonidas* (as Story saith) being ask'd, What manner of Poet he thought *Tyrtaeus*? reply'd, An excellent one to whet the Courages of Youth, for being fill'd with Fury by his Poems, they daringly ventur'd on any Danger: now the *Stoicks* Philosophy is a dangerous Incentive to hot and fiery Dispositions, but being mixt with a grave and cautious Temper, is very good to fix and settle the Resolutions.

Upon the Death of his Father *Leonidas*, he succeeded, and observing the Citizens of all Sorts to be debauch'd, the Rich neglecting the Publick, and intent on their own Gain and Pleasure, and the Poor being ciampt in their private Fortunes, grown unactive, Cowards, and not inclinable

blind to the *Spartan* Institution and Way of Breeding, that he had only the Name of King, and the *Ephori* all the Power, was resolv'd to change the present Posture of Affairs. He had a Friend whose Name was *Xenares*, his Lover, (such an Affection the *Spartans* express by the Word *ἐμπεδον*) him he founded, and of him he would commonly enquire, What Manner of King *Agis* was, by what Means, and by what Assistance he began and pursu'd his Designs. *Xenares* at first willingly comply'd with his Request, and told him the whole Story, with all the particular Circumstances of the Actions. But when he observ'd *Cleomenes* to be extremely affected at the Relation, and more than ordinarily mov'd at *Agis*'s new Model of the Government, and begging a Repetition of the Story, he at first severely chid him, told him, He was frantick, and at last left off all Sort of Familiarity and Conversation with him, yet he never told any Man the Cause of their Disagreement, but would only say, *Cleomenes* knew very well. *Cleomenes* finding *Xenares* averse to his Designs, and thinking all others to be of the same Opinion, consulted with none, but contriv'd the whole Business by himself. And considering that it would be easier to bring about an Alteration when the City was at War, than when in Peace, he engag'd the Commonwealth in a Quarrel with the *Achaens*, who had given them fair Occasions to complain: for *Aratus*, a Man of the greatest Power amongst all the *Achaens*, design'd from the very Beginning to bring all the *Peloponnesians* into one common Body. And to effect this, he undertook many Expeditions, and ran through a long Course of Policy; for he thought this the only Means to make them an equal Match for their foreign Enemies: All the rest agreed to his Proposals, only the *Lacedaemonians*, the *Elans*, and as many of the *Arcadians* as inclin'd to the *Spartan* Interest, refus'd. Therefore as soon as *Lamidas* was dead, he fell upon the *Arcadians*, and wasted those especially that border'd on *Achaia*; by this Means designing to try the Inclinations of the *Spartans*, and despising *Cleomenes* as a Youth, and of no Experience in Affairs of State or War. Upon this the *Ephori* sent *Cleomenes* to surprize the

Asinum (dedicated to *Minerva*) near *Belina*, which is a Pass of *Laconia*, and was then under the Jurisdiction of the *Megalopolitans*: *Cleomenes* possist himself of the Place, and fortified it; at which *Aratus* shew'd no publick Resentment, but march'd by Night to surprize *Tegæa*, and *Orchomenus*. The Design fail'd, for those that were to betray the Cities into his Hands, doubted the Success; so *Aratus* retreated, imagining that his Design had been undiscovered: But *Cleomenes* wrote a jeering Letter to him, and desired to know, as from a Friend, whither he intended to march at Night? And *Aratus* answering, That having understood his Design to fortifie *Belina*, he resolv'd to march thither to oppose him. *Cleomenes* return'd, That he believ'd it, but desir'd him to give him an Account, if it stood with his Convenience, why he carryed those Torches and Ladders with him.

Aratus laughing at the Jeer, and asking what Manner of Youth this was; *Democritus* a Spartan Exile replyed, *If you have any Designs upon the Lacedæmonians, begin before this young Eagle's Talons are grown.* Presently after this, *Cleomenes* being in *Arcadia* with a few Horse, and 300 Foot, the *Ephori* fearing to engage in the War, commanded him Home, but upon his Retreat, *Aratus* taking *Caphia*, they commission'd him again. In this Expedition he took *Methuadium*, and spoiled the Country of the *Argives*: and the *Achaïans*, to stop his Victory, and secure their Friends, sent 20000 Foot and 1000 Horse against him, under the Command of *Aristomachus*. *Cleomenes* fac'd them at *Palantium*, and offer'd Battle: But *Aratus* being dash'd at his Bravery, would not suffer the General to engage, but retreated, being curst by the *Achaïans*, and hooted at, and scorn'd by the *Spartans*, who were not above 5000, for a Coward. *Cleomenes* encourag'd by this Success, began to vaunt among the Citizens a Sentence of one of their ancient Kings, who said, *The Spartans seldom enquired how many their Enemies were, but where they were.* After this, marching to the Assistance of the *Eleians*, upon whom the *Achaïans* warr'd, and about *Lycium* falling upon the Enemy in their Retreat, he routed their whole Army, taking a great Number of Captives, and leaving many

many dead upon the place; so that it was commonly reported amongst the Greeks, that *Aratus* was slain. But *Aratus* making the best Advantage of the Opportunity, presently after the Defeat, march'd to *Mantineæ*, and before any Body suspected it, took the City, and put a new Garrison into it. Upon this the *Lacedæmonians* being quite discouraged, and opposing *Cleomenes's* Design of carrying on the War, he was eager to send for *Archidamus*, *Agis's* Brother from *Messena*, for he of the other Family had a Right to the Kingdom; and beside, *Cleomenes* thought that the Power of the *Ephori* would be abated, when the Kingly State was fill'd up, and equally poised between the two Families. But those that were concern'd in the Murder of *Agis* understanding the Design, and fearing that upon *Archidamus's* Return they should be call'd to an Account, receiv'd him coming privately into Town, waited on him, and presently after murder'd him; but whether *Cleomenes* was against it (as *Phylarchus* imagines) or whether he was perswaded by his Friends, and wink'd at the Contrivance, is uncertain; however, they were most blam'd, as having forc'd his Consent. But he still resolving to new-model the State, brib'd the *Ephori* to make him General: and won the Affections of many others by Means of his Mother *Cratesiclea*, who spared no Cost, and was very zealous to promote the same Interest; and though of her self she had no Inclination to marry, yet for her Son's sake she wedded one of the chiefest Citizens for Wealth and Power. *Cleomenes* marching forth with the Army now under his Command, took *Leuctra*, a Place belonging to *Megalopolis*; and the *Achaens* quickly facing him with a good Body of Men commanded by *Aratus*, in a Battel under the very Walls of the City, some Part of his Army was routed. But *Aratus* commanding the *Achaens* not to pass a deep Hollow, and stopping the Pursuit, *Lydiadas* the *Megalopolitan* fretting at the Orders, encouraging the Horse which he led, and pursuing the routed Enemy, fell into a Place full of Vines, Hedges and Ditches; and being forc'd to break his Ranks, was put into a great Disorder. *Cleomenes* observing the Advantage, commanded the *Ten-*

centines

ventines and *Cretans* to engage him, by whom, after a brave Dispute, he was routed and slain. The *Lacedamonians* thus encourag'd, with a great Shout fell upon the *Achaans* and routed their whole Army. Of the Slain, which were very many, some *Cleomenes* delivered upon Articles, but the Body of *Lydiadas* he commanded to be brought to him; and then putting on it a purple Robe, and a Crown upon its Head, sent a Convoy with it to the Gates of *Megalopolis*. This *Lydiadas* was the Man that resign'd his Crown, restor'd Liberty to the Citizens, and joy'n'd the City to the *Achaan* Interest. *Cleomenes* being very much rais'd by this Success; and perswaded, that if Matters were wholly at his Disposol, he should quickly be too hard for the *Achaans*: He taught *Megistones* his Mother's Husband, that 'twas expedient for the State to shake off the Power of the *Ephori*, and to put all their Wealth into one common Stock for the whole Body; That *Sparta* being restor'd to its old Equality, might be rais'd up to be Mistress of all Greece. *Megistones* liked the Design, and engaged two or three more of his Friends. About that Time one of the *Ephori* sleeping in *Pasiphae's* Temple, dream'd a very surprizing Dream; for he thought he saw the four Chairs removed out of the Place where the *Ephori* used to sit and hear Causes, and one only set there; and whilst he wondred, he heard a Voice out of the Temple, saying, *This is best for Sparta*. The Person telling *Cleomenes* this Dream, he was a little troubled at first, fearing that he us'd this as a Trick to sift him, upon some Suspicion of his Design; but when he was satisfi'd that the Relater spoke Truth, he took Heart again; and taking with him those whom he thought would be against his Model, he took *Eras* and *Alcan*, two Cities of the *Achaans*, furnish'd *Orchomenium* with Provisions, besieg'd *Mantinae*; and with long Marches so harass'd the *Lacedamonians*, that many of them desir'd to be left in *Arcadia*: and he satisfy'd their Request. With the Mercenaries he march'd to *Sparta*, and by the way communicated his Design to those whom he thought fittest for his Purpose, and march'd slowly that he might catch the *Ephori* at Supper. When he was come near the City, he
sent

sent *Eurycleidas* to the *Suffium*, the eating Place of the *Ephori*, under Pretence of carrying some Message from him from the Army; *Therion*, *Phobis*, and two of those which were bred with *Cleomenes*, which they call *Samostraca*, follow'd with a few Soldiers: And whilst *Eurycleidas* was delivering his Message to the *Ephori*, they ran upon them with their drawn Swords, and slew them. *Agésilas* as soon as he was run through, fell, and lay as dead; but in a little Time he rose, silently convey'd himself out of the Room, and crept undiscover'd into a little House, which was the Temple of *Fear*, and which always us'd to be shut, but was then by Chance open; being got in, he shut the Door, and lay close: the other four were kill'd, and above ten more that came to their Assistance; to those that were quiet, they did no harm, stopt none that fled the City, and spar'd *Agésilas*, who came out of the Temple the next Day. The *Lacedamonians* have not only Temples dedicated to *Fear*, but also to *Death*, *Laughter*, and the like Passions: Now they worship *Fear*, not as they do those Deities which they dread, esteeming it hurtful, but thinking their Polity is chiefly kept up by Law; and therefore the *Ephori* (*Aristotle* is my Author) when they enter upon their Government, make Proclamation to the People, that they should shave their Whiskers, and be obedient to the Laws, that they might not be forc'd to be severe, using this trivial Particular (in my Opinion) to accustom their Youth to Obedience even in the smallest Matters. And the Ancients, I think, did not imagine Fortitude to be plain Fearlessness, but a cautious Fear of Infamy and Disgrace: for those that shew most Fear towards the Laws, are most bold against their Enemies; and those are least afraid of any Danger, who are most afraid of a just Reproach: Therefore he said well:

A Reverence still attends on Fear.

And *Homer*,

Fear'd you shall be, dear Uncle, and rever'd.

And again,

In Silence fearing those that bore the Sway.

For

For 'tis very commonly seen, that Men reverence those whom they fear; and therefore the *Lacedæmonians* plac'd the Temple of Fear by the *Suffrages* of the *Ephori*, having rais'd their Power to almost absolute Monarchy.

The next Day *Cleomenes* proscrib'd eighty of the Citizens, whom he thought necessary to banish, and removed all the Seats of the *Ephori* except one, in which he himself design'd to sit, and hear Causes; and calling the Citizens together, he made an Apology for his Proceedings, saying, That by *Lycurgus* the Senate was join'd to the Kings, and that that model of Government had continued a long Time, and needed no other sort of Magistrates to give it Perfection. But afterward in the long War with the *Messenians*, when the Kings being to command the Army, had no Time to attend civil Causes, they chose some of their Friends, and left them to determine the Suits of the Citizens in their stead. These were call'd *Ephori*, and at first behav'd themselves as Servants to the Kings, but afterward by degrees they appropriated the Power to themselves, and erected a distinct sort of Magistracy. An Evidence of the Truth of this may be taken from the usual Behaviour of the Kings, who upon the first and second Message of the *Ephori*, refuse to go, but upon the third readily attend them: And *Asteropus*, the first that rais'd the *Ephori* to that height of Power, liv'd a great many Years after their Institution; therefore whilst they modestly contain'd themselves within their own proper Sphere, 'twas better to bear with them than to make a Disturbance. But that an Upstart introduc'd Power should so far destroy the old Model of Government, as to banish some Kings, murder others without hearing their Defence, and threaten those who desir'd to see the best and most Divine Constitution restor'd in *Sparta*, was unsufferable. Therefore if it had been possible for him without Bloodshed, to have freed *Lacedæmon* from those foreign Plagues, Luxury, Vanity, Debts and Usury, and from those more ancient Evils, Poverty and Riches, he should have thought himself the happiest King in the World, having like an expert Physician cur'd the Diseases of his Country without Pain.

But

But now in this Necessity *Lycargus's* Example favour'd his Proceedings, who being neither King, nor Magistrate, but a private Man, and aiming at the Kingdom, came arm'd unto the Market-Place, and for fear of the King *Carillus* fled to the Altar: But he being a good Man, and a lover of his Country, readily consented to *Lycargus's* Project, and admitted an Alteration in the State. Thus by his own Actions *Lycargus* shew'd, That it was difficult to correct the Government without Force and Fear, in using which, he said, he wou'd be so moderate, as never to desire their Assistance, but either to terrifie or ruin the Enemies of *Sparta's* Happiness and Safety. He commanded that all the Land should be left in common, and private Claims laid aside: That Debtors should be discharged of their Debts, and a strict Search made, who were Foreigners, and who not: That the true *Spartans* recovering their Courage, might defend the City by their Arms, and that we may no longer see *Laconia*, for want of a sufficient Number to secure it, wasted by the *Aetolians* and *Illyrians*. Then he himself first, with his Father-in-law *Megisthenes*, and his Friends, brought all their Wealth into one publick Stock, and all the other Citizens follow'd the Example: The Land was divided, and every one that he had banish'd, had a Share assign'd him; for he promis'd to restore all, as soon as Things were settled and in quiet; and compleating the common number of Citizens, out of the best and most agreable of the neighbouring Inhabitants, he rais'd a Body of four thousand Men, and instead of a Spear, taught them to use a *Sarissa*, (a long Pike) with both Hands, and to carry their Shields by a String fastned round their Arms, and not by a Handle, as before. After this he began to consult about the exercising and breeding of the Youth, (many Particulars of which, *Spharus* being then at *Sparta*, directed) and in a short Time the Schools of Exercise, and their *Susina*, (common eating Places) recover'd their ancient Decency and Order; a few out of Necessity, but the most voluntarily applying themselves to that generous and *Laconick* way of Living: Besides, that the Name of Monarch might give them no jealousy, he made *Eucleidas*, his

his Brother, Partner in the Throne; and that was the only time that *Sparta* had two Kings of the same Family. Then understanding that the *Achaean* and *Argive* imagin'd that this Change had disturb'd and shaken his Affairs, and that he would not venture out of *Sparta*, and leave the City now unsettled by so great an Alteration, he thought it great and serviceable to his Designs, to convince his Enemies that he was eagerly desirous of a War: And therefore making an Incurſion into the Territories of *Megalopolis*, he waſted the Country very much, and got a conſiderable Booty. And at laſt taking thoſe that uſ'd to act in the publick Solemnities travelling from *Meſſena*, and building a Theatre in the Enemies Country, and ſetting a Prize of 40*l.* value, he ſate Spectator a whole Day; not that he either deſir'd or needed ſuch a Divertiſement, but as it were inſulting o'er his Enemies, and that by thus manifeſtly deſpiſing them, he might ſhow that he had more than conquer'd the *Achaean*: For that alone of all the *Greek* or Kings Armies had no Stage-players, no Jugglers, no dancing or ſinging Women attending it, but was free from all Sorts of Loofeneſs, Wantonneſs and Foppery; the young Men being for the moſt part upon Duty, and the old Men teaching them at leiſure time to apply themſelves to their uſual Drollery, and to rally one another facetiouſly after the *Laconick* Faſhion; the Advantages of which I have diſcover'd in the Life of *Lycurgus*. He himſelf inſtructed all by his Example: He was a living Pattern of Temperance before every Bodies Eyes, and his Courſe of living was neither more ſtately nor more expenſive than any of the Commons. And this was a conſiderable Advantage to him in his Designs on *Greece*; for Men when they waited upon other Kings, did not ſo much admire their Wealth, coſtly Furniture, and numerous Attendance, as they hated their Pride and State, their difficulty of Acceſs, and ſcornful commanding Answers to their Petitions. But when they came to *Cleomenes*, who was both really a King, and bore that Title, and ſaw no Purple, no Robes of State upon him, no Chairs and Couches about him for his Eaſe, and that he did not receive Petitions, and return Answers after

after a long Delay, by a Number of Messengers, Waiters, or by Bills; but that he rose and came forward to meet those that came to wait upon him, staid, talk'd freely and graciously with all that had Business, they were extremely taken, went to his Service, and profess'd that he alone was the true Son of *Hercules*. His common every Days Meal was in a mean Room, very sparing, and after the *Lacœnick* Manner; and when he entertain'd Ambassadors or Strangers, two more Beds were added, and a little better Dinner provided by his Servants; but no Fricacies, no Dainties, only the Dishes were larger, and the Wine more plentiful; for he reprov'd one of his Friends for entertaining some Strangers with nothing but Pulse and black Broth, such Diet as they usually had in their *Phiditia*, saying, That upon such Occasions, and when they treat Strangers, 'twas not requisite to be too exact *Lacœnians*. After Supper, a Stand was brought in with a brass Vessel full of Wine, two silver Potts, which held almost a Quart a piece, a few silver Cups, of which he that pleas'd might drink, but no Liquor was forc'd on any of the Guests. There was no Musick, nor was any requir'd; for he entertain'd the Company, sometimes asking Questions, sometimes telling Stories: And his Discourse was neither too grave, and unpleasantly serious, nor vain and abusive, but merrily facetious; for he thought those Ways of catching Men by Gifts and Presents, which other Kings use, to be mean and inartificial; and it seem'd to him to be the most glorious Method, and most suitable to a King, to win the Affections of those that came near him, by pleasant Discourse, and unaffected Conversation: for a Friend and Mercenary differ only in this, that the one is made by Conversation and Agreeableness of Humour, and the other by Reward. The *Mantineans* were the first that oblig'd him; for getting by Night into the City, and driving out the *Achaean* Garrison, they put themselves under his Protection: he restor'd them their Polity and Laws, and the same Day march'd to *Tegen*; and a little while after fetching a Compass through *Arcadia*, he made a Descent upon *Phars* in *Achaia*, intending to force *Aratus* to a Battel, or bring him

him into Dispute, for refusing to engage, and suffering him to waste the Country: *Hyperbatus* at that time commanded the Army, but *Aratus* had all the Power amongst the *Achaens*. The *Achaens* marching forth with their whole Strength, and incamping in *Dumae*, about *Hecatombaum*, *Cleomenes* came up, and thinking it not advisable to pitch between *Dumae*, a City of the Enemies, and the Camp of the *Achaens*, he boldly dar'd the *Achaens*, and forc'd them to a Battle, and routing the *Phalanx*, slew a great many in the Fight, and took many Prisoners; thence marching to *Lagon*, and driving out the *Achaen* Garrison, he restor'd the City to the *Elans*. The Affairs of the *Achaens* being in this desperate Condition, *Aratus*, who was wont to continue in his Government above a Year, refus'd the Command, though they entreated and urg'd him to accept it; and this was ill done, when the Storm was high, to put the Power out of his own Hands, and set another to the Helm. *Cleomenes* at first propos'd fair and easie Conditions by his Ambassadors to the *Achaens*; but afterward he sent others, and requir'd the chief Command to be settled upon him; and in other Matters he promis'd to agree to reasonable Terms, and to restore their Captives and their Country. The *Achaens* were willing to come to an Agreement upon those Terms, and invited *Cleomenes* to *Lerna*, where an Assembly was to be held; but it hapn'd that *Cleomenes* hastily marching on, and unreasonably drinking Water, brought up abundance of Blood, and lost his Voice: therefore being unable to continue his March, he sent the chiefest of the Captives to the *Achaens*, and putting off the Meeting for some time retir'd to *Lacedaemon*. This ruin'd the Affairs of *Greece*, which was just then ready to recover it self out of its Disasters, and avoid the Insulting and Covetousness of the *Macedonians*: for *Aratus*, whether fearing or distrusting *Cleomenes*, or envying his unlook'd-for Success, or thinking it a Disgrace for him who had commanded 33 Years, to have a young Man succeed to all his Glory and his Power, and be Head of that Government which he had been raising and settling so many Years; he first endeavour'd to keep the *Achaens* from

from closing with *Cleomenes*; but when they would not hearken to him, fearing *Cleomenes's* daring Spirit, and thinking the *Lacedaemonian's* Proposals to be very reasonable, who design'd only to reduce *Peloponnesus* to its old Model, he took his last Refuge, in an Action which was unbecoming any of the *Greeks*, most dishonourable to him, and most unworthy his former Bravery and Exploits; for he call'd *Antigonus* into *Greece*, and fill'd *Peloponnesus* with *Macedonians*, whom he himself, when a Youth, having beaten their Garrison out of the Castle of *Corinth*, had driven from the same Country; beside he declar'd himself an Enemy to all Kings, and hath left many dishonourable Stories of this same *Antigonus*, in those Commentaries which he wrote. And though he declares that he suffer'd considerable Losses, and underwent great Dangers, that he might free *Athens* from the Power of the *Macedonians*, yet afterward he brought the very same Men arm'd into his own Country, and his own House, even to the Womens Apartment. He would not endure, that one of the Family of *Heracles*, and King of *Sparta*, and one that had reform'd the Polity of his Country, as it were a disorder'd Harmony, and tun'd it to the plain *Doric* Measure of *Lycurgus*, to be styl'd, Head of the *Thracians* and *Sicyonians*; and whilst he fled the Pulse and short Coat, and, which were his chief Accusations against *Cleomenes*, the Extirpation of Wealth, and Reformation of Poverty, he basely subjected himself, together with *Achaia*, to the Diadem and Purple, to the imperious Commands of the *Macedonians* and their *Sworlows*. That he might not seem to be under *Cleomenes*, he sacrific'd the *Antigonae*, (Sacrifices in Honour of *Antigonus*) and sung *Paeans* himself with a Garland on his Head, to the Honour of a rotten, consumptive *Macedonian*.

I write this not out of any Design to disgrace *Aratus* (for in many Things he shew'd himself vigorous for the *Gracian* Interest, and a great Man) but out of Pity to the Weakness of Human Nature, which, in such a Person so excellent, and so many Ways disposed to Virtue, cannot attain to a State irreprehensible. The *Achaean* meeting again at *Argos*, and *Cleomenes* descending from *Tegae*, there were

were great Hopes that all Differences would be compos'd. But *Aratus*, (*Antigonus*, and He having already agreed upon the chief Articles of their League,) fearing, that *Cleomenes* would carry all before him, and either win, or force the Multitude to comply with his Demands, propos'd, that, having three hundred Hostages put into his Hands, he should come alone into the Town, or bring his Army to the Place of Exercise, call'd *Cillarabion*, without the City, and treat there.

Cleomenes hearing this, said, That he was unjustly dealt with; for they ought to have told him so plainly at first, and not now he was come even to their Doors, show their Jealousie, and deny him Admission: and writing an Epistle to the *Achaens* about the same Subject; the greatest Part of which was an Accusation of *Aratus*; and *Aratus*, on the other Side, ripping up his Faults to the Assembly, he hastily dislodg'd; and sent a Trumpeter to denounce War against the *Achaens*, but not to *Argos*, but to *Aegium*, as *Aratus* delivers, that he might not give them Notice enough to make Provision for their Defence. Upon this, the *Achaens* were mightily disturb'd, the common People expecting a Division of the Land, and a Release from their Debts; and the chief Men being on many Accounts displeas'd with *Aratus*, and some Angry and at odds with him, as the Occasion of the *Macædonians* Descent on *Peloponnesus*. Encouraged by these Misunderstandings, *Cleomenes* invades *Achaia*; and first took *Pellene* by Surprise, and beat out the *Achaean* Garrison; and afterward brought over *Phoenon* and *Pentoleon* to his Side. Now the *Achaens* suspecting some treacherous Designs at *Corinth* and *Sicyon*, sent their Horse and Mercenaries out of *Argos* to have an Eye upon those Cities, and they themselves went to *Argos* to celebrate the *Nemean* Games. *Cleomenes* advertis'd of this March, and hoping (as it afterward fell out) that upon an unexpected Advance to the City now busied in the Solemnity of the Games, and throng'd with numerous Spectators, he should raise a considerable Terror and Confusion amongst them; by Night he march'd with his Army to the Walls, and taking the Quarter of the Town call'd *Aspis*, which lies
above

above the Theatre, a Place well fortify'd, and hard to be approach'd, he so terrify'd them, that none offer'd to resist, but agreed to accept a Garrison, to give twenty Citizens for Hostages, and to assist the *Lacedæmonians*, and that he should have the chief Command. This Action considerably increas'd his Reputation, and his Power; for the ancient *Spartan* Kings, though they many Ways endeavour'd to effect it, could never bring *Argos* to be steadfastly and sincerely theirs. And *Pyrrhus* a most experienc'd Captain and brave Soldier, though he entred the City by Force, could not keep Possession, but was slain himself with a considerable Part of his Army: Therefore they admir'd the Dispatch and Contrivance of *Cleomenes*; and those that before derided him for saying that he imitated *Solon* and *Lycurgus* in releasing the People from their Debts, and in equally dividing the Wealth of the Citizens, were now perswaded that he was the Cause of the desirable Alterations in the *Spartan* Common-Wealth: For before they were very low in the World, and so unable to secure their own that the *Ætolians* invading *Laconia*, brought away fifty thousand Slaves; (so that one of the elder *Spartans* is reported to have said, That *They had done Laconia a Kindness by unburdening it*) and yet a little while after applying themselves to their own Customs, and ancient Institution, they gave notable Instances of Courage and Obedience, as if they had been under the Eye of *Lycurgus* himself; and quickly rais'd *Sparta* to be Head of all *Greece*, and recover'd *Peloponnesus* to themselves. Whilst *Argos* was taken, and *Cleona* and *Philius* sided with *Cleomenes*, *Aratus* was at *Corinth* searching after some, who were reported to favour the *Spartan* Interest. The News being brought to him, disturb'd him very much; for he perceiv'd the City inclining to *Cleomenes*, and the *Achaens* willing to be at Ease; therefore he call'd all the Citizens into the common Hall, and, as it were undesignedly retreating to the Gate he mounted his Horse that stood ready there, and fled to *Sicyon*; and the *Corinthians* made such Haste to *Cleomenes* at *Argos*, that (as *Aratus* says) striving who should be first there they spoil'd all their Horses: and *Cleomenes* was very an-

gry with the *Corinthians* for letting *Aratus* escape: And *Megistones* came from *Cleomenes* to him, desiring him to deliver up the Castle of *Corinth*, which was then garrison'd by the *Achaens*, and offer'd him a considerable Sum of Money; and that he answered, That *Matters were not now in his Power, but He in theirs*. Thus *Aratus* himself writes. But *Cleomenes* marching from *Argos*, and taking in the *Traxenitius*, *Epidaurians*, and *Hermioneans*, came to *Corinth*, and block'd up the Castle which the *Achaens* would not surrender; and sending for *Aratus's* Friends and Stewards committed his House and Estate to their Care and Management; and sent *Trismallus* the *Messenian* to him a second time, desiring that the Castle might be equally garrison'd by the *Spartans* and *Achaens*, and promising to *Aratus* himself double the Pension that he receiv'd from King *Ptolemy*: But *Aratus* refusing the Conditions, and sending his own Son with other Hostages to *Antigonus*, and perswading the *Achaens* to make a Decree for delivering the Castle into *Antigonus's* Hands, *Cleomenes* invaded the Territory of the *Sicyonians*, and by a Decree of the *Corinthians*, seiz'd on all *Aratus's* Estate. In the mean time, *Antigonus*, with a great Army, pass'd *Gorathia*, and *Cleomenes* thinking it more advisable to fortify and garrison, not the *Isthmus*, but the Mountains called *Onia*, and by a long Siege and Skirmishes to weary the *Macedonians*, than to venture a set Battle, put his Design in Execution, which very much distress'd *Antigonus*; for he had not brought Victuals sufficient for his Army; nor was it easie to force a Way through whilst *Cleomenes* guarded the Pass. He attempted by Night to pass through *Lechaion*, but fail'd, and lost some Men; so that *Cleomenes* and his Army were mightily encouraged, and so flusht with the Victory, that they went merrily to Supper; and *Antigonus* was very much dejected, being reduc'd to those miserable Straits. At last he design'd to march to the Promontory *Heraum*, and thence transport his Army in Boats to *Sicyon*, which would take up a great deal of time, and be very chargeable. The same time about Evening some of *Aratus's* Friends came from *Argos* by Sea, and invited him to return, for the *Argives* would revolt from *Cleomenes*. *Aristotle* was the Man that

that wrought the Revolt, and he had no hard Task to persuade the common People; for they were all angry with Cleomenes for not releasing them from their Debts as they expected. Upon this Advertisement Aratus with fifteen hundred of Antigonus's Soldiers sail'd to Epidaurus; but Aristotle not staying for his coming, drew out the Citizens, and fought against the Garrison of the Castle, and Timotheus with the Achæans from Sicyn, came to his Assistance. Cleomenes heard the News about the second Watch of the Night, and sending for Megistones angrily commanded him to go and set Things right at Argos. This Megistones was the Man who pass'd his Word for the Argives Loyalty, and persuaded him not to banish the suspected. This Megistones he dispatch'd with two thousand Soldiers, and observ'd Antigonus himself, and encouraged the Corinthians, pretending that there was no great Matter in the Stirs at Argos, but only a little Disturbance rais'd by a few inconsiderable Persons. But when Megistones, entering Argos, was slain, and the Garrison could scarce hold out, and frequent Messengers came to Cleomenes for Succours, he fearing lest the Enemy having taken Argos, should shut up the Passes, and securely waste Laconia, and besiege Sparta it self, which he had left without Forces; he dislodg'd from Corinth and presently lost that City; for Antigonus entred it, and garrison'd the Town. He turn'd aside from his direct March, and assaulting the Wall of Argos, endeavour'd to break in; and having clear'd a Way under the Quarter called Aspis, he join'd the Garrison which still held out against the Achæans; some Parts of the City he scal'd, and took, and his Cretan Archers clear'd the Streets. But when he saw Antigonus with his Phalanx descending from the Mountains into the Plain, and the Horse on all Sides entering the City, he thought it impossible to maintain his Post, and therefore with all his Men made a safe Retreat behind the Wall. Having in a short time rais'd himself to a considerable Height, and in one March made himself Master of almost all Peloponnesus, and lost all again in as short a time: For some of his Allies presently forsook him, and others not long after put themselves under

under *Antigonus's* Protection. His Army thus defeated, as he was leading back the Relicks of his Forces, some from *Lacedæmon* met him in the Evening at *Tegea*, and brought him News of as great a Misfortune as that which he had lately suffer'd, and that was the Death of his Wife, whom he doted on so much, that when he was most prosperous, he would ever now and then make a step to *Sparta* to visit his beloved *Ægiatis*.

This News afflicted him extremely, and he griev'd, as a young Man would do for the loss of a very beautiful and excellent Wife; yet his Passion did not debase the greatness of his Mind, but keeping his usual Voice, his Countenance, and his Habit, he gave necessary Orders to his Captains, and took care to secure the *Tegeans*. The next day he retir'd to *Sparta*, and having at home with his Mother and Children bewail'd the loss, and finish'd his Mourning, he presently appear'd about the publick Affairs of the State. Now *Ptolemy*, the King of *Ægypt*, promis'd him Assistance, but demanded his Mother and Children for Hostages: this for some considerable time he was aham'd to discover to his Mother; and though he often went to her on purpose, and was just upon the Discourse, yet still refrain'd, and kept it to himself: so that she began to suspect somewhat, and ask'd his Friends, Whether *Cleomenes* had somewhat to say to her, which he was afraid to speak? At last *Cleomenes* venturing to tell her, she laugh'd heartily, and said, *Was this the thing that you had often a mind to tell me, and was afraid? Why do not you put me on Shipboard, and send this Carcase where it may be most serviceable to Sparta, before Age wastes it unprofitably here?* Therefore all things being provided for the Voyage, they went to *Tenarus* on Foot, and the Army waited on them. *Cratesiclea*, when she was ready to go on Board, took *Cleomenes* aside into *Neptune's* Temple, and embracing him who was very much dejected, and extremely compos'd, she said thus, *Go to, King of Sparta; when we are without door, let none see us Weep, or show any Passion below the Honour and Dignity of Sparta; for that alone is in our own Power: as for Success or Disappointments, those wait on us as the Deity decrees.* Having said thus, and compos'd her

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Countenance, she went to the Ship with her little Grandson, and bad the Pilot put presently out to Sea. When she came to Egypt, and understood that *Ptolemy* entertain'd Proposals and Overtures of Peace from *Antigonus*, and that *Cleomenes*, tho' the *Achaens* invited and urg'd him to an Agreement, was afraid, for her sake, to come to any, without *Ptolemy's* Consent, she wrote to him, advising him to do that which was most becoming and most profitable for *Sparta*, and not for the sake of an old Woman and a little Child, always stand in fear of *Ptolemy*: this Character she maintain'd in her Misfortunes. *Antigonus* having taken *Tegae*, and plunder'd *Orchomenum* and *Mantineia*, *Cleomenes* was shut up within the narrow Bounds of *Laconia*, and made such of the *Heilots* as could pay five Attick Pounds, free of *Sparta*, and by that means got together 500 Talents; and arming 2000 after the *Macedonian* Fashion, that he might make a Body fit to oppose *Antigonus's* *Lucaspida* (white Shields) he undertook a very surprizing Enterprize. *Megalopolis* was at that time a City of it self, as big and as powerful as *Sparta*, and had the Forces of the *Achaens* and *Antigonus* encamping on its sides; and it was chiefly the *Megalopolitans* doing, that *Antigonus* was call'd in to assist the *Achaens*. *Cleomenes* having a Design upon this City, (no Action was ever more sudden and more unexpected) order'd his Men to take five Days Provision, and so march'd to *Sellasia*, as if he intended to spoil the Country of the *Argives*; but from thence making a Descent into the Territories of *Megalopolis*; and refreshing his Army about *Rhatium*, he march'd through *Helicon*, directly to the City. When he was not far off the Town, he sent *Pantheus* with two Regiments to surprize the *Mesopyrgion*, (the Quarter between the two Towers) which he understood to be the most unguarded Quarter of the *Megalopolitans* Fortifications; and with the rest of his Forces he follow'd leisurely. *Pantheus* not only surpriz'd that Place, but finding a great part of the Wall without Guards, he pull'd down some Places, and demolish'd others, and kill'd all the Defenders that he found. Whilst he was thus busied, *Cleomenes* came up to him,

and was got with his Army within the City, before the *Megalopolitans* knew of the Surprize: At last, as soon as it was discover'd, some left the Town immediately, taking with them what Money they had ready; some arm'd, and engag'd the Enemy; and tho' they were not able to beat them out, yet they gave their Citizens time and opportunity safely to retire: so that there were not above 1000 Persons left in the Town, all the rest flying with their Wives and Children, and escaping to *Messena*. A great number of those that arm'd, and fought the Enemy, were slay'd, and very few taken, amongst whom were *Lyfandridas* and *Theoridas*, two Men of great Power and Reputation amongst the *Megalopolitans*; and therefore the Soldiers, as soon as they were taken, brought them to *Cleomenes*: And *Lyfandridas*, as soon as he saw *Cleomenes* afar off, cry'd out: Now King of Sparta, 'tis in your Power by doing a most kingly and braver Action than you have already perform'd, to purchase a considerable Glory. And *Cleomenes* guessing at his Meaning, reply'd, What do you say *Lyfandridas*? sure you will not advise me to restore your City to you again? 'Tis that which I mean; *Lyfandridas* reply'd, and I advise you not to ruin so brave a City, but to fill it with faithful and steadfast Friends and Allies, by restoring their Country to the *Megalopolitans*, and being the Saviour of so considerable a People. *Cleomenes* paus'd a while, and then said, 'Tis very hard to trust so far in these Matters; but with us let Profit always yield to Glory. Having said this, he sent the two Men to *Messena* with a Trumpeter from himself, offering the *Megalopolitans* their City again, if they would forsake the *Achaean* Interest, and be on his Side. Tho' *Cleomenes* made these kind and obliging Proposals, yet *Philopamen* would not suffer them to break their League with the *Achaean*; and accusing *Cleomenes* to the People, as if his Design was not to restore the City, but to take the Citizens too, he forc'd *Theoridas* and *Lyfandridas* to leave *Messena*.

This was that *Philopamen*, who was afterward Chief of the *Achaean*, and a Man of the greatest Reputation amongst the Greeks, as I have made it appear in his own Life.

Life. This News coming to *Cleomenes*, though he had before taken such strict Care that the City should not be plunder'd, yet then being in a Fury, and put out of all Patience, he rifled them of all their Coin, Plate and Jewels, and sent their Statues and Pictures unto *Sparta*; and demolishing a great part of the City, he march'd away for fear of *Antigonus* and the *Achaean*: but they never stir'd, for they were in *Argos*, at a Council of War. *Aratus* mounted the Desk, wept a long while, and held his Mantle before his Face; and at last, the Company being assembled, and commanding him to speak, he said, *Megalopolis is ruin'd by Cleomenes*. The Assembly was presently Dissolv'd; the *Achaean* being extremely surpris'd at the suddenness and greatness of the Loss; and *Antigonus* intending to send speedy Succours, when he found his Army to gather very slowly out of their Winter-Quarters, he sent them Orders to continue there still; and he himself march'd to *Argos* with a considerable Body of Men. The second Enterprize of *Cleomenes* seem'd to be carry'd on by extreme Boldness and unaccountable Madnes; but yet in *Polybius's* Opinion, was done upon mature Deliberation and exact Fore-sight: for knowing very well that the *Macedonians* were dispers'd into their Winter-Quarters, and that *Antigonus* with his Friends and a few Mercenaries about him, winter'd in *Argos*; upon these Considerations he invaded the Country of the *Argives*, hoping to shame *Antigonus* to a Battle upon unequal terms; or else if he did not dare to fight, to bring him into Disrepute with the *Achaean*. And this accordingly hapned; for *Cleomenes* wasting, plundering, and spoiling the whole Country, the *Argives* vex'd at the loss, ran in Troops to the Palace of the King, and clamour'd that he should either fight, or surrender his Command to better and braver Men. But *Antigonus*, as became an experienc'd Captain, accounting it dishonourable, foolishly to hazard his Army, and quit his Security, and not to be abus'd and rail'd at by the Rabble, would not march out against *Cleomenes*, but stood fix'd to the Design which he had laid: *Cleomenes* in the mean time brought his Army up to the very Walls, and having un-

controll'dly spoil'd the Country, and insulted o'er his Enemies, drew off again. A little while after being advertis'd that *Antigonus* design'd for *Tegæa*, and thence to make an Incursion into *Laconia*, he hastily march'd with his Army another way, and appear'd early in the Morning before *Argos*, and wasted the Fields about it: the Corn he did not cut down with Reaping-hooks and Scythes, as Men usually do, but beat it down with Staves made like Scymetars, as if with a great deal of Contempt and wanton Scorn he spoil'd the Fields, and wasted the Country in his march; yet when his Soldiers would have set *Oylivris*, the School of Exercise, on Fire, he hindred the Attempt, reflecting upon serious Consideration, that the Outrages committed at *Megalopolis* were the effects of his Passion rather than his Wildom. He pretended to make such little Account of, and so much to despise *Antigonus*, who first retir'd to *Argos*, and afterward placed Garrisons on all the Mountains round about, that he sent a Trumpeter to desire the Keys of *Heræum* (*Juno's Temple*) that he might sacrifice to the Goddess. Thus with a Scoff and bitter Reflection on *Antigonus*, and having sacrific'd to the Goddess, under the Walls of the Temple, that was shut, he march'd to *Plôius*; and from thence driving out those that Garrison'd *Holgonatum*, he march'd down to *Orchomenum*. And these Enterprizes not only encourag'd the Citizens, but made him appear to the very Enemies to be an experienc'd Captain, and very worthy of Command: For with the Strength of one City, not only to fight the Power of the *Macedonians*, and all the *Peloponnesians*; not only to preserve *Laconia* from being spoil'd, but to waste the Enemies Country, and to take so many and such considerable Cities, is an Argument of no common Bravery. He that first said, *That Money was the Sinews of Affairs*, seem'd chiefly in that Saying to respect War: And *Demades*, when the *Athenians* voted that a Navy should be made ready, but had no Money, said, *They should make Bread before they thought of Sailing*. And the old *Archidamus*, in the beginning of the *Peloponnesian* War, when the Allies desir'd, that each Parties share of

Contri-

Contributions for the War should be determin'd, is what I am oblig'd to have said, *War cannot be kept to a set Diet*: For well-breath'd Wrestlers do in time weary and tire out the most active and skilful Combatant; so *Antigonus* coming to the War with a great stock of Wealth, weary'd out *Cleomenes*, whose Poverty made it difficult for him either to provide Pay for the Mercenaries, or Provisions for the Citizens. For in all other Respects the Time favour'd *Cleomenes*; for *Antigonus's* Affairs at home began to be disturb'd: for the *Barbarians* wasted and over-ran *Macedonia* whilst he was absent; and at that time a vast Army of the *Illyrians* came down: to be freed from whose Outrages, the *Macedonians* sent for *Antigonus*, and the *Grecians* had almost been brought to him before the Battle was fought; upon the Receipt of which he presently dislodg'd, and left the *Achaean* Affairs to themselves. But Fortune, that loves to determine the greatest Affairs by a Minute, in this Conjunction show'd such an exact niceness of Time, that immediately after the Battle in *Sellasia* was over, and *Cleomenes* had lost his Army and his City, the Messengers reach'd *Antigonus*. And this made *Cleomenes's* Misfortune more to be pitied; for if he had forborn fighting two days longer, there had been no need of hazarding a Battle, since upon the departure of the *Macedonians*, he might have had what Conditions he pleas'd from the *Achaean*s. But now (as I hinted before) for want of Money, being necessitated to rely wholly on his Arms, he was forc'd with 20000 (this is *Polybius's* Account) to engage thirty thousand; and approving himself an excellent Commander in this Difficulty, his Citizens showing an extraordinary Courage, and his Mercenaries Bravery enough; he was over-born by the different way of fighting, and the weight of the arm'd *Phalanx*. Besides, *Phylarchus* affirms, that the Treachery of some about him was the chief Cause of *Cleomenes's* Ruin. For *Antigonus* gave Orders, that the *Illyrians* and *Achaeanians* should march round by a secret Way, and encompass the other Wing which *Eucleidas*, *Cleomenes's* Brother, Commanded; and then drew out the rest of his Forces to the Battle. And *Cleomenes*,

from a convenient Rising, viewing his Order, and not seeing any of the *Illyrians* and *Achaeanians*, began to suspect that *Antigonus* had sent them upon some such Design; and calling for *Damoteles*, who was to inspect and to provide against Ambushes, commanded him carefully to look after, and discover the Enemies Designs upon his Rear.

But *Damoteles* (for some say *Antigonus* had brib'd him) telling him that he should not be solicitous about that Matter, for all was well enough, but mind, and fight those that met him in the Front; he was satisfied, and advanc'd against *Antigonus*; and by the vigorous Charge of his *Spartans*, made the *Macedonian Phalanx* give ground, and press'd upon them with great Advantage about half a Mile; but then making a stand, and seeing the Danger which the surrounded Wing commanded by his Brother *Eucleidas* was in, he cry'd out, *Thou art lost, dear Brother, thou art lost, thou brave Example to our Spartan Youth, and Theme of our Matrons Songs.*

Eucleidas's Wing being thus cut in Pieces, and the Conquerors from that part falling upon his Battel, he perceiv'd his Soldiers to be disorder'd, and unable to maintain the Fight, and therefore provided for his own Safety. When he came into the City, he advis'd those Citizens that he met, to receive *Antigonus*; and as for himself, he said, which should appear most advantageous to *Sparta*, whether his Life or Death, that he would chuse. Seeing the Women running out to those that fled with him, taking their Arms, and bringing Drink to them, he entered into his own House, and his Servant, which was a Free-born Woman, taken from *Megalopolis* after his Wife's Death, offering, as she us'd to do, to make necessary Provision for him returning from the Battel; tho' he was very thirsty, he refus'd to drink, and tho' very weary, to sit down; but arm'd as he was, he clap'd his Arm sideways to a Pillar, and leaning his Forehead upon his Elbow, he rested his Body a little while, and ran over in his Thoughts what Course he shou'd take, and then with his Friends went presently to *Gythium*; where finding Ships fitted for the Purpose, they embark'd. *Antigonus* taking

taking the City, treated the *Lacedaemonians* courteously, and neither affronting, nor ruining the Dignity of *Sparta*, but permitting them to enjoy their own Laws and Polity, and sacrificing to the Gods, dislodg'd the third Day: For he heard that there was a great War kindled in *Macedonia*, and that the Country was spoil'd by the *Barbarians*; besides, he grew sick of a Consumption and continual Defluxion on the Lungs, yet he still kept up, that he might return and free his own Country, and fall more gloriously upon an Heap of slaughter'd *Barbarians*. As *Phylarchus* says, and 'tis probable, he broke a Vein by shouting in the Battel. In the Plays 'twas said, that after the Victory he cry'd out for Joy, *O fine Day!* and presently bringing up abundance of Blood, fell into a Fever, and dy'd in a short Time. And thus much concerning *Antigonus*.

Cleomenes sailing from *Cythera*, touch'd at another Island call'd *Aegalia*, whence, as he was about to depart from *Cyrene*, one of his Friends, *Thorycion* by Name, a Man of an haughty Spirit in all Enterprizes, and high and boasting in his Talk, came privately to him, and said thus; *Sir, Death in Battel, which is the most Glorious, we have let go; though all heard us say, that Antigonus should never tread over the King of Sparta, unless dead: And now, that which is next in Bravery and Glory, is presented to us. Whither do we madly sail, flying that which is near, and seeking that which is far removed? For if it is not dishonourable for the Race of Hercules, to serve the Successors of Philip and Alexander, we shall save a long Voyage by delivering our selves up to Antigonus, who probably surpasseth Ptolemy as much as the Macedonians do the Egyptians; but if we think it mean to submit to those whose Arms have conquer'd us, why should we chuse him for our Lord by whom we have not yet been beaten? Is it that instead of one we might appear meaner than two, whilst we fly Antigonus, and flatter Ptolemy? Or, is it for your Mother's Sake that you retreat to Egypt? It will indeed be a very fine, and very desirable Sight for her to be shown her Son by Ptolemy's Woman, now chang'd from a Prince into an Exile and a Slave. Are we not still Masters of*

our own Swords? And whilst we hate Laconia in view, shall we not here free our selves from this disgraceful Misery, and clear our selves to those, who at Sellasia dy'd for the Honour and Defence of Sparta? Or shall we sit lazily in Egypt, enquiring what News from Sparta? and whom Antigonus hath been pleas'd to make Governor of Lacedæmon? Thus spoke Therycion; and this was Cleomenes's Reply; By seeking Death, you Coward, the most easie, and most ready Refuge, you fancy that you shall appear courageous and brave, though this Flight is baser than thy former. Better Men than we, have given way to their Enemies, having been betray'd by Fortune, or oppress'd by Multitude; but he that sinks under Labour or Afflictions, the Opinions or Reproaches of Men, is overcome by his own Effeminacy and Softness: For a voluntary Death ought not to be chosen as a Relief from Action, but an exemplary Action it self; and 'tis base either to live or die only to our selves. That Death to which you now invite us, is propos'd only as a Release from our present Miseries, but carries nothing of Bravery or Profit in it. And I think it becomes both me and you not to despair of our Country; but when there are no hopes of that left, those that have an Inclination may quickly die. To this Therycion return'd no Answer; but as soon as he could get out of Cleomenes's Company, went toward the Shore, and ran himself through. But Cleomenes sailed from *Ægialia*, landed in *Libya*, and being honourably conducted through the King's Country, came to *Alexandria*. When he was first brought to *Ptolemy*, no more than common Civilities, and usual Ceremonies were paid him; but when, upon tryal, he found him a Man of deep Sense, and great Reason, and that his plain *Laconical* way of Conversation carried a free Pleasantness with it, that he did nothing unbecoming the Greatness of his Birth, nor bent under Fortune, and appear'd a more faithful Counsellor, than those who made it their Business to please and flatter; he was asham'd, and repented that he had neglected so great a Man, and suffer'd *Antigonus* to get so much Power and Reputation by ruining him. Therefore he heap'd up Honours and Kindnesses on *Cleomenes*, and gave him Hopes that he would

would furnish him with an Army and a Navy to recover Greece, and reinstate him in his Throne. Besides, he allow'd him a yearly Pension of four and twenty Talents; a little part of which Sum supplied his and his Friends thrifty Temperance; and the rest was imploy'd in doing good Offices to, and in relieving the Necessities of those that fled Greece, and retir'd into Egypt.

But the elder Ptolemy dying before Cleomenes's Affairs had receiv'd a full Dispatch, and the Successor being a loose, voluptuous and effeminate Prince, under the Power of his Pleasures and his Women, his Business was neglected: for the King was so besotted with his Women and his Wine, that Balls, Musick and Dancing were the only Employments of his most busie and serious Hours; and the greatest Affairs of State were manag'd by *Alyathoclea* the King's Mistress, her Mother, and the Pimp *Oimantbes*. Therefore at the first they seem'd to stand in need of Cleomenes; for Ptolemy being afraid of his Brother *Magas*, who by his Mother's means had a great Interest among the Souldiers, took Cleomenes into his Cabinet-Council, and acquainted him with the Design of taking off his Brother. He, though all were for it, declar'd his Opinion to the contrary, saying, *The King, if it were possible, should have more Brothers for the better Security and Management of his Affairs: And Sosibius, the greatest Favourite, replying, That they were not secure of the Mercenaries whilst Magas was alive: Cleomenes return'd, That he need not trouble himself about that Matter; for amongst the Mercenaries there were above 3000 Peloponnesians, who were his fast Friends, and whom he could command at any Time with his Nod.* This Discourse made Cleomenes for the present to be look'd upon as a Man of Integrity and Power; but afterwards (Ptolemy's Weakness increasing his Fear, as it usually happens, where there is no Judgment and Wisdom at the bottom, placing his Security in Jealousie and Suspicion) render'd Cleomenes suspected to the Courtiers, as having too much Interest with the Mercenaries; and many had this Saying in their Mouths, *That he was a Lion midst a Flock of Sheep:* For such he seem'd to be in the Court, slyly over-
M 5 looking.

looking and taking notice of the Management of Affairs; therefore when he desir'd a Navy and an Army from the King, his Petition was rejected. But when he understood that *Antigonus* was dead, that the *Achaeans* were engag'd in a War with the *Asians*, and that the Affairs of *Peloponnesus*, being now in very great Distraction and Distress, requir'd and invited his Assistance, he desir'd leave to depart only with his Friends, but could not obtain that, the King not so much as hearing his Petition, being shut up amongst his Women, and wasting his Hours in Debauchery and Frolicks. But *Syllus*, the chief Minister of State, thought that *Cleomenes* being detain'd against his Will, would grow ungovernable and dangerous, and yet it was not safe to let him go, being an aspiring, daring Man, and well acquainted with the Diseases and Weakness of the Kingdom; for no Presents, no Gifts, could win him to a Compliance. But as the Ox *Apis* though revelling in all possible Plenty and Delight, yet desires to live as Nature would provide for him, to be at Liberty, and frisk about the Fields, and can scarce endure to be under the Priests keeping; so he could not brook their Courtship, and tender Entertainment, but like *Achilles*,

*Whilst there, his Heart did waste with secret Grief,
And he was eager for the noisy Wars.*

His Affairs standing in this Condition, *Nicagoras* the *Messonian* came to *Alexandria*, a Man that deeply hated *Cleomenes*, yet pretended to be his Friend; for he had formerly sold *Cleomenes* a fair Estate, but never receiv'd the Money, because *Cleomenes* was either unable, (as it may be) or else, by Reason of his Engagement in the Wars and other Distractions, had no Time to pay him. *Cleomenes* seeing him landing, (for he was then walking upon the Key) kindly saluted him, and ask'd, *What Business brought him to Ægypt?* *Nicagoras* return'd his Compliment, and told him, *That he came to bring some excellent War-horses to the King.* And *Cleomenes* with a Smile subjoin'd,

joy'd, I wish you had rather brought Pimps, Whores, and
Patiblers; for those now are the King's chief Delight. *Nicagoras*
 at the present smil'd at the Conceit; but a few Days
 after he put *Cleomenes* in Mind of the Estate that he had
 bought of him, and desir'd his Money, protesting that
 he would not have troubled him, if his Merchandize had
 turned to that Account, which he thought it would.
Cleomenes reply'd, That he had not a Penny left of all
 that had been given him: At which Answer *Nicagoras*
 being nettled, told *Sosibius* *Cleomenes's* Scoff upon the
 King. He caus'd him for the Discovery, but desiring
 to have some greater Reason to excite the King against
Cleomenes, perswaded *Nicagoras* to leave a Letter written
 against *Cleomenes*, importing that he had a Design, if he
 could have gotten Ships and Soldiers, to surprize *Cyrene*:
Nicagoras wrote such a Letter, and left *Egypt*. Four Days
 after *Sosibius* brought the Letter to *Ptolemy*, pretending it
 was just then deliver'd him, and with a bitter Invective
 excited the Fury of the Youth; upon this it was agreed,
 that *Cleomenes* should be invited into a large Apartment,
 and treated as formerly, but not suffer'd to go out again:
 this Usage was grievous to *Cleomenes*, and by this unlucky
 Accident, his Hopes for the future seem'd to be quite
 dash'd. *Ptolemy*, the Son of *Chrysermas*, a Favourite of
 the King's, always carried himself fairly towards *Cleome-
 nes*; they contracted a near Acquaintance, and would talk
 freely together about the State. He, upon *Cleomenes's* De-
 sire, came to him, had some Discourse with him, upon a
 few and inconsiderable Subjects, to avoid Suspicion, and
 made some Excuses for the King; but as he went out a-
 gain, not knowing that *Cleomenes* follow'd him to the
 Door, he very severely reprimanded the Keepers, for
 their Carelessness in looking after so great and so furious
 a wild Beast. This *Cleomenes* himself heard, and retiring
 before *Ptolemy* perceiv'd it, told his Friends what he had
 heard. Upon this they cast off all their former Hopes,
 and determin'd for violent Proceedings, resolving to be
 reveng'd on *Ptolemy* for his base and unjust Dealing; to
 have Satisfaction for the Affronts, to die as it became

Spartan.

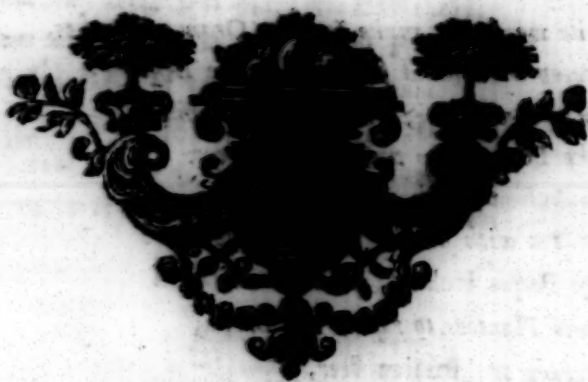
Spartans, and not stay 'till, like fatted Sacrifices, they were Butcher'd: for it was both grievous and dishonourable for *Cleomenes*, who had scorn'd to come to Terms with *Antigonus*, a brave Warrior, and a Man of Action, to wait an effeminate King's Leisure, 'till he should lay aside his Fiddle, and end his Dance, and then kill him. These Courses being resolv'd on, and *Ptolemy* hapning at the same time to make a Progress to *Canozus*, they first spread abroad a Report, that his Freedom was order'd by the King; and it being the King's Custom to send Presents and an Entertainment to those whom he would free, *Cleomenes's* Friends made that Provision, and sent it into the Prison, thereby deceiving the Keepers, who thought it had been sent by the King; for he sacrific'd, and gave them large Portions, and with a Crown upon his Head feasted and made merry with his Friends: 'tis said, that he began the Action sooner than he design'd, having understood that a Servant of one of the Accomplices lay abroad with a Mistress that he lov'd. This made him afraid of a Discovery; and therefore as soon as it was full Noon, and all the Keepers drunk and fast asleep, he put on his Coat, and opening the Seam on his right Shoulder, with his drawn Sword in his Hand he issued forth, together with his Friends, provided in the same Manner, making 13 in all. One of them, by Name *Hippotas*, was lame, he follow'd the first Onset very well; but when afterward he perceiv'd that they were more slow in their Advances for his Sake, he desir'd them to run him through, and not ruin their Enterprize, by staying for an useless, unprofitable Man. By chance an *Alexandrian* was then riding by the Door, him they threw off, and setting *Hippotas* on Horseback, ran thro' the narrow Lanes, and proclaim'd Liberty to the People; but they, it seems, had Courage enough to praise and admire *Cleomenes's* Daring, but not one had the Heart to follow and assist him. Three of them fell on *Ptolemy*, the Son of *Chrysermas*, as he was coming out of the Palace, and kill'd him: Another *Ptolemy*, the Lieutenant of the City, advancing against

gainst them in a Chariot, they set upon, dispers'd his Guards and Attendants, and pulling him out of the Chariot, kill'd him upon the Place. Then they made toward the Castle, designing to break open the Prison, and take the Prisoners to their Assistance; but the Keepers were too quick for them, and secur'd the Passages. Being baffled in this Attempt, *Cleomenes* with his Company roam'd about the City, none joyning with him, but all retreating from, and flying his Approach: Therefore despairing of Success, and saying to his Friends, That it was no Wonder that Women run'd o'er those Men that fled Liberty, he excited them all to dye as bravely as became his Followers, and Men of their glorious Performances. This said, *Hippotas* was first, as he desir'd, run through by one of the young Men, and then each of them readily and resolutely fell upon his own Sword, except *Pansheus*, that *Pantheus* that first surpriz'd *Megalopolis*. This Man being a very handsome Person, and a better Companion than any of the Youth, the King lov'd, and bade him, when he had seen him and the rest fall'n, dye, by their Example. *Pansheus* walk'd over them as they lay, and prick'd every one with his Dagger, to try whether any was alive; when he prick'd *Cleomenes* in the Leg, and saw him turn upon his Back, he kiss'd him, fate down by him, and when he was quite dead, cover'd his Carcass, and then kill'd himself upon his Body.

Thus fell *Cleomenes*, that great, brave Man, after he had been King of *Sparta* sixteen Years. The news of their Fall being nois'd through the City, *Cratesiclea*, though a Woman of a great Spirit, could not bear up against the insupportable weight of this Affliction; but embracing *Cleomenes's* Children, made grievous Lamentations; but the eldest Boy, none suspecting such a Spirit in a Child, threw himself headlong from the top of the House; he was bruise'd very much, but not kill'd by the Fall, and was taken up crying and expressing his Resentments for not being permitted to destroy himself. *Ptolemy*, as soon as an account of the Action was brought him, gave order

der that *Cleomenes's* Body should be Flea'd and hang up; that his Children, Mother, and the Woman that were with her, should be kill'd. Amongst those was *Pantous's* Wife, a very fair Woman, and of a stately Carriage, who had been but newly Married, and suffer'd these Disasters in the height of her Love. Her Parents would not let her embark with *Pantous* presently after they were Married, though she eagerly desir'd it, but shut her up, and kept her by violence at Home; yet a few Days after she got a Horse and a little Money, and escaping by Night, made speed to *Tenarus*, where she embark'd for *Aegypt*, came to her Husband, and with him cheerfully endur'd to live in a Foreign Country. She led *Cratesides* as she was going with the Soldiers to Execution, held up her Train, and begg'd her to be courageous, who of her self was not in the least afraid of Death, and desir'd nothing else, but only to be kill'd before the Children. When they were come to the place of Execution, the Children were first kill'd before *Cratesides's* Eyes, and afterward she her self, with only these Words in her Mouth; *O Children, whither are you gone?* But *Pantous's* Wife girding her Garments close to her, and being a strong Woman, without any Noise or Lamentation, lookt after every one that was slain, and wound them up as well as her present Circumstances would permit; and after all were kill'd, dressing her self, bound her Cloaths close about her, and suffering none to come near, or be an Eye-witness of her Fall, beside the Executioner, she courageously submitted to the Stroak, and wanted no Body to look after her, or wind her up after she was dead. Thus in her Death the Modesty of her Mind appear'd, and set the Guard upon her Body, which she always kept when alive: And she in the declining Age of the *Spartans* shew'd, That Women were no unequal Rivals of the Men, and was an Instance of such a Courage as would not sneak to the Affronts of Fortune. A few Days after, those that watch'd the hanging Body of *Cleomenes*, saw a very great Snake winding about his Head, and covering his Face, so that no Bird of Prey should fly at it. This made the King superstitiously

giously afraid, and for the Winter upon several Lustrations, as if he had been an extraordinary Man, and one belov'd by the Gods that had been slain. And the *Alexandrians* made Processions to the Place, and gave *Cleomenes* the Title of *Herakles*, and the Son of the Gods, till the Philosophers satisfied them, by saying, That, as Oxen breed Bees, putrifying Horses breed Hornets, and Beetles rise from the Carcasses of dead Asses, so the Humours and Juices of the Marrow of a Man's Body coagulating, produce Serpents. And this the Ancients observing, appropriated a Serpent rather than any other Creature to *Heracles*.





PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. MOUNTFORD.

I Think, or hope, at least, the Coast is clear,
That none but Men of Wit and Sense are here :
That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,
Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry Play, Play.
Who to save Coach-hire, trudge along the Street,
Then print our matted Seats with dirty Feet ;
Who, while we speak, make Love to Orange-Wenches,
And between Acts stand strutting on the Benches :
Where got a Cock-horse, making vile Grimaces,
They to the Boxes show their Booby Faces.
A Merry-Andrew, such a Mob will serve,
And treat 'em with such Wit as they deserve :
Let 'em go People Ireland, where there's need
Of such new Planters to repair the Breed ;
Or to Virginia or Jamaica steer,
But have a Care of some French Privateer ;
For if they should become the Prize of Battle,
They'll take 'em black and white for Irish Cattle.
Arise true Judges in your own Defence,
Controul those Foplings, and declare for Sense :
For should the Fools prevail, they stop not there,
But make their next Descent upon the Fair.

Then

PROLOGUE.

*Then rise, ye Fair; for it concerns you most,
That Fools no longer should your Favours boast;
'Tis time you should renounce 'em, for we find
They plead a senseless Claim to Woman-kind:
Such Squires are only fit for Country Towns,
To stink of Ale; and dist a Stand with Clowns:
Who, to be chosen for the Land's Protectors,
Tope and get Drunk before their wise Electors.
Let not Farce Lovers your weak Choice upbraid,
But turn 'em over to the Chamber-maid.
Or if they come to see our Tragick Scenes,
Instruct them what a Spartan Hero means:
Teach 'em how manly Passions ought to move,
For such as cannot Think, can never Love:
And since they needs will judge the Poet's Art,
Point 'em with Fescos to each shining Part.
Our Author hopes in you, but still in pain,
He fears your Charms will be employ'd in vain;
You can make Fools of Wits, we find each Hour,
But to make Wits of Fools, is past your Power.*



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Cleomenes, <i>King of Sparta.</i>	Mr. Betterton.
Cleonidas, <i>his Son by his first Wife.</i>	Mr. Lee.
Ptolemy, <i>King of Egypt.</i>	Mr. Alexander.
Sofibius, <i>his Minister of State.</i>	Mr. Sandford.
Cleanthes, <i>Son to Sofibius, Friend to Cleomenes, Captain of Pto- lemy's Guard.</i>	Mr. Mountford.
Pantheus, <i>a Noble Spartan, the Favourite of Cleomenes.</i>	Mr. Kynaston.
Cœnus, <i>a Messenian Lord.</i>	Mr. Hudson.

W O M E N.

Crateficlea, <i>Mother to Cleomenes.</i>	Mrs. Betterton.
Cleora, <i>Cleomenes's Second Wife.</i>	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Cassandra, <i>Mistress to Ptolemy.</i>	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Priests of Apis. A Mariner. Egyptians. Guards.</i>	

CLEO-



CLEOMENES,
THE
Spartan Heroe.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Sea-Port of Alexandria.*

Enter Cleomenes solus.

CLEOMENES.

DEjected! no, it never shall be said,
That Fate had Power upon a *Spartan* Soul:
My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,
And stable; as the Fabrick of the World:
Propt on it self; still I am *Cleomenes*:
I fought the Battle bravely, which I lost;
And lost it, but to *Macedonians*,
The Successors of those who conquer'd *Asia*.
'Twas for a Cause too, such a Cause I fought,
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword:

Greece

Greece, like a lovely Heifer, stood in view,
 To see the Rival Bulls each other gore:
 But wish'd the Conquest mine.
 I fled; and yet I languish not in Exile;
 But here in *Egypt*, whet my blunted Horns;
 And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loss.
 Ah! why ye Gods, must *Cleomenes* wait
 On this Effeminate Luxurious Court,
 For tardy Helps of base *Egyptian* Bands?
 Why have not I, whose individual Mind
 Would ask a Nation of such Souls to inform it,
 Why have not I ten thousand Hands to fight
 It all my self? and make the Work my own?

Enter Cratesiclea, Cleora and Cleonidas.

Crat. Is this well done? or like the King of *Sparta*?
 Or like my Son? to waste your Time in Tears?
 What have you done, that you avoid Mankind?
 And sculk in Corners like a guilty Slave?

Cleor. We have been seeking you, my dearest Lord,
 Thro' all the shady Walks and dark Retreats
 Of secret Care; that false deluding Friend,
 That only soothes and keeps you Company,
 To prey upon your last Remains of Life.

Cleom. I've heard you——

[Sighs.]

Crat. Hear her still; she tells you true.
 This Melancholly flatters; but unmans you.
 What is it else, but Penury of Soul;
 A lasie Frost, a Numness of the Mind;
 That locks up all the Vigour to Attempt,
 By barely crying, 'Tis impossible?

Cleom. You both mistake me: That I Grieve, 'tis true;
 But 'tis a Grief of Fury; not Despair!
 And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
 It scalds along my Cheeks, like the green Wood
 That sputtring in the Flame works outward into Tears.

Cleor. Why would you leave me then, and be alone?
 Indeed it was a churlish kind of Sorrow;
 Indeed it was, to engross it all your self;
 And not permit me to endure my Share.
 Think you, because I am of tender Mold,

I cannot suffer and partake your Burdens?
Alas! I suffer more by not partaking.

Cleom. My Wife! my Mother! O! I am so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most;
Two twining Vines about this Elm, whose Fall
Must shortly — very shortly crush you both;
And yet I will not go to Ground,
Without a noble Ruin round my Trunk;
The Forest shall be shaken when I sink,
And all the neighbouring Trees
Shall groan and fall beneath my vast Destruction.

Crat. That's something yet, an earnest of an Action;
Another Groan or two, and all goes well.

Cleom. Well: I will live.

Crat. Thou shalt.

Cleom. I'll try at least.

Crat. Do not go back: And bate of what thou saidst.

Cleom. Peace, peace: Good Grandmother; he lives already,
And Conquers too, in saying he will try;
Nay, if the King of *Sparta* says he'll do't,
I ask no more than that;
For 'tis below a King to tell a Lie.

Cleor. But where's the Means?

Cleom. The Means is in the Daring;
Had my own Mother liv'd, and ask'd that Question,
I should have thought my Father had begot me
Without her help; as *Pallas* sprung from *Jove*.

Cleor. Think'st thou, he can defend us all, alone?

Cleom. No——for I mean to help him.

Cleom. That's my Boy, my hopeful Lyon's Whelp.

[Takes him and kisses him.]

Cleor. So *Hector* hugg'd his young *Ashtanax*;
Went out to fight, and never saw him more.

Cleom. But why did not *Ashtanax* go with *Hector*?

Crat. Because he was a Child, and could not go.

Cleom. Was he a *Spartan* Child?

Cleor. Oh no! a *Trojan*.

Cleom. There's it, a *Trojan* Child: But grant me this,
There are no *Spartan* Children, we are born Men,
And tho' you say, I have but fifteen Years,

We *Spartans* take ten Strides before our Age,
And start beyond dull Nature.

Cleom. Let me but live to shadow this young Plant
From Blites and Storms; he'll soon shoot up a Heroe:
He must; I got him in the Pride of Conquest;
For coming back from my first Maiden Battle,
Wherein I made the Great *Aratus* fly,
And added all his Laurels to my Brow,
I well remember that I spur'd it hard,
And like a Meteor, shot before my Troops,
To reach my Love that Night: I was a Bridegroom,
Or scarce had lost that Name, and stealing home,
According to my Country's modest Use,
I found my *Egiatis* just undrest,
Wearying the Gods with Vows for my Return.
My Transport was so great, I could not stay,
But kiss'd, and took her trembling in my Arms,
And in that Fury of my Love, I stamp'd
This Image of my Soul.

Enter Pantheus.

What, my *Pantheus*?
Where hast thou been this long long Year of Hours?

Panth. Where I have past a merry Morning's Walk,
With the best Company.

Cleom. With whom?

Panth. Why with my self, in laughing at the World,
Making a Farce of Life, where Knaves and Fools,
And Madmen, that's all Humankind, were Actors.

Cleom. And what Part acted you?

Panth. As little as I could: And daily would have less,
So please the Gods, for that's a wife Man's Part.

Cleom. Would I could share thy balmy, even Temper,
And Milkiness of Blood.

Panth. You may.

Cleom. As how?

Panth. By! but forgetting you have been a King.

Cleom. Then must I rust in *Egypt*, never more
Appear in Arms, and be the Chief of *Greece*?
Now, by yon blue Palace,

The

The Mansion of my great Fore-father *Hercules*,
I would lose o'er-again *Sellasia's* Field
Rather than Fight behind,
When proud *Aratus* led the *Gracian* Van.

Cleon. What, when the lively Trumpets sound a Charge,
The Word of Battle may be *Hercules*,
And after our great Grandfathers Name, *Aratus*
Cries, *Cleomenes*, bring you up the Rear.

Panth. If Fortune takes not off this Boy betimes,
He'll make mad Work, and Elbow all his Neighbours.

Cleon. My Neighbours! Little: Elbow all the World,
And pass off Kings, like Counters from the Board,
To place my self the foremost. [Spurs

Panth. What wilt thou be, young Cockeril, when thy
Are grown to sharpness?

Cleon. Why? I'll be a *Spartan*.
For if I said a King, I should say less:
I mean a *Spartan* while I live on Earth;
But when in Heav'n, I'll stand next *Hercules*,
And thrust between my Father and the God.

Cleor. Do you not view, my Lord,
As in a Glass, your darling Fault, Ambition,
Reflected in your Son?

Cleon. My Virtue rather:
I love to see him sparkle out betimes,
For 'twas my Flame that lighted up his Soul:
I am pleas'd with my own Work; *Jove* was not more
With Infant Nature, when his spacious Hand
Had rounded this huge Ball of Earth, and Seas,
To give it the first Push, and see it towl
Along the vast Abyss.

Cleon. My Mother would have had my Youth brought up
To spin with Girls in *Sparta*.

Crat. Well said, my Boy; yet *Hercules*, they say,
Took up the Distaff once.

Cleon. Yes, when he had been conquer'd by a Woman.

Panth. to *Cleon*. One thing I had forgot, which may
import you,
You'll suddenly hear News from *Greece*.

Cleon.

Cleom. Thou wert
Indeed forgetful, not to tell me that;
For, from my first Arrival on this Coast,
This fatal *Ægypt*, where I fled for Refuge,
In three long Months I have not heard from *Greece*.
What makes thee think I shall have News so soon?

Panth. As walking on the Beach, I saw a Ship
Just entering in the Port, and on the Deck
Stood *Cæmus*.

Cleom. *Cæmus*, saidst thou?

Panth. Yes, our *Cæmus*, the rich *Messenian* Lord;
I saw and knew him, but amidst the Shouts
Of Mariners, and busie Care to sling
His Horses soon ashoré — he saw not me.

Cleom. Then I shall hear of thee once more, Dear Country;
I fear too soon; shall hear how proud *Antigonus*
Led o'er *Eurota's* Banks his Conquering Troops,
And first, to wondring *Sparta* — shew'd a King,
A King that was not hers:

Then I shall hear of Sacrilege and Murthers,
And Fires, and Rapes on Matrons, and on Maids.

Panth. Such News we must expect.

Cleom. O happy Ghosts!
Of those that fell in the last fatal Fight,
And liv'd not to survive their Country's Loss;
Base as I was — I should have fall'n there too;
But first have rais'd a Mountain of the dead,
To choak their way to *Sparta*.

Panth. Thus I knew
Your Blood would boil, and therefore I delay'd
So long to tell you *Cæmus* was arriv'd.

Cleom. Go:
My Mother, my *Cleora*, and my Boy — [*Stroking* *Cleonid*.
Your Ears would be polluted with such Ills;
Which I must try to mollify, before
They reach your tender hearing.

Cleor. I obey you.
But let not Grief disorder you too much
For what you lost. —
For me, while I have you, and you are kind,

I ask no more of Heaven.

Cleon. I go too.

Because my King and Father bids me go:
Else, I have Sternness in my Soul enough
To hear of Murders, Rapes, and Sacrilege:
For those are Soldiers work; and I wou'd hear 'em
To spur me to Revenge.

[*Exeunt Criticicles, Cleora, Cleonidas.*]

Pantb. He's here already.

Now bear it like your self.

Cleom. I am arm'd against it.

Enter Cœmus, salutes Cleomenes.

Cœm. I heard, Sir, you were refus'd in this Court,
And come to beg a Favour.

Cleom. Good! a Favour!

Sure, thou mistak'st me for the King of *Ægypt*;
And think'st I govern here?

Cœm. Y'are *Cleomenes*.

Cleom. No thanks to Heaven for that: I should have dy'd,
And then I had not been this *Cleomenes*.

Pantb. You promis'd Patience, Sir.

Cleom. Thou art a scurvy Monitor, I am patient.
Do I foam at Lips;

Or stare at Eyes? Methinks I am wondrous patient.

Now, thou shalt see how I can swallow Gall.

I prithee, gentle *Cœmus*, tell the Story——

[*Speaking softly.*]

Of ruin'd *Sparta*; leave no Circumstance
Untold of all their Woes: And I will hear thee,
As unconcern'd, as if thou told'st a Tale
Of ruin'd *Troy*. I prithee tell us how
The Victors robb'd the Shrines, polluted Temples,
Ransack'd each wealthy House: No, spare me that,
Poor honest *Sparta* had no Wealth to lose.
But when thou com'st to tell of Matrons ravish'd,

[*Raises his Voice.*]

And Virgins forc'd; Then raise thy Voice,
And let me hear their Howlings,
And dreadful Shrieks, as in the act of Rape.

Pantb. Again you are distemper'd.

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N

Cleom.

Cleom. [*softly.*] Peace, I am not.
I was but teaching him to grace his Tale
With decent Horror.

Cæn. Your sick Imagination feigns all this;
Now hear a Truth, and wonder!

Cleom. Has not the Conqueror been at *Sparta*?

Cæn. Yes.

Cleom. Nay; then I know what follows Victory.

Panth. You interrupt, as if you would not know.

Cæn. Then if you will imagine, think some King,
Who lov'd his People, took a peaceful Progress
To some far distant Place of his Dominions;
Smil'd on his Subjects as he rode in Triumph,
And strew'd his Plenty, wheresoe'er he pass'd.
Nay, raise your Thoughts yet higher. Think some Deity,
Some better *Ceres* drawn along the Sky
By gentle Dragons, scatter'd as she flew,
Her fruitful Grains upon the teeming Ground,
And bad new Harvests rise.

Cleom. Do we dream, *Panthæus*?

Panth. No sure! We are awake—but 'tis he dreams.

Cæn. The Soldiers march'd, as in Procession, slow;
And enter'd *Sparta* like a Choir of Priests,
As if they fear'd to tread on holy Ground.
No Noise was heard; no Voice, but of the Cryer,
Proclaiming Peace, and Liberty to *Sparta*;
At that a Peal of loud Applause rang out,
And thinn'd the Air, till even the Birds fell down
Upon the Shouters Heads: The Shops flew open,
And all the busie Trades renew'd their Tasks:
No Law was chang'd, no Custom was controul'd;
That had *Lycurgus* liv'd, or you return'd,
So *Sparta* would have shown.

Panth. If this be true!

Cleom. If this indeed be true,
Then farewell *Sparta*.

Cæn. Hear me out.

He reap'd no Fruit of Conquest, but their Blessings;
Nor stay'd three Days in *Sparta*; Summon'd thence,
With sudden News that a Barbarian Host

Was

Was enter'd *Macedonia*!

And like a mighty Deluge, rowling on,
Swept all before 'em. Thus alarm'd, he left us;
March'd homeward; met and fought 'em; nay, and liv'd—
To say the Field is mine.

Panth. Dy'd of his Wounds?

Cæn. Not so; but straining loud his feeble Voice,
To animate his Soldiers, broke a Vein;
And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.

Panth. O blest'd! blest'd *Cæmus*! for this happy News.

[Embraces *Cæmus*.

Cleom. O Wretch! O born to all Misfortunes! curst,
Curst *Cleomenes*!

[Gods?

Panth. How's this! Are these the Thanks you pay the
Who freed your *Sparta*, and remov'd by Death
Your only fatal Foe!

Cleom. O blind *Pantheus*!

Can'st thou not find, that had I but deferr'd
Sellasia's Fight three Days; but three short Days;
Fate then had fought my Battel with *Antigonus*;
And I not fighting had been still a King? [fought.

Panth. That's true; but that you knew not when you

Cleom. Why therefore, once again, curst *Cleomenes*!

'Tis not to be endur'd,

That Fate of Empires, and the Fall of Kings
Should turn on flying Hours, and catch of Moments.

Panth. Now, by my Soul, 'tis lazy Wickedness,
To rail at Heaven, and not to help your self.

Heaven's but too kind, in offering you the Means;

Your Fate, once more, is laid upon the Anvil:

Now pluck up all the *Spartan* in your Soul;

Now stretch at every Stroke, and hammer out

A new and nobler Fortune;

Else may the peaceful Ground restore the Dead,

And give up old *Antigonus* again.

Cleom. I thank thee: Thou hast added Flame to Fury.

The *Spartan* Genius shall once more be rowz'd;

Our Household Gods, that droop upon our Hearths,

Each from his Venerable Face shall brush

The *Macedonian* Soot, and shine again.

Panth. Now you confess the *Spartan*.

Cleom. Haste, *Pantheus*!

I struggle like the Priestess with a God;
With that oppressing God, that works her Soul.
Haste to *Cleanthes*, my *Egyptian* Friend;
That only Man that *Egypt* ever made:
He's my *Lucina*. Say my Friendship wants him
To help me bring to Light a Manly Birth;
Which to the wondring World I shall disclose,
Or if he fail me, perish in my Throwes. [Exit.



ACT H. SCENE I.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, and Pantheus.

Cleom. THE King sent for me, say'st thou! and to Council!
Cleop. And I was coming to you, on that
Just when I met *Pantheus*. [Message.

Panth. Good Omen, Sir, of some intended Good,
Your Fortune mends: She reconciles apace,
When *Egypt* makes th' Advances.

Cleom. Rise a Prophet.
For since his Father's Death, this *Prolony*,
Has minded me no more
Than Boys their last Year's *Gugawa*.
Petition on Petition; Prayer on Prayer,
For Aid or free Dismission, all Unanswer'd;
As *Cleomenes* were not worth his Thought;
Or he, that God, which *Epicurus* dreamt,
Disclaiming Care, and lolling on a Cloud.

Panth. At length, it seems it pleases him to wake.

Cleom. Yes, for himself, not you; he's drench'd too deep,
To wake on any Call, but his own Danger:
My Father, his wise Pilot, has observ'd
The Face of Heaven, and sees a gathering Storm,
I know, not from what Quarter, but it threatens,
And while it Threats, he wants such Hands as yours;
But when 'tis o'er, the thoughtless King returns

To

To native Sloth, shifts Sides, and slumbers on.

Pantb. Sure, he'll remember to reward those Heads,
That help'd him from the Plunge.

Cleom. You dream, *Panthous*!
Of former Times, when Gratitude was Virtue;
Reward him! Yes, like *Aesop's* Snake, the Wretch
That warm'd him in his Bosom: We are Tools,
Vile abject things, created for his Use,
As Beasts for Men; as Oxen draw the Yoke,
And then are sacrific'd.

Cceom. I would not use him so.

Cleom. You are not *Etalemy*,
Nor is he *Cleomeneus*.

Cleom. I'll press him home,
To give me my Dispatch; few Ships will serve
To bear my little Band and me to *Greece*;
I will not ask him one of his *Aegyptians*;
No, let 'em keep 'em all for Slaves and Stallions,
Fit only to beget their Successors.

Cleom. Excepting one *Aegyptian*, that's my self.

Cleom. Thou need'st not be excepted; Thou art only
Misplanted in a base degenerate Soil;
But Nature, when she made thee, meant a *Spartan*.

Pantb. Then if your Father will but second us. —

Cleom. I dare not promise for him, but I'll try.
He loves me: Love and Interest sometimes
May make a Statesman honest.

Cleom. For the King,
I know he'll not refuse us, for he dares not;
A Coward is the kindest Animal,
'Tis the most giving Creature in a Fright.

Cleom. Say the most promising, and there you hit him.

Cleom. Well, I'll attack him on the shaking side,
That next his fearful Heart.

Enter Cceonius.

Cceom. I come to mind you of the late Request,
You would not hear: Be pleas'd t'engage this Lord,
And then it may succeed.

Cleom. What would'st thou, *Cceonius*?

Cceom. I brought along

Some Horses of the best *Theſſalian* breed,
High ſpirited and ſtrong, and made for War;
Theſe I would ſell the King.

Cleom. Miſtaken Man!

Thou ſhouldeſt have brought him Whores and Catamites;
Such Merchandize is fit for ſuch a Monarch.

Clean. Would'ſt thou bring Horses here to ſhame our Men?
Thoſe very Words of Spirited and War,
Are Treason in our Cline. [ward,

Cleom. From the King downward, (if there be a down-
From *Ptolemy* to any of his Slaves!)

No true *Ægyptian* ever knew in Horses.

The Far Side from the Near. [brought

Clean. *Cleomenes* told thee true: Thou ſhouldeſt have
A ſoft pad Strumpet for our Monarch's Uſe.

Tho' thank'd be Hell, we want not one at home!

Our Maſter's Miſtreſs, ſhe that governs all.

'Tis well, ye Powers, ye made us but *Ægyptians*,

You could not have impos'd

On any other People ſuch a Load

As an Effeminate Tyrant and a Woman.

Cleom. Sell me thy Horses, and at my Return,
When I have got from Conquer'd *Greece* the Pelf

That Noble *Sparta* ſcorns, I'll pay their Value.

Cæn. Juſt as you paid me for the fair Eſtate
I ſold you there.

Cleom. What's that you mutter? [worth—

Cæn. [*Aſide.*] Nothing: That's what his Hopes are
[*Ex. Cæn.*

Panth. I fear he's gone away diſſatisfy'd.

Clean. I'll make it up: Thoſe Horses I preſent you,
You'll put 'em to the Uſe that Nature meant 'em.

Cleom. I burden you too much!

Clean. If you reſuſe, you burden me much more:
A Trifle this,

A ſinging Eunuch's Price; a Pander's Fee
Exceeds this Sum at Court.

The King expects us.

Cleom. Come after us, *Panthous*;
And bring my Boy *Cleonidas* along,

I'll shew his Youth this base Luxurious Court;
 Just as in sober *Sparta* we expose
 Our drunken *Helotes*: Only with Design
 To wean our Children from the vice of Wine. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Apartment of Cassandra.*

Enter King Ptolemy, Solybius with Papers after him.

Ptol. No more of Business,

Solyb. Sir, the Council waits you.

Ptol. Council! What's that? a pack of Bearded Slaves,
 Grave Faces, Sawcy Tongues, and Knavish Hearts,
 That never speak one Word but Self's at Bottom;
 The Scavengers that sweep State-nuances,
 And are themselves the greatest. I'll no Council.

Solyb. Remember you appointed them this Day.

Ptol. I had forgot 'twas my *Cassandra*'s Birth-day.

Solyb. Your Brother *Magas* daily grows more dangerous.
 And has the Soldiers Hearts.

Ptol. I'll cut him off.

Solyb. Not so soon done as said: The *Spartan* King
 Was summon'd for Advice, and waits without.

Ptol. His Business is to wait.

Solyb. Be pleas'd to Sign these Papers: They are all
 Of great Concern!

Ptol. My Pleasure is of more.
 How I could curse my Name of *Ptolemy*:
 For 'tis so long, it asks an Hour to write it.
 By Heav'n, I'll change it into *Jove* or *Mars*:
 Or any other civil Monosyllable,
 That will not tire my Hand.

Solyb. These are for Common Good. [Showing Paper.]

Ptol. I am glad of that:
 Those shall be sure to wait.

Solyb. Orders to pay the Soldiers, ripe for Mutiny;
 They may Revolt.

Ptol. To whom?

Solyb. The Man you fear:
 Your Brother *Magas*.

Ptol. That's indeed the danger:
Give me the Physick; Let me swallow quick——
There's *Ptolemy* for that; Now, not one more,
For every Minute I expect *Cassandra*
To call me to the Musick,
If she should find me at this rare Employment,
Of Signing out her Treasures?

Sosy. The rest are only Grants to her you love,
And Places for her Friends.

Ptol. I'll Sign 'em all; were every one a Province:
Thou know'st her Humour, not to break denial!
And then a Quarrel on her Birth-day too
Would be of ill Preface.

[Signs more Papers.

Enter Cassandra, Women.

Cas. I heard you waited, but you'll pardon me,
I was not sooner Drest. (Haud.

Ptol. Thus I begin my Homage to the Day [Kisses her
That brought me forth a Mistress, and am proud
To be your foremost Slave.

Cas. Our little Entertainment waits; not worth
A longer Ceremony; please to Grace it?

The SCENE opens and discovers Cassandra's Apartment. Musicians and Dancers——Ptolemy leads in Cassandra, Sosibius follows——They Sit. Towards the end of the Song and Dance; Enter Cleomenes and Cleanthes on one side of the Stage, where they stand.

SONG.

NO, no, poor suff'ring Heart, no Change endeavour,
Change to sustain the Smart, rather than leave her;
My raviish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her.
One tender sigh of love to soothe me languish,
Will more than pay the Price of my past Anguish:
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

H. Love

II.

*Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my Pain who did begin it;
Then no Day void of Bliss, of Pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Dear, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death, when they would seize us:
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.*

After the Musick is over, Cleomenes speaks.

Cleom. to Cleanth. Is this the Council of th' *Egyptian King?*
And am I call'd upon the grave Debate,
To judge of trilling Notes and tripping Feet?

Clean. 'Tis of a piece with all the rest of *Ptolemy?*
A Singing and a Dancing Government.

O Egypt, Egypt! Thou art grown the Lees
Of all the World; The slime of thy own Nile.
Sure, we had neither Human Sires, nor Mothers;
The Sun and Nile begot us; W'are so Cowardly,
And yet so proud; so many Gods we have,
And yet not One——

Cleo. No more—They seem to gaze on me with wonder.

Clean. And well they may, to see a Man in *Egypt.*

[King, Cassand. Solyb. rise and come forward.]

Ptol. Welcome! Royal Stranger!

Not only to my Court, but to my Bosom.

Cleo. I heard you sent for me; but on what Business
Am yet to learn.

Ptol. The greatest in the World: to see the Man,
Whom even his Foes extol; His Friends adore,
And all Mankind admire.

Cleo. Say rather, Sir,
A Man forsaken of his better Stars,
A banish'd Prince; The Shadow of a King.

Ptol. My Father's Friend.

Cleo. I must not think so vainly of my self,
To be what you have said, lest it upbraid you
To let your Father's Friend, for three long Months,
'Thus Dance attendance for a word of Audience.

Cas. Now by my Soul, 'tis nobly urg'd: He speaks
As if he were in *Sparta*, on his Throne; [*Aside.*]
Not asking Aid; but granting:
How little looks our Pageant Prince to him!
This is the only King I ever saw.

Cleom. By all the Gods; when I have stood repuls'd
Before your Gates, and could not gain Admittance,
I have not sigh'd so much for my own Sorrows,
As I have blush'd for your ungenerous Usage.

Cleas. Not a Word, *Ptolemy*!
Asham'd, by all that's good, to be miscall'd
A King, when this is present.

Cleom. Think you 'tis nothing
For me to beg; That I constrain my Temper
To sue for Aid, which you should first have offer'd?
Believe me, *Ptolemy*, a Noble Soul
Does much that asks: He gives you pow'r t' oblige him.
Know, Sir, There's a proud Modesty in Merit,
Averse from begging; and resolv'd to pay
Ten times the Gift it asks.

Ptol. I have been to blame;
And you have justly tax'd my long Neglect.
I am Young, and am a Lover; and how far
Fair Eyes may make even Kings forgetful. Look,
And read my best Excuse.

Cleas. O Miracle! He blushes! [*Aside.*]
The first red Virtue I have ever seen
Upon that Face.

Cas. I am sorry, Sir, y'have made me your Excuse;
As if I stood betwixt the Good you meant;
And intercepted every Royal Grace.
Now in my own Defence I must sollicite
All his Concerns as mine:
And if my Eyes have pow'r, he should not sue
In vain, nor linger with a long Delay.

Ptol. Well! I'll consider.

Cas. Say that Word again;
And I'll consider too.

Ptol. Prithee be satisfy'd, He shall be aided,
Or I'll no more be King.

Cleas.

Cleom. [*Aside.*] When wert thou one! For shame, for
shame, ye Gods;

That e'er you put it in a Strumpet's Power,
To do so good a Deed!

Cleom. I am a *Spartan*, Madam, scarce of Words;
We have but just enough to speak our Meaning:
Be thank'd; That's all I could have said to *Jove*,
Had *Jove*, like you, restor'd me to my Crown,

Sosyb. [*to Cleom.*] The Gods have giv'n you, Sir, the
speedy means

To satisfy your Debt of Gratitude.

Cleom. Oh make me happy: Tell me how this Sword
(This and my Heart are all that's left me now)
Can be employ'd to serve the Crown of *Ægypt*.

Cleom. [*Aside.*] Well said Father: Thou art a true
Statesman.

So much for so much, is the way at Court.

Sosyb. My King has in the Camp a younger Brother,
Valiant they say, but very Popular;
He gets too far into the Soldiers Grace;
And Inches out my Master.

Cleom. Is the King
Assur'd of this, by any Overt-Act;
Or any close Conspiracy reveal'd?

Psol. He has it in his Pow'r to be a Traytor;
And that's enough.

Sosyb. He has it in his Will too:
Else why this Ostentation of his Virtues,
His Bounty, Valour, and his Temperance?
Why are they thus expos'd to publick View?
But as a *Venus* set besides a Monster,
To make an Odious Comparison;
As if his Brother wanted what he boasts?

Psol. What's to be done with him?

Cas. There needs no more, I think, but to contrive,
With Secresy, and Safety, to dispatch him.

Cleom. [*Aside.*] I thank thee, that thou hast not cozen'd me.
In this Advice: For two good Deeds together
Had been too much in Conscience for thy Calling.

Psol. He Dies, that's out of doubt.

Clam. Your Brother, Sir!

Pat. Why do you ask that Question?

Clam. Because I had a Brother;

(Oh Grief to say I had, and have not now)

Wife, Valour, Temperate; and in short a Quorum!

Had all the Virtues, which your Counsellor

Imputed to your Brother, as his Crimes,

He lov'd me well; so well, he could but die,

To shew he lov'd me better than his Life:

He lost it for me in Sallas's Field;

And went the greatest Ghost of all our Name,

That ever had a Brother or a King.

Sof. Wipe off the Tears, that stand upon your Eyes;

Good Nature works too far. Kings have no Brothers:

What Men call such, are Rivals of their Crowns;

Yours tim'd his Death, so as to merit Grief.

Who knows, but he hid in, by that last Action,

The means to have betray'd you, had he liv'd.

Clam. I would say something: but I curb my Passion,
Because thou art the Father to my Friend.

To you, Sir, this; If you condemn your Brother. [*To Pat.*]

Only because he's Bounteous, Great, and Brave;

Know you Condemn these Virtues, own you want 'em.

Had you a Thousand Brothers, such as he,

You ought to shew you are above 'em all;

By daring to reward, and cherish 'em,

As Bucklers of your Crown in time of War;

And in soft Peace, the Jewels that adorn it.

Cas. I stand corrected, Sir; he ought to live.

Pat. I think so too.

Sof. I do not wish his Death.

Howe'er I seem'd to give that rugged Counsel.

Clam. [*Aside.*] Well said again Father! Comply, comply!
Follow the Sun, True Shadow.

Sof. I only wish my Master may be false;

But there are Mercenaries in the Army,

Three thousand Greek, the Flower of all our Troops,

Like Wolves mixed among Egyptian Lambs;

If these Revolt, ——— (I do not say they will)

But if your Brother please to take the Crown,

And

And be not good enough to let you reign,
Those Greeks, where'er they go, will turn the Scale.

Ptol. What think you, *Cleomenes*?

Cleom. He says true.

Ptol. Then *Mages* must not live.

Cleom. That does not follow:

Fear not those Mercenaries: They are mine;
Devoted to my Interest; commanded by my Nod:
They are my Limbs of War, and I their Soul:
Were they in Arms against you at your Gates;
High in their Rage, and fix'd upon the Spoil,
Should I say, Hold; Nay, should I only Frown,
They could not bear my Eyes, but wou'd and master'd,
Like Lions to their Keepers, would crouch and fawn,
And disobey their Hunger.

Ptol. Wondrous Man!

[*Embraces him,*

How I admire thy Virtue!

Cas. And his Genius;

Some are born Kings.

Made up of three parts Fire, so full of Heaven,
It sparkles at their Eyes: Inferior Souls
Know 'em as soon as seen, by sure Instinct,
To be their Lords, and naturally worship
The secret God within 'em.

Sofyb. Sir, I humbly beg

A Word in Private——

[*To Ptol.*

Ptol. Madam!

Cas. You may go.

Sofyb. *Cleantes*, follow me. [*Ex. Ptol. Sofyb. Cleantes.*

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleom. *Pamphus* brought me hither to attend you.

Cleom. And thou art welcome, but thou com'st too late.

Cas. Your Page of Honour!

Cleom. The Mistake is easy in such a Court as this,
Where Princes look like Pages.

Cleom. 'Tis my Son!

Cas. I must have leave to love you, Royal Youth;
Above all Nations I adore a Greek,
And of all Greeks a Spartan.

[*Looking on Cleomenes.*

Cleom.

Cleom. What he is,
And what I am, are owing to your Favour.

Cas. [to *Cleom.*] Shall I not be your Mistress;

[*Looking on Cleomenes.*]

Cleom. No; for I would not get *Egyptians*.

Cas. For what, Sir, do you take us?

Cleom. For what you are;

When the Gods moulded up the Paste of Man,
Some of their Dough was left upon their Hands,
For want of Souls: And so they made *Egyptians*:
They were intended for four Feet; And when
They come to run before our Noble *Spartans*,
They'll curse the Gods for the two Legs they ow'd 'em.

Cas. Then since you will not let me be your Mistress,
Would I had been your Mother. [*Looking still on Cleom.*]

Cleom. So would not I:

For then I had not been all *Spartan*.

Cas. [*Aside.*] He answers not my Glances, stupid Man!
My tender Looks; my languishing Regards,
Are like mis-aiming Arrows, lost in Air,
And miss the flying Prey.

[*While She walks, Cleom. and Cleonid. are looking on a
Picture hanging on the side of the Scenes.*]

[*She takes out a Pocket Glass and looks in it.*]

These Eyes, I thank the Gods,
Are still the same: The Diamonds are not dimm'd:
Nor in their Lustre, lost in *Ptolemy*;
Small Boast: Alas! *Ptolemy* has no Soul,
'Tis what he wants, I love in *Cleomenes*.
Perhaps he dares not think I would be lov'd,
Then must I make th' advance; and making lose
The vast Prerogative our Sex enjoys,
Of being courted first: Courted! To what?
To our own Wishes: There's the Point; but still,
To speak our Wishes first; forbid it, Pride,
Forbid it, Modesty: True; They forbid it,
But Nature does not: When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay?
Not Eat nor Drink, before 'tis bid, Fall on?
Well Sex, if this must be,

That

That I must not invite: I may at least be suffer'd
To lay some Kind Occasion in his Way,
That if he dare but speak; He may succeed.

[She turns towards 'em, and observes what they're doing.]

*Cleom. turns and meets her; Cleomid. looks still
on the Picture.*

Cleom. I durst not have presum'd to interrupt
Your private Thoughts.

Cas. They wholly were employ'd in serving you;
But Durst not, and Presume. are Words of Fear;
I thought they were not in your *Spartan* Tongue;
For my sake, banish 'em:
On what were you so earnestly employ'd,
You would not look this way?

Cleom. A Picture, Madam.

Cas. View it again, 'tis worth a second Sight,
Your Son observes it still; 'Twere well to help
My Lover's Understanding; *[Goes with him to the Picture.]*
Know you this Piece, young Prince?

Cleom. Some Battle, I believe; and in that Thought,
I gaze with such Delight.

Cleom. Some Rape, I guess.

Cas. That's near the true Design, and yet mistaken;
'Tis *Paris*, bearing from your *Spartan* Shore
The Beauteous *Hellen*; How do you approve it?

Cleom. Not in the least, for 'tis a scurvy Piece.

Cas. And yet 'tis known to be *Appelle's* Hand;
The Style is his, you grant he was a Master.

Cleom. 'Tis scurvy still, because it represents
A base dishonest Act; to violate
All hospitable Rites, to force away
His Benefactor's Wife; Ungrateful Villain!
And so the Gods, th' avenging Gods have judg'd.

Cleom. Was he a *Spartan* King that suffer'd this?
Sure he reveng'd the Rape?

Cleom. He did, my Boy,
And slew the Ravisher.

Cas. Look better, Sir; You'll find it was no Rape;
Mark well that *Hellen* in her Lover's Arms:
Can you not see, she but affects to strive;

She

She heaves not up her Hands to Heav'n for Help,
 But hugs the kind Contusion of her Flight.
 See how her tender Finger-brain his Sails;
 'Tis an Embrace; a grasping of Desire;
 A very Belt of Love, that girds his Waste.
 She looks as if she did not fear to fall,
 But only lose her Lover, if she fell:
 Observe her Eyes; How slow they seem to row!
 Their wishing Looks, and languish on his Face:
 Observe the whole Design, and you would swear,
 She ravish'd Paris, and not Paris, Her.

Cleom. Sports likest to boast of such a Woman;
 Nor try to thank her for her ill-plac'd Love.

Cas. But Paris had a War that follow'd,
 'Twas but a Fable of a famous Wit,
 To raise the Valour of his Countrymen:
 For Menelaus was an honest Wretch;
 A tame good Man, that never durst resent;
 A meer Convenient Husband; Dull and Slavish;
 By Nature meant the thing the Lovers made him.

Cleom. His Goodness aggravates their Crime the more:
 Had Menelaus us'd his Honour ill,
 Had he been jealous, or distrustful both,
 I would allow a Grain or two, for Love;
 And plead in their Excuse.

Cas. There was their Safety that he was not Jealous:
 What would you more of him? he was a Fool,
 And put the happy Means into their Hands.

Cleom. I cannot much commend my Countryman.

Cas. Indeed, my Lord, your Countryman was dull,
 That did not understand so plain a Courtship.
 Have *Spartans* Eyes for nothing? not to see
 So manifest a Passion?

Cleom. Yes too well.

Madam, your Goodness interests you too much
 In *Helen's* Cause. I have no more to urge,
 But that she was a Wife: That Word, a Wife,
 In spite of all your Eloquence, condemns her.

Cas. You argue justly; Therefore 'twas a Crime:
 But had she been a Mistress, not a Wife;

[*Aside.*]

Her

Her Love had been a Virtue, to forsake
 The Musty Bed of a lust'd fullsome King;
 And fly into a sprightly Lover's Arms.
 Her Love had been a Merit to her Paris,
 To leave her Country, and what's more, her Kingdom:
 With a Poor Fugitive Prince to sail away,
 And bear her Wealth along to make him happy.

Cleom. You put your Picture in the fairest Light:
 But both the Lovers broke their plighted Vows;
 He to *Oenone*, She to *Menelaus*.

Cas. The Gods that made two Fools, had done more justly
 To have match'd *Menelaus* with *Oenone*;
 Think better of my Picture, it deserves
 A second Thought; it speaks; the *Wells* speaks.

Cleom. It speaks *Egyptus* then; a base dishonest Tongue.

Cas. You are too young to understand her Language.

[*To Cleonidas.*

[*To Cleomenes.*

Do not thank me,
 Till I have brought your Business to Perfection:
 Doubt not my Kindness; nothing shall be wanting
 To make your Voyage happy.

Cleom. I only fear th' Excess of your full Bounty!
 To give me more than what my Wants require.

[*Ex. Cleomenes and Cleonidas.*

Cas. Meaning, perhaps, my Person and my Love!
 I would not think it so; and yet I fear,
 And while I fear, his Voyage shall be hinder'd:
 No breath of Wind

Can stir, to waft him hence, unless I please:

I am the Goddess that commands the Seas.

In vain he Vows at any other Shrine.

My Heart is in his Hands; his Fate's in mine.

[*Exit. Callisto.*





A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The King's Apartment.*

*A Table set.——Ptolemy, Sosibius, Cassandra sitting:
Ptolemy at the upper End; Cassandra, sitting on one side,
Sosibius on the other.*

Ptolemy. I Must confess 'twas Obvious. (Nod:
Sosib. He said he could Command 'em with his

Can he do this with Mercenaries, rais'd
Not at his Charge, but yours? by you maintain'd?
What could he more, had they been *Spartans* born?

Cas. What would you hence infer?

Sosib. What you observ'd:

Some are born Kings, and so is *Cleomenes*.

Cas. A great Soul dares not call himself a Villain:
He has that Interest, and will use it nobly;
To serve, and not to ruin his Protector,

Sosib. Is *Aegypt's* Safety, and the King's, and Your's?
Fit to be trusted on a bare Suppose,
That he is Honest? Honest, let him be;
But on his own Experiment, not ours!
Man is but Man; Unconstant still, and Various;
There's no to-Morrow in him, like to Day.
Perhaps the Atoms rowling in his Brain,
Make him think Honesty this present Hour;
The next a Swarm of base, ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft: And where's our *Aegypt* then?
Who would trust Chance? since all Men have the Seeds
Of Good and Ill, which should work upward first.

Cas. All Men! then you are one; and by that Rule,
Your wicked Atoms may be working now
To give bad Counsel; That you still may Govern.

Sosib. I would the King would Govern.

Cas. Because you think I have too much Command:

Ptol. Would you would rule me both by turns, in quiet,
And let me take my Ease!

Cas.

Cas. Then my Turn's first.

Sosyb. Our Master's Safety, in sound Reason, ought
To be prefer'd to both.

Ptol. So thinks *Cassandra* too.

Cas. No; Court *Sosibius*, and cast *Cassandra* off.

Ptol. What have I said, or done,
To merit this Unkindness?
Tell me but what you think of *Cleomenes*,
And be my Oracle.

Cas. I know him grateful.

Sosyb. To know him grateful, is enough for *Jove*.

Cas. And therefore not too much for me in *Aegypt*:
I say, I know him honest.

Ptol. Then I know i..

Now may *Sosibius* speak?

Cas. He may: but not to contradict my Knowledge.

Sosyb. Then I concur, to let him go for *Greece*;
And wish our *Aegypt* fairly rid of him.
For, as our *Apis*, tho' in Temples fed,
And under Golden Roofs, yet loaths his Food,
Because restrain'd; and longs to roam in Meads,
Among the Milky-Mothers of the Herd.
So, *Cleomenes*, kept by Force in *Aegypt*,
Is fullen at our Feasts; abhors our Duties;
And longs to change 'em for his *Spartan* Broth.
He may be dang'rous here; Then send him hence,
With Aid enough to conquer all he lost,
And make him formidable to Mankind.

Cas. He may be formidable then to us,
That thou wou'dst say.

Sosyb. No: for you know him grateful. [double,

Cas. Would thou wou'dst learn to speak without a
Thou *Delphian* Statesman. [Rises.

Sosyb. Would I could know your Wishes that I might:
I would but smooth their Way, and make 'em easy!

[Bowing.

Cas. Good Old Man!

[Smiling.

A little over Zealous, but well-meaning.

My Wishes are the Honour of my King.

That *Ptolamy* may keep his Royal Word;

And

And I my Promise to procure this Aid;
 If to be Mistress, signifies Command,
 Let this be done: If not, the King may find
 Another Beauty worthier of his Bed;
 And I another Lover, less ungrateful.

Prot. Let *Ægypt* sink before that fatal Day;
 No, we are one: *Cassandra*, we are one:
 Or I am nothing: Thou art *Proteus*.

Cas. Now you deserve to be the first of Kings,
 Because you rank your self the first of Lovers:
 What can I do to show *Cassandra* grateful?
 Nothing but this;

To be so nice in my Concerns for you:
 To doubt where Doubts are not: To be too fearful:
 To raise a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger,
 And then be frighted, tho' it cannot reach you.

Sosy. Be pleas'd to name your Apprehensions, Madam.

Cas. Plain Souls, like mine, judge others by themselves:
 Therefore I hold our *Cleomenes* honest:
 But since 'tis possible, tho' barely so,
 That he may prove ungrateful,
 I would have Pledges given us of his Faith,
 His Wife, his Mother, and his Son, be left
 As Hostages in *Ægypt*.

Sosy. Admirable!

Some God inspir'd you with this prudent Counsel.

Prot. I thought so too, but that I durst not speak.

Sosy. Leave me to manage this.

Cas. My best *Sophist*!

But do it surely, by the easiest Means,
 Insafe it gently: Do not put it down;
 Let him not think he stands suspected here;
 And least of all, by Me!

Sosy. He shall not, Madam.

Now Sir, th' Illumination Feast attends you:
 For *Amor* has appear'd.

Prot. Why then I must be formal,
 Go to the Temple.

Come my fair *Cassandra*,
 That I may have an Object worth my Worship. [*Exit.*
Cas.

Caf. The God that I adore is in my Breast;
This is the Temple: This the Sacrifice:
But to the Pow'rs Divine we make Appeal,
With great Devotion; and with little Zeal.

[*Exeunt Ptol. and Caf.*]

Sofyb. salus. Yes, yes, it shall be done; but not her Way:
Call in my Son *Cleantes*: This *Cassandra*
Is our enchanting Syren: She that sings
Our *Ptolemy* into secure Destruction:
In vain I Counsel him t'avoid his Ruin:
These Women-Charmers, Oh they have a Devil
Too strong to dispossess. Call in my Son. [*Goes to the Door.*]

Enter Cleantes.

Cleantes! Are you *Cleomenes's* Friend,
Or only seem you such?

Cleas. To seem to be, and not be what I seem,
Are Things my honest Nature understands not.

Sofyb. But you must love your King and Country more.

Cleas. Yes, when I have a King and Country
That can deserve my Love!

Ægypt, as *Ægypt* is, deserves it not:

A People, baser than the Beasts they worship:
Below their Pot-herb-Gods that grow in Gardens:
The King——

Sofyb. Go to; Young Man, what'er he be,
I must not hear my Master vilify'd. [*ers,*]

Cleas. Why did you name him then? Were I at Pray-
And even for you, whom as my Soul I love,
If *Ptolemy* should come across my Thoughts,
A Curse would follow where I meant a Blessing.

Sofyb. 'Tis well, 'tis well, I am so fond a Father;
Those Words were Death in any other Mouth;
I know too much of you, you love the *Spartan*,
Beyond your King and Country.

Cleas. 'Tis a Truth
So Noble; I would own it to the Gods,
And they be proud to hear it.

Sofyb. Confess you love him better than your Father.

Cleas. No; but I love him equal with my Father.

Sofyb. Say better, and say true:

If we were opposite, and one must fall,
Whom wouldst thou save?

Cleom. Neither; for both would dye,
Before I could resolve.

Sofyb. If I command thee
To break thy Friendship with him, wouldst thou?

Cleom. No.

Sofyb. Why then thou hast confess'd, thou lov'st him

Cleom. Not so: for should he bid me disobey, [more.
Or not love you: Thus would I answer him,
As I have answer'd you.

Sofyb. Ungrateful Boy!

Cleom. You bid me tell you true, and this is my Re-

Sofyb. Go from my Sight.

Cleom. I will; but would not go

Without your Blessing.

Sofyb. O, so well I love thee,
That I could curse thee for not loving me:
Stay, I would send thee on a Message to him,
But that I fear thy Faith.

Cleom. You wrong my Piety.

Sofyb. It much concerns my Interest, which is thine;
Wouldst thou deliver what I have to say?
Wouldst thou induce his Reason to comply?

Cleom. Both; Granting your Proposal's Honourable:
If not, employ some Mercenary Tongue,
The Court affords you store: And spare my Virtue!

Sofyb. I would have *Cleomenes* sent away
With Royal Aid.

Cleom. You promis'd him he should.

Sofyb. And would have thee persuade him to this (Voyage.

Cleom. A welcome Errand: Oh my dear, dear Father.

Sof. But on my Terms, mark that; my Terms; *Cle-*

Cleom. I fear'd the Statesman in you.

Sofyb. I would have *Ægypt* safe: That's all my Interest;
And therefore he must leave behind for Pawns,
His Mother, Wife and Son.

Cleom. 'Tis clogging of a Gift: 'Tis base, mean Coun- (fel,
I hope you gave it not.

Sofyb. No: 'Twas *Cassandra*!

But

But she would have that Odium cast on me,
I am her Beast of Burden, and must bear it.

Cleon. I never can belye so good a Father!
But this I'll do:

The Message shall be faithfully deliver'd,
And all the Strumpet stand expos'd to shame.

Sofyb. Thou hit'st my Meaning; but he must be secret;
Must seem to take the Favour as from Her:
And lay the Hardship of the Terms on me.

Cleon. He shall.

Sofyb. And thou wilt gild this bitter Pill:
For there's no other Way to go from hence,
But leaving these behind.

[Soul.

Cleon. A Beam of Thought comes glancing on my

[Aside.

I'll undertake it

[To his Father.

The Pledges shall be left.

Sofyb. My best *Cleanthes*:

[Embraces him.

But haste, and lose no Time!

Cleon. I am all on Fire to serve my Friend and Father.

[Ex. *Cleanthes*.

Sofyb. [alone.] This *Cleomnes* ought to be dispatch'd:

Dispatch'd the safest Way: He ought to die;

Not that I hate his Virtue; but I fear it:

The Mistress drives my Counsels to the Leeward;

Now I must edge upon a Point of Wind;

And make slow Way, recovering more and more,

'Till I can bring my Vessel safe ashore.

[Ex. *Sofyb*.

SCENE of a Temple with Illuminations. An Altar, Apis painted above; Priests and Choristers. Ptolemy, Cassandra, Courtiers Men and Women, all decently plac'd. Musick Instrumental and Vocal. Then Ptolemy taking Cassandra by the Hand, advances to the Altar of Apis, bowing thrice, and gives the high Priest a Purse. Soft Musick all the while Ptolemy and Cassandra are Adoring and Speaking.

Ptol. Soul of the Universe, and Source of Life,
Immortal Apis, thou thrice Holy Fire,
Hear *Aegypt's* Vows and mine: if as we dream,
Aegyptian Earth impregnated with Flame,
Sprung the first Man;

Preserve

Preserve thy Primitive Plantation here,
 Then for my self, thy Type, and thy Vicissitude,
 Rowl from my Loins a long Descend of Kings:
 Mix'd of *Cassandra's* kindly Blood and mine:
 Mine be she only, and I only here.
 And when I shall resolve again to thee,
 May she survive me, and be Queen of Egypt:
 Hear this, and firm it with some happy Omen.

[*An Augury portending good Success arises from the Altar.*

Ommes. *Apis* be prais'd for this Auspicious Omen!

[*Ptol. bowing various and some pleas'd.*

Cas. kneels. Great Pow'rs of Love! who spreadst thy
 gentle Fire

Thro' human Hearts, art every where Ador'd;
 Accept these Vows, in shew to *Apis* paid,
 And make his Altar thine: Hear not that Wretch!
 Because his Prayers were not address'd to thee;
 Or only hear his last: that I may reign.
 Make *Cleomenes* mine, and mine alone:
 Give us a Flight secure, a safe Arrival;
 And crown our Wishes in each other's Arms.
 Hear this, and firm it with some happy Omen.

[*A bad Omen arises from the Flames of the Altar.*

Ommes. Avert this Omen, *Apis*.

Cas. [rises.] Accurs'd be thou, Grass-eating fodder'd God!
 Accurs'd thy Temple! more accurs'd thy Priests!
 The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
 For happy Omens, We their Price must pay:
 In vain at Shrines, th'ungiving Suppliant stands;
 This 'tis to make a Vow with empty Hands:
 Fat Offerings are the Priesthood's only Care;
 They take the Money, and Heaven hears the Prayer.
 Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
 And their Instructed Gods refuse the Suit.

[*Exit Cas. in a Fury, King and Attendants follow. Scene closes.*

SCENE

SCENE *The Port of Alexandria.**Enter Cleomenes, and Cleanthes.*

Cleom. The Propositions are unjust and hard;
And if I swallow 'em, 'tis as we take
The Wrath of Heaven.

We must have Patience, for they will be Gods,
And give us no Account of what we suffer.

Clean. My Father much abhors this middle Way,
Betwixt a Gift and Sale of Courtesy:

But 'tis the Mistress; She that seem'd so kind,
'Tis she, that bears so hard a Hand upon you:
She that would half Oblige, and half Affront.

Cleom. Let her be what she is: That's Curse enough.
But such a Wife, a Mother, and a Son!
Oh sure, ye Gods! when ye made this vile *Ægypt*,
Ye little thought, they should be mortgag'd here!
My only Comfort

Is, that I trust these precious Pawns with thee:
For thou art so religiously a Friend,
That I would sooner leave 'em in thy Hands,
Than if I had Security from Heav'n,
And all the Gods to answer for their Safety.

Clean. Yes; yes; They shall be safe;
And thou shalt have a Pledge,
As strong as Friendship can make over to thee:
Deny me not, for I must go with thee,
And share what Fate allots for thee in *Greece*.

[Cleomenes looks discontentedly.]

Nay cast not on me that forbidding Frown;
But let me be their Pawn, as they are thine:
So I shall have thee wholly to my self,
And be thy Wife, thy Mother, and thy Son,
As thou art all to me.

Cleom. Oh Friend!

[Sighs and wipes his Eyes.]

Clean. What wouldst thou say, my better Part?

Cleom. No more, but this; that thou art too unkind,
When even in Kindness thou wouldst over-come

Clean. Let me be proud; and pardon thou my Pride:

Base, worthless *Ægypt* has no other Pawn,
 To Counter-balance these, but only me.
 'Twas on such Terms alone, I durst propose it:
 Shalt thou leave these?
 And I not leave a Father, whom I love?
 Come, come; it must be so.
 We'll give each other all we have besides;
 And then we shall be even. Here they are!
 I leave thee. Break those tender Ties of Nature,
 As gently as thou canst; they must be broken.

[*Going, returns.*]

But when thou seest *Cassandra*, curb thy Spleen;
 Seem to receive the Kindness as from her:
 And if thou thinkst I love thee, for my Sake,
 Remembring me, strive to forget my Father.

[*Exit Clean.*]

Enter Cleora, Cratificlea, and Cleonidas.

Cleom. But how can I sustain to tell 'em this,

[*Walking from 'em.*]

Even in the gentlest Terms!
 There are not Words in any Tongue so soft
 As I would use: The Gods must have a new one,
 If they would have me speak.

Crat. How, 'King of *Sparta*! When your Fortune smiles,
 A Glorious Sun-shine, and a Gloomy Soul?
 The Gods love Cheerfulness, when they are kind;
 They think their Gifts despis'd, and thrown away
 On sullen thankless Hearts.

Cleor. I hear, my dearest Lord, that we shall go.

Cleom. Go!

Cleon. What a mournful Echo makes my Father!
 By *Mars*, he stifles Go upon his Tongue,
 And kills the joyful Sound, he speaks so low,
 That Heaven must listen, if it hear his Thanks.

Cleom. Yes, I shall go; but how?

Cleor. With *Ægypt's* Aid.

Cleon. With his own Soul and Sword, a thousand strong;
 And worth ten *Ægypt's*, and their ten thousand Gods.

Crat. There's something more in this, than what we
 Some secret Anguish rows within his Breast, [guess;
 That

That shakes him like an Earthquake, which he presses,
And will not give it Vent. I know him well,
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice!
And stares and gapes like a forbidden Ghost,
Till he be spoke to first.—Tell me, my Son!

Cleom. Mother, I will,— And yet I cannot neither. [*Aside.*
Mother! that Word has struck me dumb again:

For, how can I say Mother, and propound
To leave her here behind, who gave me Life?
Mother! and Wife! and Son! the Names that Nature
Most loves to speak, are banish'd from my Mouth.

Cleor. Tell us, my Love, the King has chang'd his Mind,
And has refus'd us leave; for we can bear it:
Ægypt is *Greece* to me, while you are here.

Cleom. Oh I would speak! But, oh! you speak so kindly,
That you forbid my Speech: You call me, Love.

Cleor. Was that too kind a Word?

Cleom. It was to me; I am a meer *Barbarian*;
A Brute, a Stock, for I have no Relations,
Or shortly shall have none.

Cleor. Then we must die!

Cleon. We must; and welcome Death.

Crat. To save his Life.

Cleom. The Gods forbid that you should die for me!
No: You may live; but I must die thrice over:
For I must leave you here, or must not go:
These are the hard Conditions offer'd me.

Crat. Then *Ægypt* would have Pledges: Is this all?

Cleom. Yes, and a mighty All: 'Tis all I have:
But I propose it not; remember that.

Crat. I do: and therefore I propose it first,
To save this virtuous Shame, this good Confusion,
That would not let you speak.

Cleom. Oh! I could almost think you love me not:
You granted me so quick, so willingly:
What I——bear witness Heaven, was slow to ask,
And would be loath to have.

Cleor. I cannot leave you.

Cleom. I was but wishing, thou wouldst draw me back,
And now I cannot go.

Crat. Are you turn'd Woman?
No more of this fond Stuff.

Cleom. Shall I be left to gather Rust in Egypt?
A Glue of Sloth to stick to my young Pinions,
And marr their Flight; Habitual Cowardise:
No; I must learn my stubborn Trade of War
From you alone, and envy you betimes.

Cleom. But the Conditions! Oh these hard Conditions,
That such a Spirit must be left behind,
Untrought! unfashion'd by a Father's Hands!
A Spirit fit to start into an Empire,
And look the World to Law.

Crat. No more debating, for I see the Pinch,
He must be left, and so must She and I:
For we are but your Softnesses, my Son:
Th' Incumbrances and Luggage of the War:
Fight for us, and redeem us, if you please;
For there we are your Clogs of Virtue: Here,
The Spurs of your Return.

Cleom. I thank you, Mother,
Once more you have erected me to Man,
And set me upright with my Face to Heaven!
The Woman and the Boy, be yours awhile:
The War be mine alone!

Crat. There spoke the Spartan King: Think not on us.

Cleom. I wonnot.

Crat. Not in Pray'rs!

Cleom. In Pray'rs! That's poor,
As if the Gods were thoughtless of their Work;
Think on us, when you fight: and when you make
A lusty Stroke, cry out, That's for my Boy.

Crat. Dispose this mouldring Carcass as you please,
Ere lingring Age or Sickness wear it out;
Unprofitable then for Sparta's good:
Be cheerful fight it well, and all the rest
Leave to the Gods and Fortune.

Cleom. If they fail me,

Theirs be the Fault, for Fate is theirs alone:

My Nation, Name, and Honour are my own.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT

~~ACT IV. SCENE I.~~
 ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Antichamber of Cassandra's Lodging.*

Enter Ptolemy, Sosibius, Coenus, Cassandra.

Sosib. SO, so; it works: now Mistress, sit you fast —
 [*Aside.*]

Ptol. Humph, Whores and Catamites!
 Were those his Words?

Coen. Upon my Life they were.

Ptol. Whom should he mean by those unmanner'd Terms;
Cassandra, can you guess?

Cas. 'Twas kindly ask'd

Ptol. A foul-mouth'd Villain.

Sosib. So I shou'd have thought,
 But that this Lady knows him good and grateful.

Coen. Madam! I stand suspected without Cause,
 And, but I fear Revenge from this great Man,
 I could say more.

Cas. I thought he was concern'd.

Sosib. Who: I?

Cas. Speak boldly, *Gracian*, I protect thee.

Coen. *Cleanthes* then was present, and he added —

Enter Cleanthes.

But he appears in time to hear his Charge.

Sosib. My dear! dear Son!
 I fear thy lavish Tongue has ruin'd thee;
 What can I do to save thee? [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, proceed.

Coen. Can you deny, my Lord, that you were present,
 When *Cleomenes* tax'd the Court, and King,
 With Brutal Vices?

Clean. I remember somewhat,
 Of certain Horses which he could not buy,
 And saw thee go away dissatisfy'd,
 Which to prevent, I meant to purchase 'em:
 The rest I heard not, nor believe he spoke.

Cas. *Cleombes* added farther; that thou saidst, [thee.

Ptol. And we would know: Ere Tortures force it from

Sofib. [*Aside.*] Now comes the fatal Stroke.

Cas. He added farther——

Cleom. No; thou add'st it all:

And I demand the Combat.

Ptol. Let him speak.

Sofib. Think first, *Cleombes*! Think before you hazard
Your Life and Honour in this bold Appeal,
Somewhat, you might have said, nay more you ought,
Since I commanded you to be a Spy
On *Cleomenes*' Acts, and close Designs.

Cleom. The good old Liar would preserve my Life.

[*Aside.*

And I must steer his Course.

I think—— I farther added——

[*To the King.*

Ptol. 'Tis forgiven;

So wholly pardon'd, that I will not hear it;
Good Spies are useful, and must be encourag'd;
Put what must next be done with *Cleomenes*?

Sofib. Dispatch him, as the Source of all your Fears;
Observe the mounting Billows of the Main,
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return
Into their quiet first created Calm:
Such is the Rage of busie blustering Crowds,
Fomented by th' Ambition of the Great:
Cut off the Causes, and th' Effect will cease;
And all the moving Madness fall to Peace.

Ptol. Let him be seiz'd in order to his Death;
I am in haste, you know it, for my Progress,
A thousand Pleasures wait me at *Canopus*;
And this poor trifling Business of one Life
Encumbers all: *Cassandra*! Are you ready?
We will be seen like *Isis* and *Osiris*,
Drawn in one Chariot, for admiring Eyes
To worship as we pass.

Cas. A Word in private: *Casius*, attend without. [Exit.

[*Cas. leads the King to a Corner of the Stage; Sofib.*
takes his Son to the other.

Sofib.

Sosib. to Clean. Now I am twice your Father, by preserving

The Life I gave you, which your Folly hazarded:
Break off all Friendship with that *Spartan* King,
Or never see me more: His Fate's resolv'd:
Nor can you stem the Tide: Avoid his Ruins;
Reply not, but obey.

Clean. I know my Duty.

[*Bowing.*

Sosib. Thou overjoy'st me: Follow, we'll talk farther:

[*Exeunt Sosib. and Clean.*

Cas. What think you of *Sosibius* and his Son?

Ptol. As of two Creatures zealous for my Service.

Cas. Oh Heav'ns! That I should love this King so well!

But that I doat: What can I see in him?

But dull good Nature and Simplicity!

Well, well! my little Dear, I find the Gods

Have given me here, no Business of my own;

But made me just your Drudge, to Love and save you.

Ptol. 'Protest I thought 'em honest; are they not?

Cas. Ye Gods! why did you make this Man your Image?

And made him but an Image: You'll forgive me?

I love you so, that I am forc'd to rail.

You saw no close Conveyance of the Game.

Betwixt the crafty Sire, and cunning Son.

How sily one invented an Excuse,

And t'other took it up as dext'rously?

Ptol. Why sure *Cleantes* was his Father's Spy.

Cas. Yes, over you; but not on *Cleomenes*.

I fear you are betray'd, and the Gods blind you,

To make your Ruin sure!

Ptol. As how, *Cassandra*?

Cas. When you are absent——

Ptol. Well!

Cas. 'Tis in their Power——

Ptol. To murder *Cleomenes*——

Cas. If they please;

Or else to set him free, and join with *Magas*.

Ptol. I will not to *Canopus*.

Cas. Yes; you must.

Ptol. But how shall I be safe, and take this Journey?

Cas. Leave that to me.

Ptol. But you must go along.

Cas. No: I must stay here, in order to your Safety,
To watch the growth of Danger, and prevent it.
This cruel Absence I must undergo;
Or else I love you not.

Ptol. Since I must go,
I'll cheat 'em of a Day, and come before
My Time, for love of thee.

Cas. To sum up all,
For we are both in haste;
Intrust your Royal Signet in my Hands.

Ptol. Join'd with *Sabinus*.

Cas. Would you trust a Statesman
Before your own dear Heart? You love him better,
You naughty Man, in faith you do; and now I think on't,
I will not have your Signet: By this Kiss,
And this, and this, I will not.

Ptol. By all three, thou shalt.

[*Gives her the Signet from his Finger.*]

But kill this *Cleomenes* quickly, he's dangerous.

Cas. He's in safe Hands with me.

Ptol. One more Embrace.

Cas. There, take it, and now go:
Thus for your Good, I thrust you from my Arms.

Ptol. Farewel, my Love.

[*Exit Ptolemy.*]

Cas. Farewel—I hope for ever.

Now *Cleomenes* I will sound thy Soul:
For Life and Death depend upon thy Choice.
But for that easie Wretch, him I condemn.
Hard state of Lovers! subject to our Laws!
Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway;
For none but Fools will Woman-kind obey.
If they prove stubborn and resist our Will,
We exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em ill.
The passive Slave that whines, adores and dies,
Sometimes we Pity: But we still despise.
But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove,
Fools at the best: But double Fools in Love.

We rage at first with ill-dissembled Scorn;
 Then falling from our Height, more basely mourn;
 And Man, th'insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn.
 Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
 And hugs another Mistress in his Arms:
 And that which humbles our proud Sex the most;
 Of all our slighted Favours, makes his Boast.

[Exit Cassandra.

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. Her Words, her every Look, confess she loves me,
 And therefore she detains these Hostages:
 As Pawns of my Return to her and *Ægypt*.
 Thus far 'tis plain and obvious: But the Picture.
 That *Hellen*. There's the Riddle of her Love.
 For what I see, or only think I see,
 Is like a Glimpse of Moon-shine, streak'd with red;
 A shuffled, fullen, and uncertain Light,
 That dances thro' the Clouds, and shuts again:
 Then 'ware a rising Tempest on the Main.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. [*Aside.*] I would, but cannot speak.
 The Shame that should to Woman-kind belong,
 Flown from my Bosom, hovers on my Tongue.

Cleom. 'Tis rarely seen, that Gods from Heav'n descend;
 But for some kind, some charitable End.
 And yet your troubled Looks ill News import,
 Stops, or Delays; but that's no News at Court:
 There's somewhat which your Pity would disguise.

Cas. Would you could read that somewhat in my Eyes.
 But as you are a *Spartan* and a King,
 Undaunted hear whatever News I bring:
 The Favourite hates you; *Cænis* has betray'd
 The bitter Truths, that our loose Court upbraid.
 Your Friend was set upon you for a Spy;
 And on his Witness, you are doom'd to die.

Cleom. I have been plung'd already twice in Waves,
 And the third time above the Waves I rose.
 Still I have Strength to steer me into Port,
 And shun the secret Quick-sands of the Court.

But when my Friend, who should expecting stand,
On the bare Beach, to lend his helping Hand;
When he defends th' inhospitable Shore,
And drives me thence, I sink for evermore:
But 'tis impossible; his Faith is try'd;
The Man, who had defam'd him thus, had ly'd.

Cas. Well! I forgive your blunt *Lacnick* way,
It shall be seen, it shall, this very Day,
Who would preserve your Life, and who betray.
The King incens'd; the Favourite your Foe,
Yet on the same Conditions you may go:
Your Wife, your Son, your Mother left behind.

Whak you now?

Cleom. 'Tis to be wond'rous Kind.

Cas. Suppose I add a farther Bounty yet.

Cleom. It could but shake your Favours over weight.

Cas. What if I went my self to waft you o'er?
And left you, when I saw you safe ashore?
For I should leave you, if you thought it fit,
Not to do more than Honour would permit.
Can I do less to show you I am kind;
To Comfort you for those you left behind?

Cleom. The World would think you kinder than you ought.

Cas. Why should I care what base *Aegyptians* thought?

Cleom. Immoderate Gifts oppress me, not relieve;
Nor dare I take, what ruins you to give.

Cas. Leave me to judge of that. I could prescribe
An easy way of giving back my Bribe.
Why would you force me farther than my Part?
Look on my Eyes; and you may read my Heart.

[Looks on her as by stealth.

Oh there you met me with a guilty Glance!
Now 'tis too late to plead your Ignorance.

Cleom. I am so much below, and you above.
What can I say?

Cas. But one kind word. I love.

Cleom. As far as Gratitude that Love can pay.

Cas. Oh stop not there; for that's but half the way:
Would you to one poor narrow Word confine
Your Passion? when I put no Bounds to mine.

Cleom.

Cleom. Cleora!

Cas. Now you speak too soon; forbear.
Nothing can please me, that begins with her.

Cleom. I must begin, where Nature void of Art
Directs my Tongue, with her who Rules my Heart.

Cas. Let us together sail before the Wind,
And leave that dull Domestick Drudge behind.

Cleom. What? to expose her helpless Innocence,
To the wild Fury of an injur'd Prince?

Cas. A vain Surmise; their Talents would agree,
The Gods have made your noble Mind for me:
And her insipid Soul for *Ptolemy*:

A heavy Lump of Earth without Desire,
A heap of Ashes that o'er-lays your Fire.

Cleom. Virtue you must allow her, tho' a Foe.

Cas. No more, than what I would to Ice and Snow;
Yet those have Seeds of Heat; her shivering Blood
Makes her, at best, but impotently Good.

But neither I can save you, if you stay,
Nor save my self unless I go away:

For if I stay behind, and let you free,
The Fury of the King would fall on me.

Cleom. Then to prevent your Fate, I must not go:
Death is my Choice, since Heav'n will have it so.

Cas. Heav'n would preserve your Life, and so would I,
But you are obstinately bent to die.

Cleom. Some Men are made of such a leaky Mold,
That their fill'd Vessels can no Fortune hold:
Pour'd in, it sinks away, and leaves 'em dry;
Of that unsusceptible Make am I:

Yet think not, Fair one, I your Charms despise,
My Heart's insensible, but not my Eyes.

Respect and Gratitude are all my Store,
And those I give: My Love was giv'n before.

Cas. Thus break false Merchants with an honest show:
Rich to themselves, but Bankrupts where they owe.

Cleom. If at this awful Distance I remain,
Better be too Devout, than too Profane.

Cas. Flattery! such Alms the Priesthood gives the Poor,
They Bless, and send 'em empty from the Door:

Know

Know you, that Death stands ready at the Gate;
That I forbid him, and suspend your Fate;
The King's short Absence leaves me absolute;
When he returns, th' inevitable Ill
Is past my Pow'r, and may be past my Will:
Unhappy Man! prevent thy Destiny;
Speak one kind Word to save thy Life and me.

Cleom. Be answer'd, and expect no more Reply.

Cas. Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath:
Sullen and Dumb, and obstinate to Death.
No signs of Pity in his Face appear;
Look! If th' ungrateful Creature shed one Tear!
Cram'd with his Pride, he leaves no room within
For Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in. *[He turns away.]*
What! dost thou turn thy Face in my Despight?
Am I a Toad? a Monster to thy Sight?
Farewel fond Pity then: As thou from me,
So, thy good Fortune turns her Face from thee:
Left, scorn'd, and loath'd, and all without Relief,
Revenge succeeds to Love, and Rage to Grief:
Tempests and Whirlwinds through my Bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount my Soul above
The reach of Pity, or the bounds of Love.
Approach, and seize the Traitor.

Enter Guards.

Cleom. Now I can speak; thy Kindness kept me dumb:
For that I could not answer: The false Siren,
No longer hiding her uncomely Parts,
Struts on the Waves, and shews the Brute below.

Cas. Stop that foul Mouth: Behold this Royal Signet;
The Warrant of his Death. *[Guards go to seize him.]*

Cleom. Stand back, ye Slaves, *[He draws his Sword.]*
And put me not to stain a Spartan Sword,
With base Egyptian Blood.

[He advances upon 'em, they retire with signs of Fear.]

Cas. Fall on: Behold a noble Beast at Bay,
And the vile Huntsmen shrink — More Aid: Who waits?

Enter Cleanthes.

Now, Sir, what brings you here?

Clean.

Cleom. My Zeal to serve you.

Cas. That shall be try'd; Disarm him.

Cleom. *Cleantes!*

Deliver me your Sword.

Cleom. How's this, *Cleantes?*

Cleant. It must be so!

Cleom. Is this a Friend's Advice,
To give me up defenceless to a Crowd,
Whom Arm'd I could resist?

Cleant. Must he die, Madam!
Or be reserv'd for further Punishment,
At *Ptolemy's* Return?

Cas. Why ask you that?

Cleom. Because his Destiny, for ought I find,
Depends on you: Think first, and then Command.

Cas. Know then, that his last Thread is on the Distaff;
And I can cut it now.

Cleant. And are resolv'd?

Cas. I only said I can, and I can Save;
Disarm, and hurt him not.

Cleant. Once more your Sword.

Cleom. Send off those Villains: Tho' I fear 'em not;
Yet Cowards are offensive to my Sight:
Nor shall they see me do an Act that looks
Below the Courage of a *Spartan* King.

Cas. *Cleantes!* May I trust your Faith?

Cleant. You may.

Cas. Be gone, and wait my Call.

[*Ex. Guards.*]

Cleom. *Cleantes!* Still my Friend; for such I hold
Tho' this bad Woman says thou art my Spy; [thee,
I cannot give a greater Proof than this,
That I believe her not: [Gives him his Sword.

If thou art false,

'Tis in thy Power to show it safely, now:
And compass that by Treason, which in Arms
Nor Thou, nor any Man alive can force.
Remember still, I gave it to a Friend:
For Life and Death are equal in themselves;
That which would cast the Ballance, is thy Falshood,
To make my Death more wretched.

Cleant.

Cleom. Then you may think me that, which you call
But Duty to my Father—— [Falls,

Cleom. Say no more!

I would not curse thee, for thou wer't my Friend.
I think thee still as honest as thou couldst;
Impenetrably good; but like *Achilles*,
Thou hadst a soft *Aegyptian* Heel undipt,
And that has made thee Mortal.

Cas. *Cleantes*, thou' hast well approv'd thy Faith:
And as this Palace is thy Government,
On utmost Peril of thy Life secure him.
One farther Word——

[*Whispers.*

[*Ex. Cleanth. looking concernedly on Cleomenes.*

Cleom. So guilty as thou art, and canst thou look
On him, thou hast betray'd? Go, take thy Hire,
Which thou hast dearly purchas'd, and be great.

Cas. For you, brave Sir, as you have given my Hopes
But Air to feed on; Air shall be your Food:
No Bread shall enter these forbidden Doors.
Thin, hungry Diet, I confess; but still
The liker *Spartan* Fare: Keen Appetites,
And quick Digestion wait on you and yours.

Cleom. O mix not Innocence and Guilt together;
What Love have they refus'd, or how offended?
Be Just, tho' you are Cruel, or be Kind,
And punish me alone.

Cas. There Nature works;
Then there I'll stab thee in thy tender Part.

[*Scrieks of Women within.*

Cleom. What dismal Cries are those?

Cas. Nothing, a trifling Sum of Misery,
New added to the Foot of thy Account:
Thy Wife is seiz'd by Force, and born away;
Farewel, I dare not trust thy Vengeance further.

Running to the Door, he is stop'd by Guards with drawn Swords.

Cleom. *Cleora*—— There stands Death, but no *Cleora*;
I would find both together.

*Enter Cratificlea, Cleonidas, and Pantheus bloody on his
Hand.*

Crat. Oh King of *Sparta*!

Cleom. Peace, Mother, Peace.

I have had News from Hell before you.

Cleora's gone to Death. Is there a Door,
A Casement, or a Rift within these Walls,
That can let loose my Body to her Rescue?

Panth. All clos'd, nothing but Heaven above is open.

Cleom. Nay, that's clos'd too: The Gods are deaf to
Hush then; th'irrevocable Doom's gone forth, [Pray'rs!
And Prayers lagg after, but can ne'er o'er-take,
Let us talk forward of our Woes to come.

Crat. *Cleanthes!* (Oh could you suspect his Faith?)
'Twas he, that headed those, who forc'd her hence.

Cleom. *Panthens* bleeds!

Pan. A Scratch, a feeble Dart,
At Distance thrown by an *Aegyptian* Hand.

Crat. You heard me not, *Cleanthes* is ——

Cleom. He was——no more, good Mother,
He tore a Piece of me away, and still
The void Place akes within me: O my Boy,
I have bad News to tell thee.

Cleom. None so bad,
As that I am a Boy: *Cleanthes* scorn'd me,
And when I drove a Thrust, home as I could,
To reach his Traitor Heart, he put it by,
And cryed as in Derision, Spare the Stripling;
Oh that insulting Word: I wou'd have swopp'd
Youth for old Age, and all my Life behind,
To have been then a momentary Man.

Cleom. Alas! Thy Manhood, like a forward Spring,
Before it comes to bear the promis'd Fruit,
Is blighted in the Bud: Never, my Boy,
Can'st thou fetch Manhood up, with thy short Steps,
While with long Strides the Giant stalks before thee.

Cleom. Am I to dye before I am a Man?

Cleom. Yes, thou must dye with me, and I with her
Who gave me Life: and our poor Infant too within,
Must dye before it knows what dying means.
Three different dates of Nature one would think;
But Fate has cramm'd us all into one Lease;
And that even now expiring.

Pant. Yet we live.

Cleom.

Cleom. No, even now we dye; Death is within us,
And keeps out Life, for Nourishment is Life,
And we have fed our last; Hunger feeds Death.

Crat. A lingering Doom, but four Days hence the same;
And we can shorten those, turn Days to Hours,
And Hours to Moments: Death is in our Call.

Pant. The sooner then, the better.

Cleom. So say I.

Pant. While we have Spirits left to meet him boldly.

Cleom. I'll hold my Breath,
And keep my Soul a Pris'ner in my Body;
There let it creep and wander in the Dark,
Till tir'd to find no Out-let, it retreats
Into my *Spartan* Heart, and there lies pleas'd:
So, we two are provided. Sir, your Choice? [*To Cleom.*]

Cleom. Not this Dispatch, for we may die at Leisure.
This Famine has a sharp and meager Face:
'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone:
Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'en away,
Look all one common Furrow.

Crat. Yet you chuse it,
To please our Foes, that when they view our Skeletons,
And find 'em all alike, they may cry out,
Look how these dull obedient *Spartans* dy'd,
Just as we wish'd, as we prescrib'd their Death;
And durst not take a nobler nearer Way.

Cleom. Not so, but that we durst not tempt the Gods,
To break their Images without their Leave.
The Moment e'er *Cassandra* came, I had
A Note without a Name, the Hand unknown,
That bad me not despair, but still hope well.
Then dye not yet;
For Heav'n has Means to free us; if not me,
Yet these and you: I am the hunted Stag,
Whose Life may ransom yours.

Crat. No more of that:
I find your distant Drift to die alone:
An unkind Accusation of us all,
As if we durst not die: I'll not survive you!

Pant. Nor I.

Cleom.

Cleom. Nor I.

Cleom. But hear my Reasons!

Enter Cleora in a black Veil.

[Walls!

Ha! What Shadow's this! This that can glide through
Or pass its subtle Limbs through Bolts and Bars!
Black too! like what it represents, our Fate.

Cleor. Too true a Shadow I, and you the Substance.

[Lifts up her Veil.

Omn. *Cleora!*

Cleom. Thus let me grow again to thee,
Too close for Fate to sever!
Or let Death find me in these dear, dear Arms,
And looking on thee, spare my better Part,
And take me willing hence.

Crat. What! are you dreaming, Son! with Eyes cast
Like a mad Prophet in an Ecstasie?

[upwards.

Cleom. Musing on what we saw.
Just such is Death,

With a black Veil, covering a beauteous Face!
Fear'd afar off

By erring Nature: a mistaken Phantom:
A harmless, lambent Fire. She kisses Cold;
But kind, and soft, and sweet, as my *Cleora*...

Oh could we know,
What Joys she brings; at least, what Rest from Grief!
How should we press into her Friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy?

Crat. Look! What we have forgot! The Joy to see
Cleora here, has kept us from enquiring,
By what strange Means she enter'd.

Cleom. Small Joy, Heaven knows, to be adopted here,
Into the meagre Family of Famine!
The House of Hunger: therefore ask'd I not;
So am I pleas'd to have her Company,
And so displeas'd to have it but in Death——

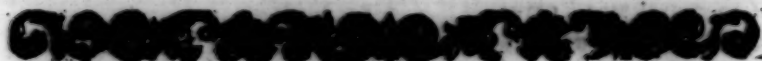
Cleor. I know not how or why, my surly Goaler,
Hard as his Irons, and insolent as Pow'r,
When put in vulgar Hands, *Cleora* is gone,
Put off the Brute; and with a gloomy Smile,
(That show'd a fullen Loathsomeness to be kind,)

Screen'd

Skreen'd me within this Veil, then led me forth;
 And using to the Guards *Cassandra's* Name,
 Made that my Pass-port: Every Door flew ope,
 T'admit my Entrance: and then clapt behind me,
 To barr my going back.

Cleom. Some new Resolve!

Cassandra plots, and then refines on Malice:
 Plays with Revenge: with Rage she snatch'd you hence,
 And renders you with Scorn: I thought to shew you
 How easie 'twas to die, by my Example,
 And hantel Fate before you: But thy Presence
 Has chang'd my Mind, to drag this lingring Life,
 To share thy Sorrows, and assist thy Weakness.
 Come in, my Friends, and let us practise Death,
 Stroke the grim Lyon, 'till he grow familiar.
Cleora! Thou and I, as Lovers should,
 Will Hand in Hand to the dark Mansions go,
 Where Life no more can cheat us into Woe;
 That sucking in each others latest Breath, (Death,
 We may transfuse our Souls, and put the Change on
 [Exeunt Omnes.]



ACT V. SCENE I

Enter Cassandra and Sosibius.

Sos. **A**ND what
 Have you determin'd?

Cas. He shall die.

Sos. A wholesom Resolution: Have you fix'd
 The Time?

Cas. He daily dies, by Hours and Moments:
 All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting!
 Three rising Days and two descending Nights

Have

Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns;
 But brought no kind Vicissitude to him:
 His State is still the same: with Hunger pinch'd:
 Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death;
 Which halting on-wards, as his Life goes back,
 Still gains upon his Ground!

Sof. But e'er Fate reach him,
 The Mercy of the King may interpose:
 You have the Signet?

Cas. Yes! In your Despight!

Sof. Be not displeas'd, suppose he shou'd escape?

Cas. Suppose he shou'd have Wings? Impossible.

Sof. Yet, Keepers have been brib'd: To whom can
 Impute that Crime, but you? [*Ptolemy*]

Cas. He may: But let him if he dares:
 Come, Statesman! Do not shuffle in your Pace;
 You wou'd expose me to the People's Hatred,
 By hurrying on this Act of Violence:
 You know a little Thing provokes the Crowd
 Against a Mistress: She's the Publick Mark:
 Therefore content your self I will be safe,
 Nor shall the Prisoner die a speedier Death,
 Than what my Doom decreed: Unless the King
 Reverse his Orders, by my Messenger.

Sof. May I presume to ask you, whom you sent?

Cas. Thy Son, unknown to thee; for so I charg'd him:
 And this the promis'd Hour of his Return.—Nay wonder
 I chose him with Design: That whatsoe'er [not,
 The King ordains, you both shou'd share th' Event: [me!
 And stand or fall with me. Ponder on that, and leave

Sof. [*aside.*] What can she mean? She neither kills nor
 saves [*Exit Sosibius.*]

Cas. Now tell me, Heart: now answer for thy self:
 What wilt thou do! and what dost thou desire!
 His Life? No, he's ungrateful: Or, his Death?
 I tremble at that Word. What then? His Love!
 His Love! my Heart! What! by Restraint, and Famine?
 Are these the Means to compass thy Design?
 Revenge! My Hand's so soft, his Heart so hard,
 The Blow recoils, and hurts me while I strike!

Like

Like the mad Viper, scourg'd into a Rage,
I shoot into my self my fatal Sting.

Enter Mariner.

Marin. The Ship is ready, when you please to sail,
And waits but your Command: The Wind stands fair.

Cas. Be secret, and attend my farther Pleasure——

[Gives him a Purse, and exits Mariner.]

So; this was time well manag'd: In three Days
To hire a Vessel — Put my Wealth on Board:
Send off th' observing Son, and fool the Father:
See him I will, to sound his last Resolves,
If Love can soften him, or Fear can bow.
If both shou'd fail, th' ungrateful Wretch shall find,
Rage has no Bounds in slighted Woman-kind.

[Exit Cassandra.]

SCENE, A Prison.

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. No Food: And this the third arising Sun;
But what have I to do with telling Suns,
And measuring Time? That runs no more for me!
Yet sure the Gods are good: I wou'd think so,
If they wou'd give me leave;
But Virtue in Distress, and Vice in Triumph
Make Atheists of Mankind.

Enter Cratichla.

What Comfort, Mother?

Crat. A Soul, not conscious to it self of Ill,
Undaunted Courage, and a Master-mind:
No Comfort else but Death;
Who like a lazic Master stands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the slow hands of Famine.

Cleom. All I would ask of Heav'n,
Is, but to die alone; a single Ruin;
But to die o'er and o'er, in each of you,
With my own Hunger pinch'd, but pierc'd with yours!

Crat. Grieve not for me!

Cleom. What! not for you, my Mother!
I am strangely tempted to blaspheme the Gods;

For giving me so good, so kind a Parent:
And this is my Return, to cause her Death——

Crat. Peace! Your Misfortunes cause it, not your Fault.

Enter Cleora.

Cleom. What! my *Cleora*?

I stretch'd my Bounds as far as I could go,
To shun the Sight of what I cannot help;
A Flow'r withering on the Stalk for want
Of Nourishment from Earth and Showers from Heaven:
All I can give thee is but Rain of Eyes— [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Cleor. Alas! I have not wherewithal to weep:
My Eyes grow dim, and stiffen'd up with Drought,
Can hardly rowl and walk their feeble round:
Indeed——I am faint.

Crat. And so am I—Heaven knows! However [*Aside.*
In pity of 'em both, I keep it secret:
Nor shall he see me fall—— [*Exit Cratificlea.*

Cleom. How does our helpless Infant?

Cleor. It wants the Breast, its kindly Nourishment:
And I have none to give, from these dry Cisterns,
Which undrapp'd themselves, can yield no more:
It pull'd and pull'd but now, but nothing came.
And last it drew so hard, that the Blood follow'd:
And that red Milk I found upon its Lips,
Which made me swoon with Fear.

Cleom. Go in and rest thee,
And hush the Child asleep. [*Exit Cleora.*

Look down ye Gods——
Look, *Hercules*, thou Author of my Race,
And Jog thy Father *Jove*, that he may look
On his neglected Work of Human-kind:
Tell him — I do not Curse him: But Devotion
Will cool in after-times, if none but good Men suffer,——
What! another increase of Grief?

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleon. O Father!

Cleom. Why dost thou call me by so kind a Name?
A Father! That implies presiding Care,
Chearful to give.——Willing himself to want!
What'er thy Needs require!

Cleon.

Cleon. A little Food!
Have you none, Father? One poor Hungry Morsel:
Or give me leave to die—as I desir'd;
For without your Consent, Heaven knows, I dare not.

Cleon. I prithee stay a little: I am loath
To say hard things of Heaven!

Cleon. But what if Heaven
Will do hard things, must not hard things be said?
Y'have often told me, that the Souls of Kings
Are made above the rest of Humane Race;
Have they not Fortunes fitted for those Souls?
Did ever King die Starv'd?

Cleon. I know not that:
Yet still be firm in this: The Gods are good,
Tho' thou and I may perish.

Cleon. Indeed I know not,
That ever I offended Heaven in Thought:
I always said my Prayers.

Cleon. Thou didst thy Duty.

Cleon. And yet you lost the Battel when I pray'd.

Cleon. 'Twas in the Fates I should: But hold thee there!
The rest is all unfathomable Depth:
This we well know, That if there be a Bliss
Beyond this present Life, 'tis purchas'd here,
And Virtue is its Price.

Cleon. But are you sure
Our Souls shall be Immortal?

Cleon. Why that Question?

Cleon. Because I find, that now my Body starves,
My Soul decays: I think not as I did:
My Head goes round: And now you swim before me.
Methinks my Soul is like a Flame, un-fed
With Oyl, that dances up and down the Lamp,
But must expire ere long.

Cleon. I prithee try to hold it while thou canst.

Cleon. I would obey you,
As I have always done, but I am faint;
And when you please to let me die, I'll thank you.

Cleon. Thou shalt have Food: I promise thee, thou shalt.

Cleon. Then you shall promise to have Food for your self
too;
For

For if you have it not, I would refuse to eat:
Nay I would chuse to die, that you might feed on me.

Cleom. Mark, Heaven, his Filial Love,
And if a Family of such as these
Must perish thus, your Model is destroy'd
By which you made good Men.

Enter Pantheus hastily.

Panth. Be chearful, Sir, the Gods have sent us Food.

Cleom. They try'd me of the longest: But by whom?

Panth. Go in and see,

Cleom. Good Father, do not stay to ask, but go.

Cleom. Go thou—thy Youth calls fiercer than my Age.

Cleom. But then make haste: and come to take your part:
Hunger may make me impious to eat all,
And leave you last to starve—— [Exit Cleonidas.

Panth. Sir, will you go?

Cleom. I know not: I am half-seas o'er to Death!
And since I must die once, I wou'd be loth
To make a double Work of what's half finish'd;
Unless I could be sure the Gods wou'd still
Renew these Miracles: Who brought this Food?

Panth. He's here that can resolve you! [Exit Panth.

Enter Cleanthes with a Sword in his Hand.

Cleom. How dar'st thou come again within my Sight?
Thou art—but 'tis no matter what thou art,——
I'll not consider thee so far to think
Thee worth Reproach.—Away, away *Ægyptian!*
That's all the Name that's left Thee.

Clean. Such I appear indeed: (art:

Cleom. Why then for once, that which thou seem'st, thou
Be gone.

Clean. Oh I have been too long away!

Cleom. Too soon thou art return'd,
To triumph o'er my Fate.

Clean. Forgive me, that I seem'd your Foe.

Cleom. Forgive me, Heaven, for thinking thee my Friend:
No more; 'tis loss of Time to talk.

Clean. Indeed it is,
When Hunger calls so loud for Sustenance.
But whether Friend or Foe, 'tis Food I bring.

Cleom.

Cleom. 'Tis Poison; and my Mother, and my Wife,
And my poor famish'd Boy are eating Death:
Thou would'st not have me think that thou repent'st?

Cleom. Heav'n knows, I do not!

Cleom. Well said, Man! Go on — and be not bashful
To own the Merits of thy Wickedness.

Cleom. What need has Innocence of a Repentance?

Cleom. Shuffling again! Prithce be of a Piece.
A little Steadiness becomes a Villain.

Cleom. Oh! Friend———for yet I dare to call you so;
Which if I were a Villain; sure I durst not.
Hear me — or kill me!

Cleom. So, by Heav'n, I would,
For thy profaning Friendship's holy Name:
But for thou see'st no Justice hanging here
On this bare Side, thou talk'st secure of Vengeance.

Cleom. Then if you had a Sword, my Death's resolv'd!

Cleom. Thy Conscience answers thee.

Cleom. Without more Evidence than bare Surmise;
At most, Appearance of a Crime unprov'd;
And while unprov'd, uncertain.

Cleom. Traitor, no more; 'tis Fulsome!

Cleom. Take the Sword——— [Throws it to him.

Cleom. I thank thee———draw thy own. [Takes it up,

Cleom. No———Take that too. [Draws his, and offers it.

Cleom. Fool — Would'st thou die without Defence?

Cleom. I would not:

But you forbid me to defend my self,
Then, when you would not hear me!

Cleom. Can Falshood have a better Argument
Than Force for its Defence? Trust to that Topick,
And bear thee like a Man.

Cleom. I think, I do.

Cleom. What kind o' Man is that, who dares not fight?

Cleom. The Man, who dares not when his Honour calls,
Is what you mean; but what I never was:
For Honour never summons without Reason.
Force is the Law of Brutes. The dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reason want, appeal to Might.
I thought a King, and what you boast, a Spartan,

Might

Might have known this without th' *Ægyptian's* telling.

Cleom. Come, come; thou dar'st not fight.

Cleom. By Heav'n, I dare.

But first my Honour must be justify'd,

If you dare be my Judge:

For in this crude and indigested Quarrel,

If I should fall unheard, you kill your Friend,

The Man who lov'd you best, and holds you dearest.

And should you perish in th' unjust Attempt,

The Sword that slew you, shou'd revenge your Death:

For I should soon o'ertake you in the way,

To quit my self before you reach'd the Shades,

And told your Tale to *Minos*.

[thee,

Cleom. Then I must hear: But swear, swear first I charge

That when I have pronounc'd, thou wilt no more

Prolong thy Prattle with some new Excuse:

And prithee cut it short — because I faint,

And long to kill thee first: Oh, I am going,

A rising Vapour rumbles in my Brains.

I hear my Words far off — stand, stand, thou Traitor,

And swim not thus before me — 'tis too late,

[*Puts the Point upon the Ground once or twice, leans on't, and staggers.*

And I fall unreveng'd — [*Offers to run at him and is falling.*

Cleom. What, ho, *Pantheus*!

[*Runs to him, and takes him in his Arms.*

The best of Men is dying in my Arms,

And I want Pow'r to save him.

Enter Pantheus.

Panth. Oh Heav'ns! what means this direful Object?

Cleom. Ask not with unassisting Pity; bow him forward;
Rub his numb'd Temples, while I wipe the Sweat
From his cold clammy Face.

Panth. His mounting Heart
Bounces against my Hands, as if it would
Thrust off his manly Soul.

Cleom. Wrench ope his Mouth,
While I infuse these Sovereign Drops, whose Pow'r
Will soon recal his wander'd Sense —

[*He instills somewhat out of a Vial into his Mouth.*

He stirs,

And stretches now, and seems t' essay his Limbs.

Cleom. Where am I? [*Standing awhile, they support him.*]

Cleom. In his Arms, who dy'd with you;
And now you live, revives.

Cleom. Art thou *Pamphobus*?

Pamph. Believe your Eyes, I am.

Cleom. Speak then, and truly, (for I trust not him,)
Who brought me back to Life?

Pamph. Who, but he, who was left single with you,
Who caught you falling in his faithful Arms;
And not alone sufficient to restore you,
Call'd loud for my Assistance:

I found him propping you with trembling Hands;
His Eyes so haggard, I could scarce distinguish
Who was the living Friend, and who the dead.

Cleom. All this *Cleomachus*! This, what this *Cleomachus*?

Pamph. Yes, your *Cleomachus*.

Cleom. Your suspected Friend,
Much wrong'd, but ever faithful!

Cleom. Art thou sure
I live? Or am I in the Regions of the dead?
And hear the Fables there; my self a Fable?

Pamph. Go in, and see your cheerful Family
Eating his Bread, brought in their last Distress;
And with a good mistaking Piety,
First blessing him, then Heaven!

Cleom. When I hear this, I have no need of Food;
I am restor'd without it.

Cleom. Then, now hear me,
How I was forc'd into this seeming Falshood,
To save my self, the only Means remaining
To save the Man I love beyond my self;
And gain a needful Credit with *Cassander*:
And yet even then deceiv'd, and sent far off
For three long Days, unknowing of your Wants,
Not thinking she, who lov'd, could use you thus.
By Famishment to——

Cleom. O no more! no more!
For now I understand e'er thou canst speak it half:

To thee I ow'd the seizing of my Sword,
 Left I should fall by odds—My Wife's return,
 All, all to thee — And thou art more than All:
 Canst thou forgive me? Can'st thou, my *Cleantes*?
 Can I deserve thus to grow here once more:

[*Embracing him.*

Let me embrace my self quite into thee.

Cleas. Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt—I meet thee—

[*Embraces Cleomenes.*

I close within thee, and am thou again.

Paus. Why, this is as it shou'd be.

Cleom. I could not thus have taken to the Death
 Another's Falshood, but thine, only thine:
 For infinitely, infinitely loving,
 'Twas a wide Gap thou mad'st within my Bosom,
 And as my Soul rent from me.

Cleas. But thy Hunger!

This violent Transport of my Reconcilement,
 Makes me forget thy Wants—When I embrac'd thee,
 Thy spongy Body dwindled in my Arms,
 And like a Ghost fled from me.

Cleom. I could eat——

[*Going in.*

Now my first Appetite of Love is serv'd;
 And that was much the keenest: Let us in;
 For Life looks lovely now, and worth preserving.

Cleas. Not that way, Friend——

It leads you to the Women, and the Boy.

Cleom. And why must I avoid those tender Blessings?

Cleas. Even such because they are, you must avoid them.
 For I must tell you, Friend, you have but time
 To snatch a hasty Morsel, and away:
 Nothing of Manhood must be clogg'd or soften'd
 With Womanish Sighs and Tears, and kind Adieu's!
 And those ill-tim'd Remorses of good Nature,
 When your whole Soul is needful.

Paus. You tell us Wonders!

Cleas. At the King's Return,
 Which daily we expect, your Death's resolv'd:
 This Hour's your own! Take it, and tempt your Fortune;
 Some few brave Friends I hope to add:

If not, all *Ægypt's* number'd in my self.

Cleom. I am all on Fire; now for a lucky pull
At Fate's last Lottery:

I long to see the Colour, white or black;
That's the God's Work: And if I fall their Shame,
Let 'em ne'er think of making *Heroes* more,
If Cowards must prevail.

Panth. The fewer Hands,
The fewer Partners in the Share of Honour.

Cleom. Come, my *Pantheus*: Lead, my best *Cleantes*!
We three to all the World.

Cleam. *Magas*, and *Liberty*, let be the Word:
Magas is lov'd, and *Liberty* desir'd.

A short Refection waits at the Lieutenant's,
That honest Friend, who sent you back your Wife;
We'll drink a Bowl of Wine, and pour the rest,
Not to the Dog *Anubis*; but to *Jove*,
The Freer and Avenger.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cratificlea, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Cleor. Gone — and without taking leave!

Crat. The better.

He bated me the Forms, and you the Fondness.

Cleon. *Pantheus* too, and he who brought the Food,
The brave *Ægyptian*, vanish'd all together.

Cleor. Oh, my fore-boding Soul! he's gone to Death!
And that *Cleantes*, whom thou call'st the brave,
Has basely train'd him out to his Destruction!

Crat. Suspect him not: When Fate was in his Power,
And by a Method so secure as Famine;
To save us then, shows he had little Need
To trick my Son to Death:

I have a better Prospect of th' Event.

Cleor. Dear Mother! Comfort me, and tell your Thoughts;
For I see nothing but a gathering Tempest,
Horror on Horror to the end of Heaven!

Crat. No, no; you are not of a Soul to bear
The mighty Good and Ill that meet mid-way,
As from two Goals; and which comes first upon us,
Fate only knows.

Cleon. Then speak to me; for I can stand the Shock,
Like

Like a young Plant that fastens in a Storm,
And deeper drives the Root.

Crat. Thy Soul's too strong; thy Body yet too weak,
To bear the Crush. Be still, and wait thy Doom.

[*A Cry within: Liberty, Liberty; Magas, Magas; To Arms
for Magas, and for Liberty.*]

Cleon. What noble Sound was that? So smart and vigorous?
A Soul in every Word.

Crat. Why that was it,
I thought, was doing; but I durst not tell,
Till now it shows it self.
The Work's begun, my Boy; the Work's begun:
There was thy Father in that Warlike Shout,
Stemming the Tide of *Ægypt*.

Cleor. O comfort me, my Husband's Mother; say,
My Lord may live and conquer.

Crat. Possibly:
But still make sure of Death: Trust we to that,
As to our last Reserve.

Cleor. Alas, I dare not die.

Crat. Come, come, you dare:
Do not belie your Courage.

Cleor. Heaven help me, I have none.

Crat. Then dare you be a Slave to base *Ægyptians*?
For that must be, if you outlive your Husband.

Cleor. I think, I durst, to save my self from Death.

Crat. Then, as a Slave, you durst be ravish'd too?

Cleor. The Gods forbid.

Crat. The Gods cannot forbid it
By any way but Death.

Cleor. Then I dare die.

Crat. I told you so: You did not know your Virtue:
Poor trembling thing; I'll warm thee in my Bosom,
And make thee take Death kindly.

[*Another Shout within: Liberty and Magas!*]

Cleon. What must become of me?

Crat. More Trouble yet about this paltry Being?
For Shame no more such Qualms!

Cleon. No more such vile Mistakes! I would die warm,
And not in Women's Company—but Men's.

Whether some God inspires me to this Act,
Or Fate inevitably calls me on,

I will not, cannot stay:

But as a generous, unflinch'd Hound, that hears
From far the Hunter's Horn and cheerful Cry;
So will I haste; and by the Musick led,

Come up with Death or Honour —

[Exit.

Cleor. Stop him, dear Mother; he may comfort us,
But cannot help his Father.

Crat. The Hero's Blood is not to be controul'd;
Even in a Child 'tis madly Masterful:
But wait we patient with our petty Stakes,
Which on those greater Gamesters must depend;
For as they throw, our little Lots must follow,
Like sweepings of their heap. [*Cratisticea and Cleora go in.*

[*Trumpets, A shout within: Liberty, Liberty, and Magas.*
*Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus, followed by some
few Egyptians.*

Cleom. What? Is this populous City turn'd a Desert?
The Cry of Liberty runs on before us;
And yet not one appears!

By *Hercules!* we drive 'em through their Town:
They dare not stay to welcome their Deliverers.

Cleom. The Cowards are afraid of what they wish:
And cou'd they be their own, they wou'd be ours.

Cleom. They're gone! We talk to Houses and to Walls.

Panth. Not so; I see some peeping from their Doors.
What are you, Friends or Foes?

*Four Egyptians appear peeping at the opposite Entrances of
the Stage.*

1 Egypt. Friends, Friends: All honest Men,
And hearty to the Cause.

Cleom. Explain what Cause — and give the general Cry.

1 & 2 Egypt. Liberty and *Magas.*

Cleom. [*in their Tone.*] Liberty and *Magas!*

The Cowards whisper Liberty so softly,
As if they were afraid the Gods should hear it,
And take 'em at their Word.

1 Egypt.

1 *Egypt*. No, Friend: We Vulgar never fear the Gods:
But we whisper, for fear our over-thwart Neighbours
Should hear us cry, Liberty, and betray us to the Go-
vernment.

Cleon. Of what Side are you there? [*To the opposite E-*

3 *Egypt*. That's according as you succeed: Of your
Side hitherto.

Panth. If you are Men, come join with us.

4 *Egypt*. You are too few for us to join with you;
but get the greater Party of your Side, and we'll be sure
to help the Common Cry.

Cleon. Dare you do nothing to assert your Freedom?

3 *Egypt*. Yes; We'll pray devoutly for you.

Cleon. The brave pray with their Swords; that's a
Man's Part.

4 *Egypt*. Pray with our Swords, the Law calls Fight-
And Fighting is Blood-shed; And Blood-shed is Hanging;
And Hanging is the Part of a Dog, and not of a Man; in
my Opinion.

1 *Egypt*. Every one shift for himself. [*Egyptian Trum-*
The Government is a coming.

[*They shrink back in a Fright, and clap the Doors.*

Cleon. Run; couch, ye Cowards, to your Tyrant Lords.
A Dog you worship, and partake his Nature:
A Race of speaking Spaniels.

Panth. Let 'em go; we'll do our Work without 'em.

Cleon. The Comfort is, our Foes are like our Friends--
Holy-day *Here's* drawn out once a Month,)
At publick Charge, to Eat, and to be Drunk:
More Mouths of War.

Enter Sophus, and Cennus as the Head of many Egyptians:
They who spoke before, bolt out of their Doors, and join
with them.

Soph. 'Twas what I always fear'd; e'en when I sav'd
To find thee thus engag'd among my Foes: [*Thec,*
But, yet submit; And I can yet forgive Thee:
Consider; for 'tis all I have time to say,
Thou fight'st against thy Father.

Cleon. Against my Father's Cause, but not my Father:
If you wou'd needs become your self a Slave,

And get me such, I must redeem us both,
And will, or perish in the brave Attempt. [Thee.

Sofib. Withdraw thy self from Ruin: I command

Clean. Command I cannot: But, I beg you, Sir,
Engage not for an Arbitrary Power,
That odious Weight upon a Free-born Soul.

Sofib. This is too much; fall on: But spare my Son.

Enter Cassandra attended.

Cas. Sofibius, hold! Withdraw your Men to Distance:
You know this Signet: Obey your King in Me.

[*Shews the Signet.*

Sofib. Never more gladly: Tho' my Son's a Rebel;
Yet Nature works to save him.

Cas. Then rather than he shou'd untimely fall,

[*Cæsus draws off Sofibius's Men.*

I wou'd forgive the Rest, and offer Life

[*Panth. Cleom. Men, Ex. Manent Cass. Sofib. Clean.*
Even to that Fugitive, if he please to treat.

Cleom. Be short: and if you can, for once, sincere.

Cas. What can you hope from this unequal Fight,
Where Numbers rise from every Foe you kill,
And grow from their Defeat?

Cleom. We come resolv'd:

And to die killing is a kind of Conquest.

Cas. But are not Life and Freedom worth accepting,
When offer'd; and, with such Conditions too,
As make 'em both more pleasing? Your Friend's Safety,
Your Son, your Mother, and that only She,
Who loves you best, for your Companion home:
You know what She I mean. [*Aside to him.*

Cleom. No private Parley—— [*Stepping back.*
Spartans do all in publick.

Cleom. We know your Reasons for those secret Whif-
And to your Infamy—— [pers;

Cleom. [*Aside to him.*] Peace, Peace, my Friend.
No Injuries from Women can provoke
A Man of Honour to expose their Fame.
Madam; We understand each other well:
My Son, my Mother, and my Wife restor'd,
Tis Peace; if not, 'tis War.

Sofib.

Sosib. A fair Proposal: Be it Peace.

Cas. No, Fool! 'Tis War. Know, heavy *Hero*, know,
I gain'd this time for my secure Revenge;
To seize thy Wife and Mother: And to stab Thee
On both sides of thy Heart, they're gone to die,
To make thy Death more painful. Farewel, Traytor!
And thank thy self—not me— [Ex. *Cas.* & *Sosib.*

Cleom. Revenge, Revenge,
And speedy Death, or Conquest: Hold, *Cleantes*!
Enter Cleonidas.

Poor Boy!

By Heaven, I am pleas'd to see thee safe this Moment,
Tho' I expect the next to lose thee. Guard him,
Cleantes: Set him safe behind the Front.

Cleantib. Come, Sir: You are now my Charge!

Cleon. The Gods forbid

That I should seek this Danger, and not share it.

[To *Cleom.*] Forgive me, Sir, that once I disobey you,—
To prove my self your Son; living, or dying,
I'll not be less than Man.

Cleom. Oh! I could chide Thee.

But there's no time: for Love and Anger both
Fight by my Side; and Heaven protect thy Courage.

[*Cleomenes, Cleantes, Cleonidas, and their Party go off
the Stage to fight the Egyptians.*

Trumpets, Drums, Shouts and Clashings within.

Re-enter both Parties—The Egyptians first: Driven by *Cleo-*
menes. *Pantheus* ready to kill *Sosibius*,—as having
him down: *Cleantes* runs to him, and interposes.

Clean. *Pantheus*, hold; or turn thy Sword on me.

Panth. [to *Sosib.*] Rise Sir; and, thank your Son.

Clean. [to *Panth.*] Pursue the Foes: I have no Joy of
Till I have set my Father safe. [Conquest,

Sosib. The Gods reward thy pious Care.

Clean. leads off his Father; while *Pantheus* follows. *Cleo-*
menes: The Egyptians are driven to the bottom of the
Stage: They make a wheeling Fight; still retiring before
the Spartans: *Cleomenes* advances eagerly after the
Egyptians, and, with *Pantheus*, drives 'em off: *Cleo-*
nidas is left behind: So is *Cœnus* who had skulk'd.

Cæmus. This was well watch'd: The Boy is left un-
guarded. *[Thrusts at Cleonidas behind.]*

Cleon. Oh! I am slain by Treason!
Revenge me, Royal Father.

Re-enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. 'Twas sure his Voice: *[Sees him on the Ground.]*
Too sure: Pity and Rage
Distract my Soul: But Rage will first be serv'd.

[Runs at Cæmus and kills him.]

There's Justice for my self and for my Son!
Look up, sweet Boy,
And tell me that thou liv'st.

Cleon. Fain I would live
To comfort you: I bleed, and am asham'd
To say I faint, and call my self your Son;
O Traytor *Cæmus*! What's become of him?

Cleom. Look, there he lies.

Cleon. I am glad on't,
Forgive me, Heav'n: I hope 'tis no Offence
To say I am glad, because he kill'd me basely.
Still, I grow fainter: Hold me, hold me, Father.

Cleom. Cheer up, and thou shalt live.

Cleon. No: I'm just dying.

Cleom. What shall I lose?

Cleon. A Boy: That's all. I might have liv'd to Manhood:
But once I must have dy'd.

Cleom. But not before thy Father?

Cleon. Nay, then you envy me, that I am first Happy.
I go; and when you come, pray find me out,
And own me for your Son——

[Exit.]

Cleom. There went his Soul: Fate thou hast done thy
worst,

And all thou canst henceforth, is but mean Slaughter;
The gleanings of this Harvest.——

Enter Pantheus.

Panth. Sir, y'are well found: our Enemies are fled:
I left our Men pursuing, and made haste
To bring this joyful News.

Cleom. Look there, and if thou dar'st, now give me joy.

Panth.

Panth. Enough! y'have stopp'd my Mouth——what!

Cleom. kill'd?

I ask no Questions then of who kill'd who:

The Bodies tell their Story as they lie.

Haste, and revenge!

Cleom. Where are our Enemies?

Panth. Sculking, dispers'd in Garrets, and in Cellars.

Enter Cleanthes.

Cleom. Not worth the seeking: Are these fit t'attone
For *Cleomene's* Mother, Son, and Wife?

But what the Gods have left us, we must take.

Cleam. 'Tis all in vain: we have no further Work:

The People will not be dragg'd out to Freedom:

They bar their Doors against it; Nay, the Prisoners

Even guard their Chains, as their Inheritance;

And Man their very Dungeons, for their Masters:

Left Godlike Liberty, the Common Foe,

Should enter in; and they be judg'd hereafter

Accomplices of Freedom.

Panth. Then we may sheath our Swords.

Cleam. We may, *Panthous*;

But so as brave Men should, each in his Bosom;

That only way is left us to die free.

Cleom. All's lost for which I once desir'd to live.

Panth. Come to our Business then: Be speedy Sir;

And give the Word; I'll be the first, to charge

The grim Foe, Death.

Cleam. Fortune, Thou hast reduc'd me very low,

To do the Drudgery of Fate my self!

What! not one brave *Egyptian*! not one worthy

To do me manly Right, in single Combat!

To fall beneath my Fury? For that's Justice:

But, then to drag me after: For to die,

And yet, in Death to Conquer, is my Wish!

Cleam. Then have your Wish: The Gods at last are kind:

And have provided you a Sword that's worthy

To match your own: 'Tis an *Egyptian's* too.

Cleom. Is there that hidden Treasure in thy Country?

The Gods be prais'd——for such a Foe I want.

Cleam.

Cleomb. — Not such a Foe, but such a Friend am I.
I would fall first, for fear I should survive you,
And pull you after to make sure in Death,
To be your undivided Friend for ever.

Cleom. Then enter we into each others Breasts.
'Tis a sharp Passage; yet a kind one too.
But to prevent the blind mistake of Swords,
Lest one Drop first, and leave his Friend behind,
Both thrust at once, and home, and at our Hearts:
Let neither stand on Guard, but let our Bosoms
Lie open to each other in our Death,
As in our Life they were —

Clean. I Seal it thus. *[Kiss and embrace.]*

Pantb. And where's my Part? You shut me out like
Churls,

While you devour the Feast of Death betwixt you.

Cleom. Cheer up thy Soul, and thou shalt die, *Pantheus*:
But in thy turn: There's Death enough for all:

But as I am thy Master, wait my Leisure,
And honestly compose my Limbs to rest,
Then serve thy self——Now are you ready, Friend?

Clean. I am.

Cleom. Then this to our next happy Meeting —

[They both push together, then stagger backwards and fall together in each others Arms.]

Clean. Speak, have I serv'd you to your Wish, my Friend?

Cleom. Yes, Friend——thou hast——I have thee in my
Heart——

Say——art thou sped?

Clean. I am, 'tis my last Breath.

Cleom. And mine——then both are Happy——

[Both die.]

Pantb. So, this was well perform'd, and soon dispatch'd:
Both sound asleep already,
And farewell both for one short Moment.

[Trumpets sound, Victory within.]

Those are the Foes, our little Band is lost
For want of these Defenders: I must hasten,
Lest I be forc'd to live, and led in Triumph;

Defrauded

Defrauded of my Fate, I've earn'd it well,
 And finish'd all my Task: This is my Place:
 Just at my Master's Feet——Guard him, ye Gods,
 And save his sacred Corps from publick Shame——

[He falls on his Sword, and lyes at the Feet of Cleo-
 menes——Dies.

Enter Sofibius, Cassandra and Egyptians.

Sofib. 'Tis what my Heart foreboded: There he lyes,
 Extended by the Man whom best he lov'd!
 A better Friend than Son.

Cas. What's he, or thou? or *Ptolemy*? or *Ægypt*?
 Or all the World, to *Cleomenes* lost?

Sofib. Then I suspected right: If my Revenge
 Can ease my Sorrow; this the King shall know;
 That thou mayst reap the due Reward of Treason,
 And violated Love.

Cas. Thy worst, old Dotard.
 I wish to die: But if my Mind should change,
 So well I know my Power, that thou art lost.

Sofib. The King's Arrival shall decide our Fate.
 Mean time, to show how much I honour Virtue,
 Take up that Hero's Body, bear it high,
 Like the Procession of a Deity:

Let his arm'd Figure on his Tomb be set,
 And we like Slaves lye groveling at his Feet;
 Whose Glories growing till his latest Breath,
 Excell'd all others: And his own in Death——

[Exeunt omnes.]



EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THIS Day, the Poet, bloudily inclin'd,
Has made me die, full fire against my Mind!
Some of you naughty Men, I fear, will cry,
Poor Rogue! would I might teach thee how to die!
Thanks for your Love; but I sincerely say,
I never mean to die, your wicked Way.
Well, since it is Decreed all Flesh must go,
(And I am Flesh, at least for ought you know;)
I first declare, I die with peace of Mind,
In perfect Charity with all Mankind.
Next for my Will:——— I have, in my Dispose,
Some certain Moveables would please you Bores;
As, first, my Teeth; for as I have been told,
Some of you, madish Sparks, are dev'lish old.
My Chastity I need not leave among ye:
For to suspect old Fops, were much to wrong ye.
You swear you're Sowers; but for all your boasts,
Your Misses shake their Heads, and find you chaste.
I give my Courage to those bold Commanders
That stay with us, and dare not go for Flanders.
I leave my Truth, (to make his Plot more clear,)
To Mr. Fuller, when he next shall swear.
I give my Judgment, craving all your Mercies,
To those that love good Plays, for damn'd dull Farces.
My small Devotion let the Gallants share,
That come to ogle us at Evening Pray'r.
I give my Person———let me well consider,
Faith I'en to him that is the fairest Bidder.
To some rich Hunts, if any be so bold
To say those dreadful Words, To have and hold.
But stay———to give, and be beguiling still,
When I'm so poor, is just like Wickham's Will:
Like that notorious Cheat, vast Sums I give,
Only that you may keep me while I live.
Buy a good Bargain, Gallants, while you may.
I'll cost you but your Half-a-Crown a Day.

KING ARTHUR:

O R,

The *British* Worthy.

A Dramatick

O P E R A.

Perform'd at the QUEEN's Theatre

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

——— *Heic alta Theatris*
Fundamenta locant: Scenis decora alta futuris. Virg. *Æn.* 1.
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæ Britanni. Georg. 3. 10.
——— *Tantum placuis concurrere motu.* *Ænid.* 11.
Jupiter, æternâ Gentis in pace futuras?
Et celebrare Domestica facta. Hor.

Printed in the Year M DCCXVII.



TO THE
Marquess of *HALIFAX*.

My LORD,

THIS Poem was the last Piece of Service, which I had the Honour to do for my Gracious Master, King *CHARLES* the Second: And tho' he liv'd not to see the Performance of it on the Stage, yet the PROLOGUE to it, which was the *Opera of Albion and Albanus*, was often practis'd before him at *Whitehall*, and encourag'd by his Royal Approbation. It was indeed a Time, which was proper for Triumph, when he had overcome all those Difficulties which for some Years had perplex'd His peaceful Reign: But when he had just restor'd his People to their Senses, and made the latter End of his Government of a Piece with the happy Beginning of it, he was on the sudden snatch'd away from the Blessings and Acclamations of his Subjects, who arriv'd so late to the Knowledge of him, that they had but just time enough to desire him longer, before they were to part with him for ever. Peace be with the Ashes
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of so good a King! Let his Heroic Fortitude be
forgotten; and his Generosity and Moderation
(the illustrious Virtues of his Family) be remem-
bered with a grateful Veneration by those who
do, through which he saved the Kingdom of
them. And, as your Lordship has a particular
Place in his Esteem, and perhaps the first in his
Affection, during his latter Troubles; the Success
which accompanied those prudent Counsels, can-
not but reflect an Honour on those few who man-
ag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulness
and Diligence, the Publick Safety. I might dilate
on the Difficulties which attended that Under-
taking, the Temper of the People, the Power,
Arts and Interest of the contrary Party, but those
are all of them invidious Topicks; they are too
green in our Remembrance; and he who touches
on them, *Incedis per ignes, supposito circum dolo.*
But without reproaching one side to gain an-
other, I may justly recommend to both, those
whollosom Counsels, which wisely administered,
and as well executed, were the Means of prevent-
ing a Civil War, and of extinguishing a growing Fire
which was just ready to have broken forth among us.
So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in
their Arms; so many Parents, who have not the
Number of their Children lessen'd; so many Villages,
Towns and Cities, whose Inhabitants are not decreas-
ed, their Property violated, or their Wealth diminish-
ed, are yet owing to the sober Conduct, and happy
Results of your Advice. If a true Account may
be expected by future Ages, from the present, your
Lordship will be delivered over to Posterity, in a
fairer Character than I have given: And he read,
not in the Person of a Play, (whose Author it
not vain enough to promise Immortality to o-
thers, or to hope it for himself) but in many Pa-
ges

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ges of a Chronicle, fill'd with Praises of your Administration. For if Writers be just to the Memory of King *CHARLES* the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Distinguisht of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Necessities often forc'd him to vary his Counsellors and Counsels, and sometimes to employ such Persons in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his present Purpose, than satisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulsion, he was Master of too much good Sense to delight in heavy Conversation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet those of his Affection were Men of Wit. He was easie with these; and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter Part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be most cautiously manag'd, his secret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and those selected of that sort, who were *Amici omnis* *Henrici*, able to advise him in a serious Consult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleasant Discourse, as well as profitable. In this maturest Part of his Age, when he had been long season'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Nicomacha in his Choice, as being satisfied how few cou'd be trusted; and, of those who cou'd be trusted, how few cou'd serve him, he confined himself to a small Number of Boston Friends; amongst whom, the World is much mistaken, if your Lordship was not first.

If the Rewards which you receiv'd for those Services, were only Honours, it rather shew'd the Necessities of the Times, than any want of Kindness in your Royal Master: And as the Splendour of your Fortune stood not in need of being supported

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ported by the Crown, so likewise in being satisfied without other Recompence, you shew'd your self to be above a Mercenary Interest; and strengthen'd that Power, which bestowed those Titles on you: Which, truly speaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in suspected Weather; so have you wisely chosen to withdraw your self from publick Business, when the Face of Heaven grew troubled; and the frequent shifting of the Winds fore-shew'd a Storm: There are Times and Seasons when the best Patriots are willing to withdraw their Hands from the Commonwealth; as *Phocion* in his latter Days was observ'd to decline the Management of Affairs: Or, as *Cicero*, (to draw the Similitude more home) left the Pulpit, for *Tusculum*; and the Praise of Oratory, for the sweet Enjoyments of a private Life. And, in the Happiness of those Retirements, has more oblig'd Posterity by his *Moral Precepts*, than he did the Republick, in quelling the Conspiracy of *Catiline*. What prudent Man wou'd not rather follow the Example of his Retreat, than stay like *Cato*, with a stubborn unseasonable Virtue, to oppose the Torrent of the People, and at last be driven from the Market-place by a Riot of a Multitude, incapable of Counsel, and deaf to Eloquence? There is likewise a Portion of our Lives, which every wise Man may justly reserve to his own peculiar Use, and that without defrauding his Native Country. A *Roman* Soldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his Dismission at such an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invasion from the *Gauls*. How far that may work with your Lordship, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Tryal. In

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In the mean time, while the Nation is secur'd from Foreign Attempts, by so powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happiness, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertisement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it succeed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefest Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote it, seven Years ago, I employ'd some reading about it, to inform my self out of *Beda*, *Bochartus*, and other Authors, concerning the Rites and Customs of the Heathen Saxons; as I also us'd the little Skill I have in Poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the present Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig'd so much to alter the first Design, and take away so many Beauties from the Writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present Ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after so often taking down, and altering, is the Vessel it was at the first Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Musick; which has since arriv'd to a greater Perfection in *England*, than ever formerly; especially passing through the artful Hands of Mr. *Parcel*, who has Compos'd it with so great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Musick are sometimes so contrary, that in many Places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verses, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer: Of which I have no Reason to repent me, because these sorts of Entertainment are principally design'd for the Ear and Eye; and therefore in Reason my Art on this Occasion, ought to be subservient to his. And besides, I flatter my self with

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with an Imagination, that a judicious Audience will easily distinguish betwixt the Songs, wherein I have comply'd with him, and those in which I have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words. Notwithstanding all these Disadvantages, there is somewhat still remaining of the first Spirit with which I wrote it: And, though I can only speak by guess of what pleas'd my first and best Patroness the Dutches of *Monmouth* in the reading, yet I will venture my Opinion, by the Knowledge I have long had of her Grace's Excellent Judgment, and true Taste of Poetry, that the Parts of the Airy and Earthy Spirits, and that Fairy kind of Writing, which depends only upon the Force of Imagination, were the Grounds of her liking the Poem, and afterwards of her Recommending it to the Queen. I have likewise had the Satisfaction to hear, that her Majesty has graciously been pleas'd to peruse the Manuscript of this *Opera*, and given it her Royal Approbation. Poets, who subsist not but on the Favour of Sovereign Princes, and of great Persons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their Patronage, who encourage the Genius that animates them. And therefore I will again presume to guess, that her Majesty was not displeas'd to find in this Poem the Praises of her Native Country; and the Heroick Actions of so famous a Predecessor in the Government of *Great Britain*, as King *Arthur*.

All this, my Lord, I must confess, looks with a kind of Insinuation, that I present you with somewhat not-unworthy your Protection: But I may easily mistake the Favour of her Majesty for her Judgment: I think I cannot be deceiv'd in thus addressing to your Lordship, whom I have had the Honour to know, at that Distance which
be-

The English Dedication.

because me, for so many Years. 'Tis true, that formerly I have shadow'd some part of your Virtues, under another Name; but the Character, though short and imperfect, was so true, that it broke through the Fable, and was discover'd by its Native Light. What I pretend by this Dedication, is an Honour which I do my self to Posterity, by acquainting them that I have been conversant with the first Persons of the Age in which I liv'd; and thereby perpetuate my Prose, when my Verses may possibly be forgotten, or obscur'd by the Fame of future Poets. Which Ambition, amongst my other Faults and Imperfections, be pleased to pardon, in,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

SURE, there's a Dearth of Wit in this dull Town,
When silly Plays so scuriously go down:
As when Clipp'd Money passes, 'tis a sign
A Nation is not over-stock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own Defence,
Can Write just level to your humble Sense;
Who higher than your Pitch can never go;
And doubtless, he must creep, who Writes below.
So have I seen in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm, throw on a long Shovel-Board,
He barely lays his Piece, bar Rubs and Knocks,
Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.
A Feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do;
Who straining all he can, comes up to you:
For if you like your Selves, you like him too.
An Ape his own dear Image will embrace;
An ugly Beau adores a Hatchet Face:
So some of you, on pure Instinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, to admire your Fellow Creature.
In Fear of which, our House has sent this Day,
To insure our New-built-Vessel, call'd a Play.
No sooner Nam'd, than one crys out, These Stagers
Come in good Time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take or no;
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants too;
A Sign they have but little else to do.
Betts, as the best, were Foot-Traps; where the Wise
Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies:

But

PROLOGUE.

*But now they've given a general Trade for all,
 And Africa, by the Slave-Trade, Rich and Tall.
 War, Cloath, and Ship, are free of Wager-Mall.
 One Policy, as far as Lyons carries;
 Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
 Our Batts, at last, wou'd ev'n to Rome extend,
 But that the Pope has prov'd our Traffick Friend.
 Indeed, it were a Bargain worth our Money,
 Cou'd we insure another Ottobuoni.
 Among the rest there are a shocking Set,
 That pray for us, and yet hang'd in Debt:
 Sure Hells is full of us at a loss, to know
 If these wou'd have their Prayers be heard, or no:
 For in great Numbers, we pass for fools,
 Men Pray, but very faintly they may lose.
 Leave off these Wagers; for in Conscience Speaking,
 The City needs not your new Tricks for Betting:
 And if you Gallants live, so all appearing
 You'll want an Exchange for Volunteering;
 While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
 When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>King Arthur.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Oswald, King of Kent, a } Saxon and a Heathen.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Conon, Duke of Cornwall, } Tributary to King Arthur.</i>	<i>Mr. Hodgson.</i>
<i>Merlin, a famous Incubator.</i>	<i>Mr. Kynaston.</i>
<i>Osmond, a Saxon Magician, } and a Heathen.</i>	<i>Mr. Sandford.</i>
<i>Aurelius, Friend to Arthur.</i>	<i>Mr. Alexander.</i>
<i>Albanact, Captain of Ar- } thur's Guards.</i>	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>
<i>Guillamar, Friend to Oswald.</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>

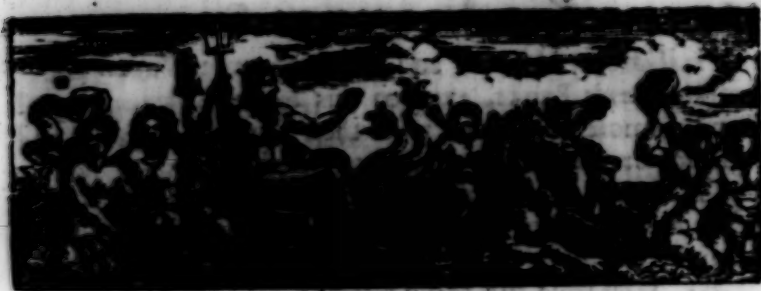
W O M E N.

<i>Emmeline, Daughter of Conon.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Matilda, her Attendant.</i>	<i>Mrs. Richardson.</i>
<i>Philidel, an Airy Spirit.</i>	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
<i>Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit.</i>	<i>Mr. Bouman.</i>

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers.

S C E N E in K E N T.

K I N G



KING ARTHUR:

OR,

The *British* Worthy.

A C T I S C E N E I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albana&c.

C O N O N.



H E N this is the deciding Day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great *Arthur's* Hand.

Aur. Or put it in the bold Invader's
Gripe.

Arthur and *Oswald*, and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of
Heaven.

Cas. In ten set Battels have we driven back
These Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,

Q 3

Har

Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves.
 From *Severn's* Banks, even to this *Barn-Dun*,
 Our foremost Men have prest their fainty Rear,
 And not one *Saxon* Face has been beheld;
 But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been stuck
 With foul dishonest Wounds: Now here, indeed,
 Because they have no further Ground, they stand.

Aur. Well have we chose a happy Day for Fight;
 For every Man, in course of time, has found
 Some Days are lucky, some unfortunate.

Alb. But why this Day more lucky than the rest?

Con. Because this Day
 Is Sacred to the Patron of our Isle;
 A Christian, and a Soldier's annual Feast.

Alb. Oh, now I understand you. This is *St. George* of
Cappadocia's Day. Well, it may be so, but Faith I was
 ignorant; we Soldiers seldom examin the Rubrick; and
 now and then a Saint may happen to slip by us; But if
 he be a Gentleman Saint, he will forgive us.

Con. *Oswald* undoubtedly will fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his last Stake.
 But what manner of Man is this *Oswald*? Have ye ever
 seen him?

[To *Alb.*
Alb. Ne'er but once; and that was to my Cost too;
 I follow'd him too close, and to say the Truth, some-
 what uncivilly, upon a Rout; but he turn'd upon me, as
 quick and as round, as a chaf'd Bear; and gave me two
 Licks a-cross the Face, to put me in mind of my Chri-
 stianity.

Con. I know him well; he's free and open-hearted.

Aur. His Country's Character: That speaks a *German*.

Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently Brave;
 And once resolv'd is never to be mov'd.

Alb. Yes, he's a valiant Dog; Pox on him.

Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
 When in my Court, he sought my Daughter's Love:
 My Fair, Blind *Emmelina*.

Alb. I cannot blame him for Courting the Heiress of
Cornwal: All Heiresses are beautiful; and as blind as she
 is, he would have had no blind Bargain of her.

Aur.

Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* reign'd within her Heart,
Ere *Oswald* mov'd his Sute.

Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have nam'd a Man;
One, whom besides the Homage that I owe,
As *Coriswall's* Duke, to his Imperial Crown,
I wou'd have chosen out, from all Mankind,
To be my Sovereign Lord.

Aur. His Worth divides him from the crowd of Kings;
So Born, without Desert to be so Born;
Men, set a-lost, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to lash the Under-World.

Con. *Arthur* is all that's Excellent in *Oswald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battle brave;
But still serene in all the Stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As merciful and kind, to vanquish'd Foes,
As a Forgiving God; but see, he's here,
And Praise is dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, reading a Letter, with Attendants.

Arth. [Reading.] Go on, Auspicious Prince, the Stars
are kind:

Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with Aiery Legions, help thy Arms;
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th' Event, [To *Con.*
With Heav'n and you to Friends; Oh Noble *Conon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War;
And now again you Helm your hoary Head,
And under double weight of Age and Arms,
Assert your Country's Freedom; and my Crown,

Con. No more, my Son.

Arth. Most happy in that Name!
Your *Emmeline*, to *Oswald's* Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your charming Daughter, who like Love, born Blind,
Un-aiming hits, with surest Archery,
And innocently kills.

Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you.

For see the *Saxon* Gross begins to move.

Arth. Their Infantry embattel'd, square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle Space:

Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.

By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horror:

The Noble *Oswald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, led by Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears,

A new, but Oh, a softer Flame, inspires me:

Even Rage and Vengeance slumber at her Sight.

Con. Haste your Farewel; I'll cheer my Troops, and
wait ye. [Exit Conon.]

Em. Oh Father, Father, I am sure you're here;
Because I see your Voice.

Arth. No, thou mistak'st thy Hearing for thy Sight;
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;

And I but stay to gaze on those fair Eyes;

Which cannot view the Conquest they have made.

Oh Star-like Night, dark only to thy self,

But full of Glory, as those Lamps of Heav'n

That see not, when they shine.

(Day,

Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night, and
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?

I understand you, when you say you love:

For, when my Father clasps my Hand in his,

That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkl'd;

But when you grasp it, then I sigh and pant,

And something smarts and tickles at my Heart.

Arth. Oh artless Love! where the Soul moves the
Tongue,

And only Nature speaks what Nature thinks!

Had she but Eyes!

Em. Just now you said I had:

I see 'em, I have two.

Arth. But neither see.

Em. I'm sure they hear you then:

What can your Eyes do more?

Arth. They view your Beauties.

Em. Do not I see? You have a Face, like mine,

Two Hands, and two round, pretty, rising Breasts,
That heave like mine.

Arb. But you describe a Woman.
Nor is it Sight, but touching with your Hands.

Em. Then 'tis my Hand that sees, and that's all one:
For is not seeing, touching with your Eyes?

Arb. No, for I see at Distance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,
I fear you see my naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Cloaths; pray do not see so well.

Arb. Fear not, sweet Innocence;
I view the lovely Features of your Face;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark shaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, and Snow-white Forehead; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal Terms:
I love you dearly, without all these Helps:
I cannot see your Lips Carnation,
Your shaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.

Arb. You still mistake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a Nose and Eyes,
And such a Face as mine; have not Men Faces?

Arb. Oh, none like yours, so excellently fair.

Em. Then wou'd I had no Face; for I wou'd be
Just such a one as you.

Arb. Alas 'tis vain to instruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.

[Trumpet sounds within.]

Em. Why, is not that a Trumpet?

Arb. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I can tell you how the Sound on't looks;
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.

Arb. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant Sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thousand Foes.

Em. How does so many Men e'er come to meet?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one another's Faces;

And so they meet, and kill:

Artb. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the Field;
One kiss of your fair Hand, the pledge of Conquest;
And so a short Farewel.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exit with Artb. Alb. and Attendants.*]

Em. My Heart and Vows go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my Part.

[*Exit, led by Matilda.*]

*The SCENE represents a Place of Heathen
Worship; the three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor,
and Freya placed on Pedestals. An Altar.*

Enter Ofwald and Osmond.

Ofm. 'Tis time to hasten our mysterious Rites;
Because your Army waits you.

Ofw. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxons Powers,

[*Making three Bows before the three Images.*]

Hear and revenge my Father Hengist's Death.

Ofm. Father of Gods and Men, great Woden, hear.
Mount thy hot Courser, drive amidst thy Foes;
Lift high thy thundering Arm, let every Blow
Dash out a mis-believing Briton's Brains.

Ofw. Father of Gods and Men, great Woden hear;
Give Conquest to thy Saxon Race, and me.

Ofm. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,
With Sacred Runick Rhimes, from Death in Battle.
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for see my trusty Fiend,
Who all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air.

Grinibald, a fierce evilly Spirit, arises.

What News, my Grinibald?

Grin. I have paid my Part;
For I have Steer'd the Fools that are to dye;
Six Fools, so prodigal of Life and Soul,

That,

That for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and Woden.

Ofm. 'Tis well; but are we sure of Victory?

Grim. Why ask'st thou me?

Inspect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Guests:
Blood we must have, without it we are dumb.

Ofm. Say, where's thy Fellow-servant, *Philidel*?
Why comes not he?

Grim. For, he's a puling Sprite.

Why didst thou chuse a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty Work of Mischief?
His Make is flitting, soft, and yielding Atomes,
He trembles at the yawning Gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, lest he shou'd finge
His gaudy silken Wings.

He sighs when he should plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compassion touch'd of foolish Man.

Ofm. What a half Devil's he?

His Errand was, to draw the Low-land Damps,
And noisom Vapours, from the foggy Fens:
Then, breath the baleful Stench, with all his Force,
Full on the Faces of our christned Foes.

Grim. Accordingly he drein'd those Marshy-grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue pestiferous Cloud;
Which when he shou'd have blown, the frightened Elf
Espy'd the red Cross Banners of their Host;
And said he durst not add to his Damnation.

Ofm. I'll punish him at leisure;
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.

Grim. That's my kind Master, I shall breakfast on 'em.

*Grimbald goes to the Door, and Re-enters with six Saxons in
White, with Swords in their Hands. They range them-
selves three and three in Opposition to each other. The rest
of the Stage is fill'd with Priests and Singers.*

Woden, first to thee,
A Milk-white Steed, in Battle won,

We have Sacrific'd.

Chor. We have Sacrific'd.

Verf. *Let our next Oblation be,
To Thor, thy slandering Son,
Of such another.*

Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

Verf. *A Third; (of Friczland Braed was he,)
To Woden's Wife, and to Thor's Mother:
And now we have atton'd all three
We have Sacrific'd.*

Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

2 Voc. *The White Horse neigh'd aloud.
To Woden thanks we render.
To Woden, we have vow'd.*

Chor. *To Woden, our Defender.*

[The four last Lines in Chorus.

Verf. *The Lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas'd:*

Chor. *Of mortal Cares you shall be eas'd,
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring
By Expiring,
Dye, and reap the fruit of Glory.
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.*

Verf. 2. *I call ye all,
To Woden's Hall;
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets crown'd,
And plenteous Bowls of burnisht Gold;
Where you shall laugh,
And dance, and quaff
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.*

[The six Saxons are led off by the Priests, in Order to be Sacrific'd.

Osw. Ambitious Fools we are,
And yet Ambition is a Godlike Fault:
Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
Now *Britany* prepare to change thy State,
And from this Day begin thy *Saxon* Date.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

A Battle supposed to be given behind the Scenes,
with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts
and Excursions: After which, the *Britons*, ex-
pressing their Joy for the Victory, sing this Song
of Triumph.

Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double Beat of the thundering Drums.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting Saxons quit their Ground,
Their Trumpets languish in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the Bold Britons cry.

Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquish'd Invaders.



~~THE HISTORY OF THE~~

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. **A** Las, for Pity, of this bloody Field!
Piteous it needs must be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of Humane Woes!
Ah! for so many Souls, as but this Morn'
Were cloath'd with Flesh, and warin'd with Vital Blood,
But naked now, or shirted but with Air.

[Merlin, with Spirits, descends to Philidel, on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.]

Mer. What art thou, Spirit, of what Name and Order?
(For I have view'd thee in my Magic Glass)

Making thy Moan, among the Midnight Woves,
That Bay the silent Moon: Speak, I Conjure thee.
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whose awful Ward,
The pale Ghost quivers, and the grim Fiend gasps.

Phil. An Airy Shape, the tenderst of my Kind,
The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of Hell;
Half white, and shuff'd in the Crowd, I fell;
Desirous to repent, and loth to sin,
Awkward in Mischief, piteous of Mankind,
My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air,
Where next beneath the Moon, and nearest Heav'n,
I soar, and have a Glimpse to be receiv'd,
For which the swarthy *Demons* envy me.

Mer. Thy Business here?

Phil. To shun the *Great Wizard's* dire Commands,
O'mond, the awfull Name next thine below,
'Cause I refus'd to hurl a Noysom Fog
On Christen'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell
Is rais'd against me, for a Fugitive Spright.

Mer. *O'mond* shall know, a greater Power protects thee;
But follow thou the Whispers of thy Soul,
That draw thee nearer Heav'n.

And,

And, as thy Place is nearest to the Sky,
The Rays will reach thee first, and bleach thy Spot.

Phil. In hope of that, I spread my Azure Wings,
And wishing still, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in Day-light, and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward, and my Rust wear off.

Mer. Why, 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good: (Philidel,
Thou know'st, in Spight of Valiant Oswald's Arms,
Or Oswald's Powerful Spells, the Field is ours.

Phil. Oh Master! hasten
Thy Dread Commands; for Grimbold is at Hand;
Oswald's fierce Foe, I snuff his Earthy Scutt:
The Conquering Britons he misleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfalls of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er shall rise again.

Mer. Be that thy Care, to stand by Falls of Brooks,
And trembling Bogs, that bear a Green-Sword Show.
Warn off the bold Pursuers from the Chase:
No more, they come, and we divide the Task.
But lest fierce Grimbold's pond'rous Bulk oppress
Thy tender sitting Air, I'll leave my Band
Of Spirits with United Strength to Aid thee,
And Force with Force repel.

[Exit Merlin on his Chariot. Merlin's Spirits stay
with Philidel.]

Enter Grimbold in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by King
Arthur, Coton, Aurelius, Albaniet and Soldiers, who
wander at a Distance in the Scene.

Grim. Here, this Way, Britons, follow Oswald's Flight;
This Evening as I whistl'd out my Dog,
To drive my straggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I saw him dropping Sweat, o'er-labour'd, stiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my Steps; long Neighbourhood by Day
Has made these Fields familiar in the Night.

Arch. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. } Higher this Way, this Way bend,
sings. } Trust not that malicious Foe:

*Those are false deluding Lights,
Wasted far and near by Sprights,
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marshes leave ye.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this Way, this Way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This Way, this Way bend.*

Phil. } *If you step, no Danger thinking,
sings. } Down you fall, a Furlong sinking:*

*'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this Way, this Way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This Way, this Way bend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Trust not that malicious Fiend.*

Grimbald's Spirits. *Trust me, I am no malicious Fiend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Hither this Way, &c.*

*Com. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to Human Kind,
Misguides our Steps.*

Albn. I'll follow him no farther.

[pight.]

*Grimb. speaks. By Hell she sings 'em back, in my Def-
I had a Voice in Heav'n, ere Sulph'rous Steams
Had damp'd it to a Hoarseness; but I'll try.*

*He sings. Let not a Moon-born Elf mis-lead ye,
From your Prey, and from your Glory.
Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes sev'n, and sometimes One;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

II.

*See, see, the Footsteps plain appearing,
That Way Oswald chose for flying:
Firm is the Turf, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

*Act. 'Tis true, he says; the Footsteps yet are fresh
Upon the Sod, no falling Dew-Drops have
Disturb'd the Print. [All are going to follow Grimbald.*

Philidel sings. Hither this Way.

Chor.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this Way, this Way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This Way, this Way bend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Trust not that Malicious Fiend.*

Grimb. Spirits. *Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Hither this Way, &c.*

[*They all incline to Philidel:*

Grim. [*speaks.*] *Curse on her Voice, I must my Prey*
Thou, Philidel, shalt answer this, below. (*forego;*

[*Grimbald sinks with a Flash.*

Arth. *At last the Cheat is plain;*
The Cloven-footed Fiend is vanish'd from us;
Good Angels be our Guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

And me. And me. And me. And me.

Verf. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your Way shall be.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

Verf. *No Goblin or Elf shall dare to offend ye.*

Chor. *No, no, no, &c.*

No Goblin or Elf shall dare to offend ye.

Verf. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*

You Hero's wilt bear,

To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We Brethren, &c.*

[*Philidel and the Spirits go off singing, with King Arthur*
and the rest in the middle of them.

Enter Emmeline led by Matilda. Scene. Pavilion

Em. *No News of my dear Love, or of my Father?*

Mat. *None, Madam, since the gaining of the Battel;*
Great Arthur is a Royal Conqueror now,
And well deserves your Love.

Em. *But now I fear*

He'll be too great, to love poor silly me.

If he be dead, or never come again,

I mean to die: But there's a greater Doubt,

Since I ne'er saw him here,

How shall I meet him in another World?

Mat. *I have heard something, how two Bodies meet,*
But how Souls joyn, I know not.

Em.

Em. I should find him,
For surely I have seen him in my sleep;
And then unthought, he put his Mouth to mine;
And out a Thousand Kisses on my Lips;
Sure by his Kissing I could find him out
Among a thousand Angels in the Sky.

Mat. But what a kind of Man do you suppose him?

Em. He must be made of the most precious Things,
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Nose, and all his Face, are made of Gold.

Mat. Heav'n bless us, Madam, what a Face you make
If it be yellow, he must have the Jaundies, [him!
And that's a bad Disease.

Em. Why then do Lovers give a Thing so bad
As Gold, to Women, whom so well they love? (Things.

Mat. Because that bad thing, Gold, buys all good

Em. Yet I must know him better: of all Colours,
Tell me which is the purest, and the softest.

Mat. They say 'tis Black.

Em. Why then, since Gold is hard, and yet is preci-
His Face must all be made of soft, black Gold. (ous,

Mat. But, Madam—

Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.

Mat. Here are a Crew of *Kennish* Lads and Lassies,
Wou'd entertain ye, 'till your Lord's Return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.

Em. O bring 'em in,
For tho' I cannot see the Songs, I love 'em;
And Love, they tell me, is a Dance of Hearts.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

I SHEPHERD sings.

How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm passes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Herds, and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.

Chor. All the Day, &c.

II. Bright

II.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,
 Let not your Days without Pleasure expire;
 Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
 All Men will praise you, but none will desire.
 Let not Youth fly away without Consenting;
 Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
 Chor. Let not Youth, &c,

[Here the Men offer their Flutes to the Women,
 which they refuse.

2 SHEPHERDESS.

Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,
 Pipes are sweet, a Summer's Day;
 But a little after Tying,
 Women have the Shot to Pay.

II.

Here are Marriage-Vows for signing,
 Set their Marks that cannot wise:
 After that, without Repining,
 Play and Welcome, Day and Night.

[Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept;

Chor. } Come, Shepherds, lead up, a lively Measure;
 of all. } The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleasure;
 But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
 Make sure of this Day, and hang to Morrow.

[The Dance after the Song, and Exit the Shepherds and
 Shepherdesses.

Enter on the other Side of the Stage, Oswald and Guillamar.

Osw. The Night has wilder'd us; and we are fall'n
 Among their foremost Tents.

Guil. Ha! What are these!

They seem of more than Vulgar Quality.

Em. What Sounds are those? They cannot far be di-
 Where are we now, Matilda? [stant:

Mrs. Just before your Tent:

Fear not, they must be Friends, and they approach.

Em. My Arthur, speak, my Love; Are you return'd
 To bless your Emmeline?

Osw.

Osw. [*to Guilla.*] I know that Face:
'Tis my Ungrateful Fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my Rival's Love: Heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing now.

Mat. Fear grows upon me:
Speak what you are; speak, or I call for Help.

Osw. We are your Guards.

Mat. Ah me! We are betray'd; 'tis *Oswald's* Voice.

Em. Let 'em not see our Voices, and then they cannot find us.

Osw. Passions in Men oppress'd, are doubly strong.
I take her from King *Arthur*; there's Revenge:
If she can love, she buoys my sinking Fortunes:
Good Reasons both: I'll on——Fear nothing, Ladies,
You shall be safe.

[*Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.*

Em. and Matil. Help, help! a Rape, a Rape!

Osw. By Heav'n ye injure me, tho' Force is us'd,
Your Honour shall be sacred.

Em. Help, help, Oh Britons, help!

Osw. Your Britons cannot help you:
This Arm, through all their Troops, shall force my way;
Yet neither quit my Honour, nor my Prey,

[*Exeunt, the Women still crying.*

[*An Alarm within: Some Soldiers running over the Stage:*
Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Albanact Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.

Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?

1 Sol. Here, towards the Castle.

Alb. Pox o'this Victory; the whole Camp's debauch'd:
All Drunk or Whoring: This way, follow, follow. [*Exe.*

[*The Alarm renews: Clashing of Swords within for a while.*

Re-enter Albanact, Officer and Soldiers.

Offic. How sits the Conquest on great *Arthur's* Brow?

Alb. As when the Lover with the King is mixt,
He puts the Gain of Britain in a Scale,
Which weighing with the Loss of Emmeline,
He thinks he's scarce a Saver. [*Trumpet within.*

Offic. Hark! a Trumpet!
It sounds a Parley.

Alb.

Alb. 'Tis from Oswald then,
An Eccho to King *Arthur's* friendly Summons,
Sent since he heard the Rape of *Emmelina*,
To ask an Interview. [*Trumpet answering on the other side.*

Offic. But hark! already
Our Trumpet makes reply; and see both present.
Enter Arthur on one side attended, Oswald on the other with Attendants, and Guillamar. They meet and salute.

Arth. Brave Oswald! We have met on friendlier Terms,
Companions of a War, with common Interest -
Against the bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd.

Osw. And I am sorry that those Times are chang'd:
For else we now might meet, on Terms as friendly.

Arth. If so we meet not now, the Fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much.

Osw. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t'enlarge my Bounds:
If those be Wrongs, the War has well redress'd ye.

Arth. Mistake me not, I count not War a Wrong:
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for Empire:
And better be a Lion, than a Sheep.

Osw. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?

Arth. In my Love.

Osw. Even Love's an Empire too; the noble Soul,
Like Kings, is Covetous of single Sway.

Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmelina*:
But since the Soul is free, and Love is choice,
You shou'd have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.

Osw. Whether by Force, or Stratagem, we gain;
Still Gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I must seize the Cabinet:
But to secure your Fear, her Honour is untouch'd.

Arth. Was Honour ever safe in brutal Hands?
So safe are Lambs within the Lion's Paw;
Ungrip'd and plaid with, till fierce Hunger calls,
Then Nature shews it self; the close-hid Nails
Are stretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.

But

But if indeed, you are so Cold a Lover——

Ofw. Not Cold; but Honourable.

Arth. Then Restore her.

That done, I shall believe you Honourable.

Ofw. Think'st thou I will forego a Victor's Right?

Arth. Say rather, of an Impious Ravisher.

That Castle, were it wall'd with Adamant,
Can hide thy Head; but 'till to-Morrow's Dawn.

Ofw. And ere to-Morrow I may be a God,
If *Emmelina* be kind: But kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to see this Day,
That Heavenly Face, tho' not to have her mine,
I would give up a hundred Years of Life,
And bid Fate cut to-Morrow.

Arth. It soon will come, and thou repent too late:
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honest.

Thy Noble Head, accusom'd to a Crown,
Shall wear it still: Nor shall thy Hand forget
The Scepter's Use: From *Melony's* pleasing Stream,
To *Sewen's* Roar, be thine.

In short, Restore my Love, and share my Kingdom.

Ofw. Not, tho' you spread my Sway from *Thames* to
Such Gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover. [*Tyber*;

Arth. Then prithee give me back my Kingly Word.
Pass'd for thy safe Return; and let this Hour,
In single Combat, Hand to Hand, decide
The Fate of Empire, and of *Emmelina*.

Ofw. Not, that I fear, do I decline this Combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:

When *Emmelina* has been my Prize as long
As she was thine, I dare thee to the Duel. [*row.*

Arth. I nam'd your utmost Term of Life; To Mor-

Ofw. You are not Fate.

Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.

You might have made a Merit of your Theft.

Ofw. Ha! Theft! Your Guards can tell I stole her not.

Arth. Had I been present——

Ofw. Had you been present, She had been mine more

Arth. There lies your Way. [*Nobly.*

Ofw. My Way lies where I please.

Expect

Expect (for Oswald's Magick cannot fail)
A long To-Morrow, ere your Arms prevail:
Or if I fall, make Room, ye Blest above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for Love.

[Exit Oswald and his Party.

Arth. There may be one black Minute ere to Morrow:
For who can tell, what Power, and Lust, and Charms,
May do this Night? To Arms, with Speed, to Arms.

[Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Arthur, Conon, and Auselius.

Con. **F**urle up our Colours, and Unbrace our Drums;
Dislodge betimes; and quit this fatal Coast.

Arth. Have we forgot to Conquer?

Aus. Cast off Hope:

Th' Imbattl'd Legions of Fire, Air, and Earth,
Are banded for our Foes.

For going to discover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Rise more easie to attack the Fort,
Scarce had we stept on the Forbidden Ground,
When the Woods shook, the Trees stood bristling up;
A Living Trembling nodded through the Leaves.

Arth. Poplars, and Aspen-Boughs, a Pannick Fright.

Con. We thought so too, and doubled still our Pace,
But strait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds,
Rose and grew loud; Confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiss of Snakes;
Shrieks more than Humane; Globes of Hail pour'd down
An Armed Winter, and inverted Day.

Arth. Dreadful indeed!

Aus. Count then our Labour's lost:
For otherway lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air.

Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.

'Tis

'Tis *Oswald's* Work, a Band of Hell-hir'd Slaves:
Be mine the Hazard, mine shall be the Fame.

[*Arthur is going out, but is met by Merlin, who takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.*

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'n's Time; th' Attempt's too dangerous:

There's not a Tree in that Inchant'd Grove,
But numbred out, and given by Tale to Fiends;
And under every Leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what Method to dissolve these Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here, (for what can thwart thy
Nor *Emmeline* had been the Boast of *Oswald*; [Skill?]
Nor I, fore-warn'd, been wanting to her Guard.

Con. Her darken'd Eyes had seen the Light of Heav'n;
That was thy Promise too, and this the Time.

Mer. Nor has my Aid been absent, tho' unseen,
With Friendly Guides in your benighted Maze:
Nor *Emmeline* shall longer want the Sun.

Arth. Is there an End of Woes?

Mer. There is, and sudden.

I have employ'd a subtle Airy Spright
T' explore the Passage, and prepare my Way.
My self, mean Time, will view the Mag'ck Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.

Con. But *Emmeline*——

Mer. Fear not: This Vial shall restore her Sight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible
To *Merlin's* Art) to be my self the Bearer,
That with the Light of Heav'n she may discern
Her Lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous;
Yet I foresee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring ye back unharm'd:
Then lose not precious Time, but follow me.

[*Exeunt Omnes, Merlin leading Arthur.*

SCENE, a Deep Wood.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. I left all safe behind;
For in the hindmost Quarter of the Wood.

My

My former Lord, Grim Osmond, walks the Round:
Calls o'er the Names, and schools the tardy Sprights.
His Absence gives me more Security.
At every Walk I pass'd, I drew a Spell,
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his Foot, it roots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but discover Emmeline,
My Task were fairly done.

[Walking about, and Prying betwixt the Trees.

Enter Grimbald rustling out; He seizes Philidel, and binds
him in a Chain.

Grim. O Rebel, have I caught thee!

Phil. Ah me! What hard Mishap!

Grim. What just Revenge!

Thou miscreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes; I see thee through:
What mak'st thou here? Thou trim Apostate, speak.
Thou shak'st for Fear, I feel thy false Heart pant.

Phil. Ah mighty Grimbald,
Who would not fear, when seiz'd in thy strong Gripe?
But hear me, Oh Renown'd, Oh worthy Fiend,
The Favourite of our Chief.

Grim. Away with fulsom Flattery,
The Fool of Fools; thou know'st where last we met,
When but for thee, the Christians had been swallow'd
In quaking Bogs, and Living sent to Hell.

Phil. Ay, then I was seduc'd by Merlin's Art,
And half perswaded by his soothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n; as if Eternal Doom
Cou'd be revers'd, and undecreed for me:
But I am now set Right.

Grim. Oh still thou think'st to fly a Fool to Mark.

Phil. I fled from Merlin, free as Air that bore me,
T' unfold to Osmond all his deep Designs.

Grim. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond Impostor,
When wert thou last in Hell? Is not thy Name
Forgot, and Blotted from th' infernal Roll;
But since thou say'st, thy Errand was to Osmond,
To Osmond shalt thou go; March, know thy Driver.

Phil.

Phil. [*Knocking.*] Oh spare me *Grimbald*, and I'll be thy
Tempt Hermits for thee, in their Holy Cells, [*Slave:*
And Virgins in their Dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhor'd in Hell;
Haste forward, forward, or I'll Goad thee on
With Iron Spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then:
Pull not so hard, to hurt my Airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd; look there's thy Way.

Grim. Ay, there's thy Way indeed; but for more Su-
I'll keep an Eye behind: Not one Word more, [*rety*
But follow decently. [*Geimbald goes out, dragging Phil.*

Phil. [*Aside.*] So, catch him Spell. [*Exit!*

Grim. [*wisdom.*] Oh help me, help me, *Philidel*.

Phil. Why, What's the Matter?

Grim. Oh, I am ensnar'd;
Heav'n's Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my Wings.
Loose me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhor'd in Hell?

Grim. Do not insult, Oh, Oh, I grow to Ground;
The Fiery Net draws closer on my Limbs. [*ments:*

Phil. Thou shalt not have the Ease to Curse in Tor-
Be Dumb for one half Hour; so long my Charm
Can keep thee Silent, and there lie
Till *Osmond* breaks thy Chain.

[*Philidel unbinds his own Fetters.*
Enter to him Merlin, with a Vial in his Hand; and Arthur.
Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy Safety with thy Wit,
My *Philidel*; go Meritorious on.

Me, other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire Inchantments void.
Mean Time attend King *Arthur* in my Room;
Shew him his Love, and with these Sovereign Drops
Restore her Sight.

[*Exit Merlin, giving a Vial to Philidel.*

Phil. We must work, we must haste;
Noon-Tide Hour is almost past:

Spirits,

*Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.
Osmond will be here, anon.*

Enter Emmeline and Matilda, at the far end of the Wood.

Arth. O yonder, yonder she's already found:
My Soul directs my Sight, and flies before it.
Now, gentle Spirit, use thy utmost Art;
Unseal her Eyes; and this Way lead her Steps.

[Arth. withdraws behind the Scene.

[Emmeline and Matilda come forward to the Front.

*Philidel approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the Water
over her Eyes, out of the Vial.*

Phil. Thus, thus I infuse
These Sovereign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that cloud her Sight,
And you, ye crystal Humours bright,
Your noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day.
Now cast your Eyes abroad, and see
All but me.

Em. Ha! What was that? Who spoke?

Mat. I heard the Voice; 'tis one of Osmond's Friends.

Em. Some blessed Angel sure; I feel my Eyes
Unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh Heavens! Oh Joy of Joys! she has her Sight!

Em. I am new-born; I shall run mad for Pleasure.

[Staring on Mat.

Are Women such as thou? Such glorious Creatures?

Arth. *[Aside.]* Oh how I envy her, to be first seen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of Sight.

[Looking up.

What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing?

Mat. 'Tis the Sun.

Em. The Sun? 'tis sure a God, if that be Heav'n,
O if thou art a Creature, best and fairest,

How well art thou, from Mortals so remote,
To shine, and not to burn, by near Approach!
How hast thou light'ned even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another Sense!
I gaze about, new-born, to Day and thee;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World!
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda*? Why, like me,
Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For these Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.

Em. That's my Joy,
Not to have seen before: For Nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what Thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my Care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.

Mat. None see themselves
But by Reflection; in this Glass you may. [*Gives her a Glass.*]

Em. [*taking the Glass, and looking.*] What's this?
It holds a Face within it: Oh sweet Face!
It draws the Mouth, and smiles, and looks upon me;
And talks; but yet I cannot hear it speak:
The pretty thing is Dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing
You see within the Glass, is you.

Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And mocks whate'er I do; but that I'm sure
I am a Maid, I'd swear it were my Child. [*Matilda looks.*]
Look my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glass.
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names,
That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our Shadows, Madam.

Em. Mine is a prettier Shadow far, than thine.
I love it; let me kiss my t'other Self.

[*Kissing the Glass, and hugging it.*]
Alas, I've kiss'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone;
Indeed it kiss'd so Cold, as if 'twere Dying.

Arthur

Arthur comes forward softly; shewing himself behind her.

"Tis here again.

Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine;

I think the Glass has born another Child.

[She turns and sees Arthur.]

Ha! What art thou with a new kind of Face,

And other Cloaths, a noble Creature too;

But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look;

Of a controlling Eye, Majestick Make?

Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?

Em. Is't a Man?

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my Kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.

Em. My dearest Lord!

Was my Soul blind; and cou'd not that look out

To know you, e're you spoke? Oh Counterpart

Of our soft Sex; Well are ye made our Lords;

So bold, so great, so God-like are ye form'd.

How can ye love such silly Things as Women?

Arth. Beauty like yours commands; and Man was made
But a more boisterous, and a stronger Slave,
To you, the best Delights of human Kind.

Em. But are ye mine? Is there an end of War?
Are all those Trumpets dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill Men with their thundering Sounds?

Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet;
And many a breathing Body must be Cold,
Ere you are free.

Em. How came ye hither then?

Arth. By *Merlin's* Art, to snatch a short-liv'd Bliss;
To feed my famish'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.

Em. O Moment, worth
Whole Ages past, and all that are to come!
Let Love-sick *Oswald*, now unpitied mourn;
Let *Osmond* mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me love him; all shall not change my Soul.

Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practise Hell upon you?
Is he my Rival too?

Em. Yes, but I hate him;

For when he spoke, through my shut Eyes I saw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd Brimstone on me:
And then I first was glad that I was Blind,
Not to behold Damnation.

Phil. This time is left me to congratulate
Your new-born Eyes; and tell you what you gain
By Sight restor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you airy Forms.

[Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.]

Man sings. Oh Sight, the Mother of Desires,
What charming Objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the rosie Morning gild
The Mountain-Tops, and paint the Field!
But, when Clorinda comes in Sight,
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor. When Fair Clorinda comes in Sight, &c.

Wom. sings. 'Tis sweet the blushing Morn to view;
And Plains adorn'd with pearly Dew:
But such cheap Delights to see,
Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we;
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

Chor. This is the Joy, all Joys above, &c.

Man Sings. And, if we may discover,
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With kind and amorous Anguish,
To sigh, to look, to languish,
On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men and Women,
And if we may discover, &c.

Phil.

Phil. Break off your Musick; for our Foes are near.

[Spirits vanish.]

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Sovereign, we have hazarded too far;
But Love excuses you, and Prescience me.
Make haste; for *Osmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is hasting home.

Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.

Merl. I cannot, for she's held by Charms too strong:
Which, with th' enchanted Grove must be destroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain: But fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Enchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.

Em. [to *Arth.*] Farewel, since we must part: When
you are gone,
I'll look into my-Glass, just where you look'd;
To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My Heart shall make your Picture for my Eyes.

Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul shall stay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-shine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

[*Exeunt Arthur and Merlin at one Door.*]

*Enter Osmond at the other Door, who gazes on Emmeline,
and she on him.*

Em. *Matilda*, save me from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to fight, speak; dost thou know him?

Mat. Too well; 'tis *Oswald's* Friend, the great Magician.

Em. It cannot be a Man, he's so unlike the Man I love.

Osmd. [*Aside.*] Death to my Eyes, she sees!

Em. I wish I cou'd not; but I'll close my Sight,
And shut out all I can——It wo't be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* shou'd possess.

Osmd. [*Aside*] I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before when she was blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, she must be mine.

Em. I prithee, dreadful Thing, tell methy Business here;
And, if thou canst, reform that odious Face;
Look not so grim upon me.

Osm. My Name is *Osmund*, and my Business Love.

Em. Thou hast a griezly Look; forbidding what thou ask'st,
If I durst tell thee so.

Osm. My Pent-house Eye-brows, and my flaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but these are manly Signs;
Faint White and Red abuse your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and love full Pleasures.

Em. Love from a Monster, Fiend!

Osm. Come you must Love, or you must suffer Love;
No Coyness, none, for I am Master here.

Em. And when did *Oswald* give away his Power,
That thou presum'st to Rule? Be sure I'll tell him:
For as I am his Prisoner, he is mine.

Osm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive,
O'erlabour'd with the Fight, oppress'd with Thirst;
That *Oswald* whom you mention'd, call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Friend quaff'd greedily:
The happy Dose wrought the desir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeon's depth I sent both bound:
Where flow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; slippery with Oose and Slime:
The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.
Since when the Garrison depends on me;
Now know you are my Slave.

Mat. He strikes a Horror through my Blood.

Em. I freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.

Osm. But Love shall thaw ye.

I'll show his Force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frosty Winter broods;
Yet there Love reigns: For Proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildness of sweet Britain's Clime
To *Yceland*, and the farthest *Thule's* Frost;
Where the proud God, disdaining Winters Bounds,

O'er-

O'er-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth supplies the distant Sun.

Osmond strikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Prospect of Winter in Frozen Countries,

Cupid Descends.

Cup. } What ho, thou Genius of the Clime, what ho!
sings. } Ly'st thou asleep beneath those Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy lazy Limbs; awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle shake.

Genius Arises.

Genius. What Power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From Beds of Everlasting Snow!
See'st thou not how stiff and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
I can scarcely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

Cupid. Thou doating Fool forbear, forbear;
What, dost thou dream of Freezing here?
At Love's appearing, all the Sky clearing,
The stormy Winds their Fury spare:
Winter subduing, and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more glorious Year.
Thou doating Fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of Freezing here?

Genius. Great Love, I know thee now;
Eldest of the Gods art thou:
Heav'n and Earth by thee were made,
Human Nature
Is thy Creature,
Every where thou art obey'd.

Cupid. No part of my Dominion shall be waste,
To spread my Sway, and sing my Praise;
Ev'n here I will a People raise,
Of kind embracing Lovers, and embrac'd.

Cupid waves his Wand, upon which the Scene opens, and discovers a Prospect of Ice and Snow to the end of the Stage.

Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appear.

Man. *See, see, we assemble,
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We chatter and tremble.*

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;
In spite of cold Weather,
I've brought you together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.*

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, that has warm'd us;
In spite of cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.*

Cupid. *Sound a Parly, ye Fair, and surrender;
Set your selves, and your Lovers at Ease;
He's a grateful Offender
Who Pleasure dare seize:
But the Whining Pretender
Is sure to displease.*

H.

*Since the Fruit of Desire is possessing,
'Tis unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we kneel for Redressing,
We move your Disdain:
Love was made for a Blessing,
And not for a Pain.*

A Dance; after which the Singers and Dancers depart.

Em. *I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain'd my Sight with such gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there;
That courting one another in their Steps,
Have made their Feet a Tune.*

Osmond. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Gust,
That is, without your struggling.

Em. From my Sight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osmond. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be ravish'd;
I'll give you that Excuse your Sex desires.

[He begins to lay hold on her, and they struggle:]

Grim. *[within.]* O help me, Master, help me! *[me.]*

Osmond. Who's that, my *Grimbald*? Come and help thou
For 'tis thy Work t'assist a Ravisher. *[Philidel,*

Grim. *[within.]* I cannot stir; I am Spell-caught by
And purs'd within a Net.

With a huge heavy Weight of Holy Words,
Laid on my Head, that keeps me down from rising.

Osmond. I'll read 'em backwards, and release thy Bonds:
Mean time go in:— *[To Emmeline.]*

Prepare your self, and ease my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honest Force is well employ'd. *[Exit Osmond.]*

Em. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever present to thy Suppliants Aid,
Protect and pity Innocence betray'd.

[Exeunt Emmeline and Matilda:]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Osmond solus.

NOW I am settled in my Force-full Sway;
Why then, I'll be luxurious in my Love;
Take my full Gust, and setting Forms aside,
I'll bid the Slave, that fires my Blood, lie down.

[Seems to be going off.]

R 5

Enter

King ARTHUR: Or,

Enter Grimbald, who meets him.

Grim. Not so fast, Master, Danger threatens thee:
There's a black Cloud, descending from above,
Full of Heaven's Venom, bursting o'er thy Head.

Osm. Malicious Fiend, thou ly'st: For I am fenc'd
By Millions of thy Fellows, in my Grove:
I had thee, when I freed thee from the Charms,
Run scouting through the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty:

Hadst thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy Spright,
Thou wouldst have known no Danger-threatn'd me.

Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence?
Poor Mortal, thou thy self art overseen;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News.
Thy Fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert absent,
To observe thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And counterwork thy Spells.

Osm. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll cast 'em all a-new, and instantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Composition was, before, of Horror;
Now they shall be of Blandishment, and Love:
Seducing Hopes, soft Pity, tender Moans:
Art shall meet Art: and, when they think to win,
The Fools shall find their Labour to begin.

[*Exeunt Osm. and Grimb.*]*Enter Arthur, and Merlin at another Door.**Scene of the Wood continues.*

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this Spot is fenc'd with Charms;
I may no more; but only with Advice.

Arth. My Sword shall do the rest.

Merl. Remember well, that all is but Illusion;
Go on; good Stars attend thee.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Merl. Yet in Prevention

Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand;
The touch of which, no Earthy Fiend can bear,

In whatever Shape transform'd, but must lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confess the Devil.

Once more Farewel, and prosper. [Exit Merlin.

Arth. [walking.] No Danger yet, I see no Walls of Fire,
No City of the Fiends, with Forms obscene,
To grin from far, on flaming Battlements.
This is indeed the Grove I shou'd destroy;
But where's the Horrour? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark! Musick, and the warbling Notes of Birds;

[Soft Musick

Hell entertains me, like some welcome Guest.

More Wonders yet; yet all delightful too,
A Silver Current to forbid my Passage,
And yet to invite me, stands a Golden Bridge:
Perhaps a Trap, for my unwary Feet
To sink and whelm me underneath the Waves;
With Fire or Water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once; I'll on.

[As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens arise from the
Water; They shew themselves to the Waste, and sing.

1 Syren. O pass not on, but stay,
And waste the joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aside,
And other Arms provide;
For other Wars attend thee,
And sweeter to be try'd.

Chor. For other Wars, &c.

Both sing. Two Daughters of this aged Stream are we;
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come naked in, for we are so;
What Danger from a naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and share,
What Pleasures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle, round, around, around,
And Circle round, around.

Arth

Arth. A lazy Pleasure trickles through my Veins;
 Here cou'd I stay, and well be cozen'd here.
 But Honour calls; is Honour in such haste?
 Can he not bait at such a pleasing Inn?
 No; for the more I look, the more I long:
 Farewel, ye Fair Illusions, I must leave ye,
 While I have Pow'r to say, that I must leave ye.
 Farewel, with half my Soul I stagger off;
 How dear this flying Victory has cost,
 When, if I stay to struggle, I am lost.

As he is going forward, Nymphs and Sylvens come out from behind the Trees. A Base and two Trebles sing the following Song to a Minuet.

Dance with the Song, all with Branches in their Hands.

Song. *How happy the Lover,
 How easie his Chain,
 How pleasing his Pain?
 How sweet to discover
 He sighs not in vain.
 For Love every Creature
 Is form'd by his Nature;
 No Joys are above
 The Pleasures of Love.*

The Dance continues with the same Measure play'd alone.

II.

*In vain are our Graces,
 In vain are your Eyes,
 If Love you despise;
 When Age furrows Faces,
 'Tis time to be wise.
 Then use the short Blessing,
 That flies in Possessing:
 No Joys are above
 The Pleasures of Love.*

Arth. And what are these Fantastick Fairy Joys,
 To Love like mine? False Joys, false Welcomes all.
 Be gone, ye Sylvan Trippers of the Green;

Fly

Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon.

[Here the Dancers, Singers and Syrens vanish.

This goodly Tree seems Queen of all the Grove.

The Ringlets round her Trunk declare her guilty

Of many Midnight-Sabbaths Revell'd here.

Her will I first attempt.

[Arthur strikes at the Tree, and cuts it; Blood spouts out of it, a Groan follows, then a Shriek.

Good Heav'ns, what monstrous Prodigies are these!

Blood follows from my Blow; the wounded Rind

Spouts on my Sword, and Sanguine dyes the Plain.

[He strikes again: A Voice of Emmeline from behind.

Em. [from behind.] Forbear, if thou hast Pity, ah, for-
These Groans proceed not from a Senseless Plant, [bear!
No Spouts of Blood run welling from a Tree. [ing;

Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak thy Be-
Thou that hast made my curdled Blood run back,
My Heart heave up, my Hair to rise in Bristles,
And scarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name.

[Emmeline breaks out of the Tree, showing her Arm Bloody..

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, Unkind and Cruel, see;
Look on this Blood; 'tis fatal, still, to me
To bear thy Wounds, my Heart has felt 'em first.

Arth. 'Tis she; Amazement roots me to the Ground!

Em By cruel Charms, dragg'd from my peaceful Bower,
Fierce Osmond clos'd me in this bleeding Bark;
And bid me stand expos'd to the bleak Winds,
And Winter Storms; and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Bound to the Fate of this Hell-haunted Grove;
So that whatever Sword, or sounding Axe,
Shall violate this Plant, must pierce my Flesh,
And when that falls, I dye.——

Arth. If this be true,

O never, never, to be ended Charm,

At least by me; yet all may be Illusion.

Break up, ye thickning Fogs, and filmy Mists;

All that be-lye my Sight, and cheat my Sense.

For Reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,

And thus resolv'd— [Lifts up his Sword, as going to strike.

Em. Do, strike Barbarian, strike;

And

And strew my mangled Limbs, with every Stroke
Wound me, and doubly kill me, with Unkindness,
That by thy Hand I fell.

Arth. What shall I do, ye Powers?

Em. Lay down thy Vengeful Sword; 'tis fatal here:
What Need of Arms, where no Defence is made?

A Love-Sick Virgin, panting with Desire,
No Conscious Eye t'intrude on our Delights;
For this thou hast the Siren's Songs despis'd;
For this, thy Faithful Passion I reward;
Haste then, to take me longing to thy Arms.

Arth. O Love! O Merlin! whom should I believe?

Em. Believe thy Self, thy Youth, thy Love, and me;
They only, they, who please themselves, are Wise:
Disarm thy Hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. By thy Leave, Reason, here I throw thee off,
Thou load of Life: If thou wert made for Souls,
Then Souls shou'd have been made without their Bodies.
If, falling for the first Created Fair,
Was Adam's Fault, Great Grandfire I forgive thee,
Eden was lost, as all thy Sons wou'd lose it.

[*Going towards Emmeline, and pulling off his Gaudet.*

Enter Philidel running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy Hand;
Which if thou giv'st, is plighted to a Fiend.
For Proof, behold the Virtue of this Wand;
Th' Infernal Paint shall vanish from her Face,
And Hell shall stand reveal'd.

[*Strikes Emmeline with a Wand, who straight descends: Philidel runs to the Descend, and pulls up Grimbald, and binds him.*

Now see to whose Embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the Maiden Modesty of Grimbald,
The grossest, earthiest, ugliest Fiend in Hell.

Arth. Horror seizes me,
To think what headlong Ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy Work; a Noble Streak or two
Ends all the Charms, and disenchants the Grove.
I'll hold thy Mistress bound.

Arth. Then here's for Earnest;

[*Strikes*

[Strikes twice or thrice, and the Tree falls, or sinks: A Peal of Thunder immediately follows, with dreadful Howlings.

'Tis finish'd, and the Dusk that yet remains,
Is but the Native Horrour of the Wood.
But I must lose no Time; the Pass is free;
Th' unroasted Fiends have quitted this Abode;
On yon proud Towers, before this Day be done,
My glittering Banners shall be wav'd against the setting
[Sun. [Exit Arthur.

Phil. Come on, my surly Slave; come stalk along,
And stamp a Mad-Man's Pace, and drag thy Chain.

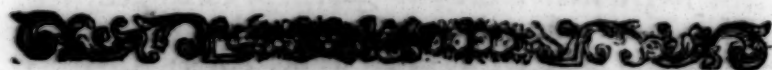
Grim. I'll Champ and Foam upon't, 'till the blue Ve-
Work upward to thy Hands, and loose their Hold. [no n

Phil. Know'st thou this pow'ful Wand? 'tis lifted up;
A second Stroke wou'd send thee to the Centre,
Benam'd and Dead, as far as Souls can Die.

Grim. I wou'd thou wou'd'st, to rid me of my Sense:
I shall be whoop'd through Hell at my Return,
Inglorious from the Mischief I design'd.

Phil. And therefore since thou loath'st Ethereal Light,
The Morning Sun shall beat on thy black Brows;
The Breath thou draw'st shall be of upper Air,
Hostile to thee; and to thy Earthy Make,
So light, so thin, that thou shalt starve for Want
Of thy gross Food, till gasping thou shalt lie,
And blow it back, all Sooty to the Sky.

[Exit Philidel, dragging Grimbald after him.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Osmond as affrighted.

Osmond. **G**rimbald made Prisoner, and my Grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me—Hark, the Drums
and Trumpets! [Drums and Trumpets within.

Arthur is marching onward to the Fort,
I have but one Recourse, and that's to Oswald;
But will he Fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himself he must;

I'll urge him with the last Necessity.
 Better give up my Mistress than my Life.
 His Force is much unequal to his Rival;
 True;——— But I'll help him with my utmost Art,
 And try t'unravel Fate. [Exit Osmond.

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanaet, and Soldiers.

Con. Now there remains but this one Labour more;
 And if we have the Hearts of true-born Britons,
 The forcing of that Castle crowns the Day.

Aurel. The Works are weak, the Garrison but thin,
 Dispirited with frequent Overthrows,
 Already wavering on their ill-mann'd Walls.

Alb. They shift their Places oft, and skulk from War,
 Sure Signs of pale Despair, and easie Rout;
 It shews they place their Confidence in Magick.

And when their Devils fail, their Hearts are dead. [tion,
Arth. Then, where you see 'em clust'ring most, in Mo-
 And staggering in their Ranks, there press 'em home;
 For that's a Coward Heap——— How's this, a Sally?

Enter Osmond, Guillamar, and Soldiers on the other Side.
 Beyond my Hopes, to meet 'em on the Square.

Ofw. Brave Britons hold; and thou their famous Chief
 [Advancing.

Attend what Saxon *Osmond* will propose.
 He owns your Victory; but whether owing
 To Valour, or to Fortune, that he doubts.
 If *Arthur* dares ascribe it to the first,
 And singl'd from a Crowd, will tempt a Conquest,
 This *Osmond* offers, let our Troops retire,
 And Hand to Hand, let us decide our Strife:
 This if refus'd, bear Witness Earth and Heav'n,
 Thou steal'st a Crown and Mistress undeserv'd.
Arth. I'll not usurp thy Title of a Robber,
 Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
 This single Combat, which thou didst avoid;
 So glad I am, on any Terms to meet thee,
 And not discourage thy repenting Shame;
 As once *Aeneas* my Fam'd Ancestor,
 Betwixt the Trojan and *Rutillius* Bands,
 Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia's* Bed,
 So will I meet thee, Hand to Hand oppos'd:

My

My Auguring Mind assures the same Success.

[To his Men.] Hence out of View; if I am Slain, or
Renounce me, Britons, for a Recreant Knight, (yield,
And let the Saxons peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous Isle.

To ratify these Terms, I swear——

Osw. You need not;
Your Honour is of Force, without your Oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yield,
Yours be the Crown, and Emmeline.

Arth. That's two Crowns.

No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in Expectation of our Arms.

[Both Armies go clear off the Stage.]

*They fight with Spanges in their Hands, dipt in Blood: after
some equal Passes and Closing, they appear both Wounded:
Arthur stumbles among the Trees, Oswald falls over him,
they both Rise; Arthur wounds him again, then Oswald
Retreats. Enter Osmond from among the Trees, and with
his Wand, strikes Arthur's Sword out of his Hand, and Ex-
it. Oswald pursues Arthur. Merlin enters, and gives
Arthur his Sword, and Exit; they close, and Arthur in the
Fall, disarms Oswald.*

Arth. Confess thy self o'ercome, and ask thy Life.

Osw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy Power.

Arth. Then take it as my Gift.

Osw. A wretched Gift,

With Loss of Empire, Liberty, and Love.

[A Consort of Trumpets within, proclaiming Arthur's Victo-
ry; while they Sound, Arthur and Oswald seem to confer.]

'Tis too much Bounty to a vanquish'd Foe;

Yet not enough to make me Fortunate.

Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their Ancient Elb:

I wou'd restore thee fruitful Kent, the Gift

Of Vortigern for Hengist's ill-bought Aid,

But that my Britons brook no Foreign Power,

To lord it in a Land, sacred to Freedom;

And of its Rights, tenacious to the last.

Osw.

Ofw. Nor more than thou hast offer'd would I take,
I would refuse all *Britain*, held in Homage;
And own no other Masters but the Gods.

Enter on one Side; Merlin, Emmeline, and Matilda. Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, with British Soldiers, bearing King Arthur's Standard display'd.

On the other Side, Guillamar and Osmond, with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their Colours on the Ground.

[*Arth. going to Emme. and embracing her.*

Arth. At length, at length, I have thee in my Arms;
Tho' our Malevolent Stars have struggled hard,
And held us long asunder.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.

Ofw. Were there but this, this only Sight to see,
The Price of *Britain* shou'd not buy my Stay.

Mer. Take hence that Monster of Ingratitude,
Him who betray'd his Master, bear him hence
And in that loathsome Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd Noble *Oswald*.

Ofw. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my Kindred Fiends,
And spare my *Grimbald's* Pains to bear me to 'em.

[*is carried off.*

Mer. [*to Arth.*] For this Day's Palm, and for thy forthy *Britain* freed, and Foreign Force expell'd, (mer Acts, Thou, *Arthur*, hast acquir'd a future Fame, And of three Christian Worthies, art the first: And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul, Behold what Rouling Ages shall produce: The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Isle, Which yet like Golden Oar, unripe in Beds, Expect the warm Indulgency of Heav'n To call 'em forth to Light——— (Triumphs;

[*To Ofw.*] Nor thou, brave Saxon Prince, disdain our Britons and Saxons shall be once one People; One Common Tongue, one Common Faith shall bind Our Jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

[*Merlin waves his Wand; the Scene changes, and discovers the British Ocean in a Storm. Æolus in a Cloud above: Four Winds hanging, &c.* Æolus

ÆOLUS singing.

*Ye blustering Brethren of the Skies,
Whose Breath has ruff'd all the watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia rise,
In Triumph o'er the Main.
Serene and calm, and void of Fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,
Their peaceful Homage paid to Man,
While Eurus did his Blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender Year.
Retreat, rude Winds, Retreat,
To hollow Rocks, your stormy Seat;
There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.*

Æolus ascends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and discovers a calm Sea, to the end of the House. An Island arises, to a soft Tune; Britannia seated in the Island, with Fishermen at her Feet, &c. The Tune changes, the Fishermen come ashore, and Dance awhile; after which, Pan and a Nereide come on the Stage, and sing.

Pan and Nereide sing.

*Round thy Coasts, fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Proteus all his Herd admitting,
On thy Greens to graze below.
Foreign Lands thy Fishes tasting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Fasting.*

Song of three Parts.

*For folded Flocks, on fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain all the World enjoys;
And Pan, as in Arcadia reigns,
Where Pleasure mixt with Profit lyes.*

II. Though

II.

*Though Jason's Fleece was fam'd of old,
The British Wool is growing Gold;
No Mines can more of Wealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian Dye.*

[The last Stanza sung over again betwixt Pan and the Ne-
reide. After which the former Dance is varied, and
goes on.

Enter *Comus* with three Peasants, who sing the following
Song in Parts.

Com. Your Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd;
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovals heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home;
Harvest Home,
Harvest Home;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.

Chor. Come, my Boys, come, &c.

1 *Man.* We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him again,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten,
One in Ten,
One in Ten.
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

Chorus. One in Ten,
One in Ten;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2 *Man.* For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.

Chorus. Burn to Pot, &c.

3 *Man.*

3 Man. *We'll tosse off our Ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.*
Chorus. *Old England, &c.*

[The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.]

Enter Venus.

Venus. *Fairest Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves;
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian Groves.*

II.

Cupid, *from his Fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove;
Jealousie, that poisons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.*

III.

Gentle Murmurs, *sweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.*

IV.

Every Swain *shall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in Beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.*

SONG by Mr. HOWE.

I.

She. *You say, 'Tis Love creates the Pain,
Of which so sadly you complain;
And yet wou'd fain engage my Heart
In that unenjoyable cruel Part:
But how, alas! think you, that I
Can bear the Wound, of which you die?*

H. He.

II.

He. 'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,
 But your Indifference gives Despair:
 The lusty Sun begets no Spring,
 Till gentle Show'rs Assistance bring:
 So Love that scorches and destroys,
 Till Kindness aids, can cause no Joys.

III.

She. Love has a thousand Ways to please,
 But more to rob us of our Ease:
 For wakeful Nights, and careful Days,
 Some Hours of Pleasure he repays;
 But Absence soon, or jealous Fears,
 O'erflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

IV.

He. By vain and senseless Forms betray'd,
 Harmless Love's th' Offender made;
 While we no other Pains endure,
 Than those, that we our selves procure:
 But one soft Moment makes amends
 For all the Torment that attends.

V.

Chorus of Both.

Let us love, let us love, and to Happiness haste;
 Age and Wisdom come too fast:
 Youth for loving was design'd.

He alone. I'll be constant, you be kind.

She alone. You be constant, I'll be kind.

Both. Heav'n can give no greater Blessing
 Than faithful Love, and kind Possessing.

[After the Dialogue, a warlike Consort: The Scene
 opens above, and discovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, attended by Heroes.

Merl. These who last enter'd, are our valiant Britons,
 Who shall by Sea and Land repel our Foes.
 Now look above, and in Heav'n's high Abyss,
 Behold what Fame attends those future Heroes.

Honour

Honour, who leads 'em to that steepy Height,
In her immortal Song, shall tell the rest.

HONOUR sings.

I.

*St. George, the Patron of our Isle,
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that auspicious Order smile,
Which Love and Arms will plant.*

II.

*Our Natives not alone appear
To court this Martial Prize;
But Foreign Kings, adopted here,
Their Crowns at home despise.*

III.

*Our Sovereign High, in awful State,
His Honours shall bestow;
And see his Scepter'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below.*

[A full Chorus of the whole Song: After which
the grand Dance.

Arth. [as Marl.] Wisely you have, whate'er will please, re-
What wou'd displease, as wisely have conceal'd: [vcal'd,
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye show,
But swiftly turn the Pages of our Wo.
Rest we contented with our present State;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate.
That Race of Heroes is enough alone
For all unseen Disasters to atone.
Let us make haste betimes to reap our Share,
And not resign them all the Praise of War.
But set th' Example; and their Souls inflame,
To Copy out their great Forefathers Fame.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

I'VE had to Day a Dozen Billet-Doux
From Fops, and Wits, and Cits, and Bowstreet-Beaux;
Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more;
A Covent-Garden Porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all: But, without feigning,
We Maids can make shrewd Guesſes at your Meaning.
What if, to ſhew your Styles, I read 'em here?
Methinks I hear one cry, O Lord, forbear:
No, Madam, no; by Heav'n, that's too ſevere.
Well then, be ſafe——

But ſwear henceforwards to renounce all Writing,
And take this Solemn Oath of my Inditing,
As you love Eaſe, and hate Campaigns and Fighting.
Yet, Faith, 'tis juſt to make ſome few Examples:
What if I ſhew'd you one or two for Samples?

Here's one deſires my Ladyſhip to meet [Pulls out one.
At the kind Couch above in Bridges-Street.
Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have you know what,
For a poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolat.

Now, in the Name of Luck, I'll break this open, { Pulls out
Because I dreamt laſt Night I had a Token; } another.
The Superſcription is exceeding pretty.
To the Deſire of all the Town and City.
Now, Gallants, you muſt know, this precious Fop,
Is Foreman of a Haberdashers-Shop:
One who devoutly cheats; demure in Carriage;
And courts me to the Holy Bands of Marriage;
But with a Civil Immuendo too,
My Overplus of Love ſhall be for you.

Madam,

EPILOGUE.

I swear your Looks are so Divine, [Reads.]
When I set up, your Face shall be my Sign:
Tho' Times are hard; to shew how I adore you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for you.
But have a care of *Beaux*; They're false, my Honey;
And which is worse, have not one Rag of Mony.

*See how maliciously the Rogue would wrong ye;
But I know better Things of some among ye.
My wisest way will be to keep the Stage,
And trust to the Good-Nature of the Age;
And he that likes the Musick and the Play,
Shall be my Favourite Gallant to Day.*



Love Triumphant;

OR,

NATURE *will Prevail.*

A

Tragi-Comedy.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

*Quod optanti Deum promittere nemo
Audeat, volens dies, ex, attulis solvè.*

Virg.

Printed in the Year M DCCXVII.

2014-11-11

О.Р.

MAJOR CHIEF

Farther Comedy.

THE
OLD MAN
AND THE
SEA



To the Right Honourable

J A M E S

Earl of Salisbury, &c.

My Lord,

THIS Poem being the last which I intend for the Theatre, ought to have the same Provision made for it, which old Men make for their youngest Child, which is commonly a Favourite: They who were born before it, carry away the Patrimony by Right of Eldership. This is to make its Fortune in the World; and since I can do little for it, natural Affection calls upon me to put it out, at least, into the best Service which I can procure for it. And as it is the usual Practice of our decay'd Gentry, to look about them for some illustrious Family, and there endeavour to fix their young Darling, where he may be both well Educated, and Supported: I have herein also follow'd the Custom of the World, and am satisfy'd in my Judgment, that I cou'd not have made a more worthy Choice. 'Tis true, I am not vain enough to think that any thing of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

mine can in any Measure be worthy of your Lordship's Patronage: And yet I shou'd be asham'd to leave the Stage, without some Acknowledgement of your former Favours, which I have more than once experienc'd. Besides the Honour of my Wife's Relation to your noble House, to which my Sons may plead some Title, though I cannot; you have been pleas'd to take a particular Notice of me, even in this lowness of my Fortunes, to which I have voluntarily reduc'd my self: and of which I have no reason to be asham'd. This Condescension, my Lord, is not only becoming of your Ancient Family, but of your Personal Character in the World. And if I value my self the more for your Indulgence to me, and your Opinion of me; 'tis because any thing which you like, ought to be consider'd as something in it self. And therefore I must not undervalue my present Labours, because I have presum'd to make you my Patron. A Man may be just to himself, tho' he ought not to be partial. And I dare affirm, that the several Manners which I have given to the Persons of this *Drama*, are truly drawn from Nature; all perfectly distinguish'd from each other. That the Fable is not injudiciously contriv'd; that the turns of Fortune are not manag'd unartfully; and that the last Revolution is happily enough invented. *Aristotle*, I acknowledge, has declar'd, that the Catastrophe which is made from the change of Will, is not of the first Order for Beauty: but it may reasonably be alledg'd, in Defence of this Play, as well as of the *Cinna*, (which I take to be the very best of *Corneille's*) that the Philosopher who made the Rule, copy'd all the Laws, which he gave for the *Theatre*, from the Authorities and Examples of the *Greek* Poets, which he had read: And from their Poverty of Invention he cou'd get
nothing

The Epistle Dedicatory.

nothing but mean Conclusions of wretched Tales : Where the Mind of the chief Actor was for the most part chang'd without Art or Preparation ; only because the Poet could not otherwise end his Play. Had it been possible for *Aristotle* to have seen the *Cinna*, I am confident he would have alter'd his Opinion ; and concluded, that a simple change of Will might be manag'd with so much Judgment, as to render it the most agreeable, as well as the most surprizing Part of the whole Fable : Let *D'Acier*, and all the rest of the Modern Criticks, who are too much bigotted to the Ancients, contend never so much to the contrary. I was afraid that I had been the Inventor of a new sort of designing, when in my third Act, I make a Discovery of my *Alphonso's* true Parentage. If it were so, what wonder had it been, that Dramatick Poetry, tho' a limited Art, yet might be capable of receiving some Innovations for the better ? But afterwards I casually found, that *Menander* and *Terence*, in the *Heautontimoroumenos*, had been before me ; and made the same kind of Discovery in the same Act. As for the Mechanick Unities, that of Time is much within the Compass of an astrological Day, which begins at Twelve, and ends at the same Hour the Day following. That of Place is not observ'd so justly by me, as by the Ancients ; for their Scene was always one, and almost constantly some Publick Place. Some of the late *French* Poets, and amongst the *English*, my most ingenious Friend, Mr. *Congreve*, have observ'd this Rule strictly ; though the Place was not altogether so publick as a Street. I have follow'd the Example of *Corneille*, and stretch'd the Latitude to a Street and Palace, not far distant from each other in the same City. They who will not allow this Liberty to a Poet, make it a very ridiculous thing, for an

S 4

Audience.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Audience to suppose themselves, sometimes to be in a Field, sometimes in a Garden, and at other times in a Chamber. There are not indeed so many Absurdities in their Supposition, as in ours; but 'tis an Original Absurdity, for the Audience to suppose themselves to be in any other Place, than in the very *Theatre*, in which they sit; which is neither Chamber, nor Garden, nor yet a publick Place of any Business, but that of the Representation. For my Action, 'tis evidently double; and in that I have the most of the Ancients for my Examples. Yet I dare not defend this way by Reason, much less by their Authority: For their Actions, though double, were of the same Species; that is to say, in their *Comedies* two Amours: And their Persons were better link'd in Interests than mine. Yet even this is a Fault which I shou'd often practise, if I were to write again; because 'tis agreeable to the *English Genius*. We love Variety more than any other Nation; and so long as the Audience will not be pleas'd without it, the Poet is oblig'd to humour them. On Condition they were cur'd of this publick Vice, I cou'd be content to change my Method, and gladly give them a more reasonable Pleasure. This Digression, my Lord, is not altogether the purpose of an Epistle Dedicatory: Yet 'tis expected that somewhat shou'd be said even here, in relation to *Criticisme*; at least in Vindication of my Address, that you may not be desir'd to Patronize a Poem which is wholly unworthy of your Protection. Tho' after all, I doubt not but some will liken me to the Lover in a Modern Comedy, who was combing his Peruke, and setting his Cravate before his Mistress: and being ask'd by her, when he intended to begin his Court? reply'd, he had been doing it all this while. Yet thus it happens, my Lord, that *Self* will come into all Addresses of this Nature,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ture, tho' 'tis the most unmanerly Word of the World in civil Conversation, and the most ungrateful to all Hearers. For which Reason, I, who have nothing to boast of, but my Misfortunes, ought to be the first to banish it. Especially since I have so large a Field before me, as your inborn Goodness, your evenness of Temper, your Humility in so ample a share of Fortune as you possess; your Humanity to all Men, and your Kindness to your Friends: Besides your natural and acquir'd Endowments, and your brotherly Love to your Relations. *Notus in Fratres animo Paterno*, was the great Commendation which *Horace* gave to one of his Patrons: And 'tis that Praise which particularly crowns your other Virtues. But here, my Lord, I am oblig'd in common Prudence to stop short; and to cast under a Veil some other of your Praises; as the Chymists use to shadow the Secret of their great Elixir; lest if it were made publick, the World shou'd make a bad Use of it. To enjoy our own Quiet, without disturbing that of others, is the Practice of every Moral Man: And for the rest, to live cheerfully and splendidly, as it is becoming your illustrious Birth, so 'tis likewise to thank God for his Benefits in the best Manner. 'Tis unnecessary to wish you more worldly Happiness, or Content of Mind, than you enjoy: But the Continuance of both, to your Self, and your Posterity, is earnestly desir'd by all who have the Honour to be known to you, and more particularly by,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and most Humbly Devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

AS when some Treasurer lays down the Stick;
Warrants are sign'd for ready Money thick:
And many desperate Debentures paid;
Which never had been, had his Lordship staid:
So now, this Poet, who forsakes the Stage,
Intends to gratifie the present Age.
One Warrant shall be sign'd for every Man;
All shall be Wits that will; and Beaux that can:
Provided still, this Warrant be not shown,
And you be Wits, but to your selves alone.
Provided too; you rail at one another:
For there's no one Wit, will allow a Brother.
Provided also; that you spare this Story,
Damn all the Plays that e'er shall come before ye.
If one by chance prove good in half a score,
Let that one pry for all; and Damn it more.
For if a good one scape among the Crew,
And you continue judging as you do;
Every bad Play will hope for damning too.
You might damn this, if it were worth your Pains,
Here's nothing you will like; no fustian Scenes,
And nothing too of — you know what he means.
No double Entendres, which you Sparks allow;
To make the Ladies look they know not how;
Simply as 'twere, and knowing, both together,
Seeming to fan their Faces in cold Weather.
But here's a Story which no Books relate;
Quint from our own old Poet's Adde-pate.
The Rabble has a Moral too, if sought:
But let that go; for upon second Thought
He fears but few come hither to be Taught.

PROLOGUE.

Yet if you will be pleas'd, you may;
And he would bribe you too, to like his Play.
He dies, at least to us, and to the Stage,
And what he has, he leaves this noble Age.
He leaves you first, all Plays of his Inditing,
The whole Estate, which he has got by Writing.
The Beaux may think this nothing but vain Praise,
They'll find it something; the Testator says:
For half their Love is made from scraps of Plays.
To his worst Foes, he leaves his Honesty;
That they may thrive upon't as much as he.
He leaves his Manners to the roaring Boys,
Who come in Drunk, and fill the House with Noise.
He leaves to the dire Critiques of his Wit,
His Silence and Contempt of all they Writ.
To Shakespear's Critique, he bequeaths the Curse,
To find his Faults; and yet himself make worse.
A previous Reader in poetique Schools,
Who by his own Examples damns his Rules.
Last, for the Fair, he wishes you may be,
From your dull Critiques, the Lampooners, free.
Tho' he pretends no Legacy to leave you,
An old Man may at least good Wishes give you.
Your Beauty names the Play; and may it prove
To each, an Omen of triumphant Love.



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Veramond, <i>King of Arragon.</i>	Mr. Kynaston.
Alphonso, <i>his suppos'd Son.</i>	Mr. Betterton.
Garcia, <i>King of Navarre.</i>	Mr. Williams.
Ramirez, <i>King of Castile.</i>	Mr. Alexander.
Sancho, } <i>Two Colonels.</i>	Mr. Dogget.
Carlos, }	Mr. Powell.
Lopez, <i>An old Courtier.</i>	Mr. Underbit.

W O M E N.

Ximena, <i>Queen of Arragon.</i>	Mrs. Betterton.
Victoria, } <i>Eldest Daughter to the</i> } <i>King and Queen.</i>	Mrs. Barrey.
Celidea, <i>Her Sister.</i>	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Dalinda, <i>Daughter to Lopez.</i>	Mrs. Montfort.
<i>A Nurse, with two Children.</i>	Mrs. Kent.

SCENE SARRAGOSSA in Spain.

Love



Love Triumphant;

O R,

NATURE *will Prevail.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

At the Drawing up of the Curtain, Veramond, King of Aragon appears: Ximena the Queen by him: Victoria their eldest Daughter on the right Hand; and Celidea their younger Daughter on the left: Couriers stand attending in File on each side of the Stage. The Men on the one Hand, the Ladies on the other. Amongst the Men, Don Lopez, amongst the Women, Dalinda his Daughter.

The SCENE is suppos'd a Presence-Chamber.

VERAMOND.



NOW the long Wars betwixt Castile and
Aragos

Are ended in the Ruin of our Foes.
And fierce Ramirez, the Castilian King,
Who tugg'd for Empire with our war-
like Son,

In single Combat taken, adds his Lawrels
To the young Victor's Brow: Our tender Maids

And

And trembling Children, shall with Scorn behold
The haughty Captive, who had made his Vaunts
To lay their Dwellings level; and with Salt
To sow the Place, where *Savagess* stood.

Xim. Processions, Prayers, and Publick Thanks to Heav'n,
Were fit to be decreed.

Vera. Your Sex is ever foremost in Devotion.
But for our brave Confederate, young *Navarre*,
He shall receive the Prize reserv'd within
My Breast; and such a one,
His Youth and Valour have right-well deserv'd.

Xim. I hear he comes along with our *Alphonso*,
And next our Son, did best.

Vera. Perhaps as well:
Alphonso's Action was indeed more glorious,
To buckle with a King in single Fight,
And take him Prisoner; but his fiery Temper
Still hurries him to daring rash Attempts.

Xim. *Alphonso* is impetuous, but he's Noble;
He will not take one Atome from *Navarre*
Of what's his Right, nor needs he.

Vera. If he shou'd——

Xim. You take too bad Impressions of your Son.

Vera. No more, *Ximena*, for I hear their Trumpets
Proclaim their Entry: And our own their Welcome.

[Trumpets from each side of the Stage.

*Enter Alphonso and Garcia, hand in hand. After them, the
Prisoner, K. Ramirez alone: Then the two Colonels, San-
cho and Carlos: After them, other Officers of the Army.
Veramond advances to meet them: The Queen and the
two Princesses follow him. Alphonso first kneels to his Fa-
ther and Mother, and immediately runs to salute his Sister
Victoria tenderly; then slightly salutes Celicea, and returns
to Victoria. In the mean time Veramond embraces Don
Garcia, who afterwards kisses the Queen's Hand.*

Vera. The Triumphs of this Day, auspicious Prince,
Proclaim themselves your Gift, to us and *Arragon*:
From you they are deriv'd; to you return;
For what we are, you make us.

Gar. May Heav'n and your brave Son, and, above all,
Your own prevailing Genius, guard your Age

From

From such another Day of doubtful Fate :
But if it comes, then *Garcia* will be proud
To be again the Foil of great *Alphonso*.

Vera. It might, and well it had become my Son

[*Looking about for Alphonso*.]

To speak your Words; but you are still before him,
As in the Fight you were.

Jim. Turn to your Father, and present your Duty;

[*Pulling Alphonso by the Sleeve*.]

He thinks himself neglected, and observes ye.

[*Here Garcia, after bowing to the King and Queen, goes to the two Princesses and salutes them. After a little dumb Courtship, he leads out Victoria and Celicea, the Ladies follow; Alphonso observes it with Discontent, and then turns to his Father.*]

Alph. I saw you, Sir, engag'd in Ceremonies,
And therefore thought I might defer this Office,
To give you time for decent Thanks to *Garcia*.

Vera. You rather went where more Affection call'd ye.

Alph. I may have been too slack in outward show,
But when your Service, and my Honour call'd,
None was more forward in the fighting part.

Vera. The rugged Business of the War is o'er:
Softness and Sweetness, and a gentler Air
Wou'd make a Mixture, that wou'd temper well
That inborn Fierceness of your boyling Mind.

Alph. I stand corrected, Sir, and let me tell ye now,
That Sweetness which so well you have advis'd,
Fortune has put in your own Hand to practise
Upon this Royal Soldier; till we fought [*Showing Ramirez*.]
Your Equal, now your Prisoner of War;
And once, (alas! that still it is not so)
The Partner of your Thoughts, and Bosom Friend.

Jim. [*Aside*.] Heav'n that inspir'd thee with this pious
Add Virtue and Perswasion to thy Words, [Thought,
And bend my stubborn Lord.

Vera. Say, have you more to speak on his behalf?

Alph. Much more, his fair Behaviour in the War,
Not plundering Towns, nor burning Villages;
His Bravery of Mind, his dauntless Courage,

When

When Hand to Hand, he made me stoop beneath
His weighty Blows, and often forc'd to doubt
The Fortune of my Youth, against his Age.

Vera. Proceed, proceed, for this is but to say,
That thou wert almost overth'd in the Combat.

Alph. I have already said much more, than needs
To move a Noble Mind,
Such as my Father's is, or ought to be.

Vera. Come, let me hear my Duty from my Son.

Alph. If more be wanting on so plain a Theme,
Think on the Slippery State of Humane Things,
The strange Vicissitudes, and sudden Turns
Of War, and Fate recoiling on the Proud,
To crush a Merciless and Cruel Victor.
Think there are Bounds of Fortune, set above;
Periods of Time, and Progress of Success,
Which none can stop before th' appointed Limits,
And none can push beyond.

Xim. He reasons justly, Sir.

Alph. Ramirez is an Honourable Foe,
Use him like what he is, and make him yours.

Vera. By Heav'n I think,
That when you cop'd with him in single Fight,
You had so much ado to conquer thee,
You fear t'engage him in a second Combat.

Alph. The World knows how I fought:
But old Men have Prerogative of Tongue,
And Kings of Power, and Parents that of Nature,
Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

Vera. I give it you;
Your Battel now is paid at the full Price,

[*Ximena whispers Alphonso for a Minute.*]

Alph. Fear not, I curb my self. [To *Ximena*.]

Ram. [to *Vera*.] Your Son has mention'd Honourable
Propose 'em, *Vera*, and for his Sake [Terms,
(So much his Valour and rare Courtesie
Have wrought upon my Soul,) I will accept 'em.

Vera. Who gave you leave
To speak of Terms, or even to speak at all?

Ram. And who shou'd give me liberty of speaking,

But

NATURE will prevail,

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But Heav'n, who gave the Speech?

Vera. How darest my Captive
Assume this Boldness to his Conqueror?

[*Vermand.*

Ram. You have not conquer'd me, you could not,
'Tis to *Alphonso's* Arms that I am Prisoner.

Vera. Under my Auspices *Alphonso* fought,
He lost my Person.

Ram. Yes, and made 'em too
By his Example, else they ne'er had conquer'd.

Vera. A Bargain! A plain Compact! A Confederacy,
Betwixt my Son and thee, to give me part,
Of what my better Stars make all my own.

Alph. Sir, I must speak—

Vera. Dare not, I charge thee, dare not.

Alph. Not vindicate my Honour?
By Heav'n I will, to all the World, to you;
My Honour is my own, and not deriv'd
From this frail Body, and this Earth you gave me;
But that *Ethereal* Spark, which Heav'n inspir'd,
And kindl'd in my new-created Soul.
You tell me, I have bargain'd with *Ramirez*,
To make his Ransome cheap.

Vera. To make it nothing,
To rob thy Father of his Victory,
And, at my Cost, oblige my Mortal Foe;
Fool, dost thou know the Value of a Kingdom?

Alph. I think I do, because I won a Kingdom.

Vera. And know'st not how to keep it.

Ram. What Claim have you? What Right to my *Castile*?

Vera. The Right of Conquest, for when Kings make War,
No Law betwixt two Sovereigns can decide,
But that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field. Crown,

Alph. But with what Conscience can ye keep that
To which ye claim no Title but the Sword?

Vera. Then ask that Question of thy self, when thou
Thy self art King; I will retain my Conquest;
And if thou art so mean, so poor of Soul,
As to refuse thy Sword in keeping it;
Then *Garcia's* Aid;

Whose

426 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

Whose share of Honour, in that glorious Day,
Was more than thine; during my Life, shall guard it,
And at my Death, shall Heir it.

Alph. Don Garcia is indeed a valiant Prince,
But this large Courtesie, this Over-praise
You give his Worth, in any other Mouth,
Were Villany to me.

Xim. That was too much, *Alphonso*; shew the Reverence
That Sons shou'd bear to Fathers.

Alph. [To her.] Did I not say, in any other Mouth,
The King excepted still?

Ram. Had I a Son; a Son like your *Alphonso*,
The Pride of War, and Darling of the Field;
I shou'd not thus receive him, nor detract
From such High Actions: Let me tell you, Sir,
(For I who felt his Arm, can best report him;)
There lives not one, who breaths this Vital Air,
That e'er cou'd boast, he made *Ramirez* bend,
Before *Alphonso* undertook the Task.

Vera. Confederacy again! How they enhance
Their mutual Worth, and bandy Fame betwixt 'em,
Into each other's Hand. —

[Looks on Ramirez, and starts back.

What's this I see?

Nay, now I wonder not, the Captive prates
With so secure Presumption to his King,
Well may he brave me, while his murdering Sword
Sits as before, insulting on his side.
Who gave thee back that Weapon?

Alph. I, who took it.

Vera. A careful Son, to trust a Foe with Arms
So near his Father. Haste, disarm the Prisoner.

Alph. Ere you dishonour me, first hear me speak;
I took his Royal Word, to be my Prisoner;
And on his Honour, I restor'd his Sword,
Because I thought, that Mark of Sovereign Justice,
And awful Power, shou'd not for one short Moment
Be wanting to a Monarch.

Vera. Then when he lost the Power, he lost the Claim,
And Marks of Sovereign Right:

Nor

Nor without my Consent, cou'dst thou dispose
Of him, or of his Sword, or of his Life:

Once more disarm him: What, am I betray'd?

[Guards look amaz'd, but stir not:]

Have I no Subject left?

Xim. Submit, *Alphonso*.

I, who am partial to you, must condemn
This Carriage, as unduteous to your Father. *[Cause:]*

Ram. *[to Alph.]* Brave Prince, too warmly you assert my
Tho' 'tis indeed the common Cause of Kings:

But to prevent what Ills on my Account

May hence ensue betwixt a Son and Parent,

Take here the Sword, you trusted in my Hands,

Which you alone cou'd take——Now, *Veramond*,

[Presents his Sword to Alphonso,]

Dispose of old *Ramirez* as thou pleasest;

*[He presents it sullenly to Veramond, who puts it into
the Hand of an Officer.]*

Secure thy Hate, Ambition, and thy Fear,

And give *Ramirez* Death, who scorns a Life

Which he must owe to thee. *[Leisure]*

Vera. *[to the Guards.]* Go bear him to the Castle; at more
His Doom shall be decreed.

Ram. Whene'er it comes 'tis welcome; only this
(If Enemies be suffer'd to request)

Forgive th'imprudent Zeal thy Son has shown

On my Behalf, and take him to thy Bosom:

A noble Temper shines even through his Faults,

And gilds them into Virtues.

Vera. Take him hence——

*[Ramirez is led off by Sancho and Carlos, and follow'd
by the Guards. Alphonso looking frowningly. The
rest stay.]*

Alph. *[Aside.]* How I abhor this base inhumane Act!
But Patience! he's my Father.

Vera. Thus all his Praises, are thy Accusations,
And even that very Sword,

Punish me Heav'n, if I believe not so,

Is far less dangerous in his Hand than thine.

Xim. Forgive the hasty Sallies of his Youth.

Vera. He never lov'd me.

428 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

Alph. You never gave me Cause.

Xim. [*to Alph.*] Come, you both lov'd,
But both were jealous of each other's Kindness.
His Silence shows, he longs to pardon you.
And did not you, my Lord, observe *Alphonso*,

[*Turning to Veram.*]

How, tho' at first he cou'd not rule his Passion?
Not at the very first, for that's impossible
To hasty Blood, like his and yours, my Lord;
Yet in the second Moment, he repented,
As soon as Thought had Leisure to be born.

Ver. For ought I see, you do him better Office
Than he desires, *Ximena*.

Alph. [*Kneeling.*] Sir, your Pardon;
And if you please, your Love.

Ver. Receive the first,
The last, as you deserve.

Re-enter Don Garcia, with Victoria, Celidee, and the Ladies.

Veramond sees 'em at a Distance.

Ver. This had not been thus easily o'er-past,
But that I see Don Garcia with your Sisters;
A fair Occasion offers you this Hour
To cancel your Offences; mark, and take it.

[*The K. Q. and Alphonso entertain Garcia in dumb Show;*
while Victoria and Celidee speak at a Distance.]

Cel. What think you, Sister, of this Youthful Hero?

Vict. Our dear *Alphonso*?

Cel. No; I mean *Navarre*.

Vict. As of a Valiant Prince; what wou'd you more?

Cel. Methinks you give him a short Commendation;
Yet all his Applications were to you.

Vict. I minded not his Words.

Cel. He made a warm Beginning of a Love.

Vict. It seems my Thoughts were otherways employ'd.

Cel. Neither your Thoughts, nor Eyes cou'd be em-
Upon a Nobler Object. [*ploy'd*]

Vict. That's your Judgment.

Cel. His every Action, nay, his every Motion
Were graceful, and becoming his high Birth.

Vict. All of a Piece, and all like other Men:

He

He seems to me a common kind of Creature,
One that may pass among a Crowd of Countesses,
And not be known for King.

Cal. Sure you forget the Troops he brought our Fa-
Besides his Personal Valour in the Fight. (they

Vic. You more forget *Alphonso's* greater Actions,
When the young Hero, yet unsledg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend:
He fought like *Mars*, descending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Pompey* rising from the Waves.

Cal. *Neptune* had done the same; 'twas Fortune's fault
That show'd him not *Ramirez*.

Vic. You are too young to judge of Men or Merits;
You praise the Vulgar Flight a Faulcon makes,
When *Jove's* Imperial Bird, that bears the Thunder,
Is tow'ring far above him.

Re-enter Carlos, Sancho, and the rest of the Officers;

Ver. Are my Commands perform'd?

Carl. With all Exactness.

Ver. Approach *Victoria*, and you *Celides*,
That in your Presence I may pay some Part
Of what I owe your brave Deliverer.

Cal. We cannot show too much of Gratitude.

Ver. *Victoria*, what say you?

Vic. He did the Duty of a brave Allie:
I do not know the War, nor dare I load
His Modesty with larger Commendations. (you,

Gas. Even these are much too large, when given by
To whom my Soul, with all my future Service,
Are with Devotion offer'd.

Ver. I have indeed disclos'd to her alone
Th' important Secret of th' intended Match.
And that perhaps has made her fear to praise
A Prince, who shortly is to be her own.

Alph. [*aside.*] Oh Heaven's! what bode these Words?

[*The Queen and Celidee show Amazement, Alphonso and
Victoria disquiet.*]

Ver. Now therefore I declare the wisht Alliance;
Ximena, you may give your Daughter Joy;
And you your Sister, of th' Imperial Crown

[*To Celidee.*
Which

430 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

Which *Garcia* puts on our *Victoria's* Head.
Your Share, *Alphonse*, in this happy Day [To *Alph.*
Is not the least, nor will you be the last
T'applaud my worthy Choice of such a Son.

Alph. A sudden Damp has seiz'd my Vital Spirits;
I see but through a Mist, and hear far off:
Nay, trouble not your selves, a little Time
Of needful Rest, and solitary Thought,
Will mend my Health, 'till when excuse my Presence.

[Exit *Alphonse*, and looks back on *Victoria*.
Xim. [*Aside.*] He's much disturb'd, a Sickness of the
Or I mistake, he does not like this Marriage. [Soul;
Assist us, Heav'n, if I Divine aright,
And prosper thy own Work.

Ver. [*Aside.*] I like not this,
But must dissimble, till I clear my Doubts.
Fortune, brave Prince, has given us this Allay; [To *Gar.*
Our Joys were else too full
An Hour of Sleep will bring him back restor'd;
Mean Time we may withdraw.

Gar. [To *Vict.*] Come, my fair Mistress, by your Fa-
I seize this precious Gage. (there's Leave

Vict. Then thank my Father;
He may dispose of all things but my Heart,
And that's my own — [*aside.*] — Alas! I wish it were.
[Exeunt *Ver.* *Xim.* *Cel.* *Gar.* *Vict.* and all the Courtiers.

Men and Women. The Guards follow: *San.* and *Carl.* re-
[main.

San. Good News, *Carlos*, the old Jew is dead.

Carl. What Jew?

San. Why the rich Jew, my Father.

He's gone to the Bosom of *Abraham* his Father, and I,
his Christian Son, am left sole Heir. Now do I intend
to be monstrously in Love.

Carl. With whom, Colonel?

San. That's not yet resolv'd, Colonel; but with one
of the Court Ladies. You may stand a Man's Friend,
Carlos, in such a Business.

Carl. You may depend on me, *Sancho*, because my De-
pendance is on you: You got Plunder in the Battle;
while

while I was hack'd and hew'd, and almost laid asleep in the damn'd Bed of Honour.

Sam. Nay, I confess I am a lucky Rogue, for I was born with a Coal upon my Head.

Carl. I'm sure I came bare enough into the World, and live as barely in it.

Sam. Make me but lustily in Love, and I'll adopt thee into my Fortune; but thou stand'st shall I, shall I, till all the Ladies are out of Sight: Here, take that *Miles Deu* which I have pull'd out by Chance from amongst twenty, that I always wear about me for such Occasions.

Carl. But to which of 'em shall I deliver it?

Sam. Even to her thou can'st first overtake.

Nay, do not lose thy Time in looking on't, there's no particular Direction, Man; Fortune ever subscribes my Letters to the Fair Sex; I let her alone to find me out a handsome Mistress; and let me alone to make her kind afterwards.

Carl. But suppose I shou'd happen to deliver it to my own Mistress, for she was in the Presence with her Father.

Sam. Then I suppose thou wilt be the first that shalt repent it, for she will certainly fall in Love with me.

[*Lopez and Dalinda re-enter, and walk softly over the Stage.* Look, there's one of 'em already; my Heart beats at the very Sight of her; this must and shall be she, by Cupid.

Carl. And by *Venus* the very she I love. [it so.

Sam. Prithce no more Words then, for Fate will have

Carl. [*aside.*] I know it's impossible for her Father to receive him, or her to love him, and yet his good Fortune, and my Rascally three-Penny Planet, make me suspicious without Reason: But hang Superstition, I'll draw such a Picture of him as shall do his Business.

Sam. Now will I stand *Inognito*, like some mighty Potentate, and see my own Embassy deliver'd.

[*Carlos awakes Lopez and Dalinda just going off, and follows them.*

Lop. Concen *Carlos*, you are welcome from the Wars; I think I saw you in the Show to Day.

Carl. The Ceremony hinder'd me from paying my Respects; but I made Halte, you see——

Lop.

Lop. I hope you'll no more be a Stranger to my House, than you have been formerly: Your Mistress here will be proud to entertain you; and then you shall tell me the whole Expedition: I love Battles wonderfully, when a Man may hear 'em without Peril of his Person.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Nothing of my Letter all this while: why, when Carlos?

Carl. [*Aside.*] Now I dare not but deliver it, because he sees me.

Don Lopez, I have a foolish Kind of Petition to you.

Don Lopez. Why do you call it a foolish Petition?

Carl. Because I bring it from a Fool: There's a Friend of mine, of a plentiful Fortune, that's desperately in Love with your fair Daughter, *Dafalo*; and has commanded me, by your Permission, to deliver this Letter to her.

Lop. A rich Man's Letter may be deliver'd.

Dal. What's here? A Note without a Superscription. [*She seems to Read.*] As I live, a Bill of Exchange for two hundred Pistoles, charg'd upon a Banker, and payable to the Bearer; an accomplish'd Cavalier, I warrant him; he writes finely, and in the best manner.

Carl. [*Aside.*] There's the covetous Sex, at the first Syllable, the Fool's good Planet begins to work already; but I shall stop its Influence.

Lop. Good Cousin Carlos, what manner of Man is my Son-in-Law, that may be?

Carl. Dye for that fetching Fellow yonder?

Lop. Who, that gallant Cavalier?

Dal. I wish it were no worse.

Carl. Plague, ye make me mad betwixt ye. His outside's Tawdry, and his inside's Fool. He's an Usurer's Son, and his Father was a Jew.

Dal. No matter for all that, he's rich.

Carl. He was begot upon the Wife of a desperate Debtor, out of pure good Husbandry, to save something: He's covetous by the Father's side, a Blackhead by the Mother's; and a Knave by both.

Lop

Lop. I see nothing like your Description of him, at this distance. Call him hither, I would fain speak with him.

Carl. Come hither, Don Sancho, and make good the Character I have given of you.

[Sancho comes up, and salutes 'em awkwardly.]

Lop. Cavalier, I shall be glad to be better known to you.

San. [To Carlos.] You see I have luck in a Bag, Carlos.

Carl. [Aside.] Ay, in a Bag of Money, I see it to my Sorrow—Try his Wit, Signior, you'll find him as heavy as Lead.

[Aside to Lopez.]

Lop. [To Sancho.] So his Money be Silver, I care not—Come Cavalier, what say you to my Daughter?

San. Why, I say, I was resolv'd to love the first fair Lady that I met.

Dal. Oh Lord, Sir!

Carl. [To Lopez.] Do but mark his Breeding.

Lop. I like him never the worse for his Plain-dealing.

Dal. Bluntness, methinks, becomes a Soldier.

Carl. [Aside.] How naturally old Men take to Riches, and Women to Fools.

Lop. [To Sancho.] You have made a noble Declaration of your Love, Sir, with a handsome Present of two hundred Pistols.

San. What, I hope I have not mistaken Papers, and sent you my Letter of Exchange for two hundred Pistols, charg'd upon the Banker *Porto Carrero*: Pray return that Letter, Madam; and I'll look out for another, that shall treat only of dry Love, without those terrible Appendixes.

Dal. Why, did not ye intend this for me, Cavalier?

San. No, you shall hear me rap out all the Oaths in Christendom, that I am wholly Innocent of this Accusation.

Dal. Come, you belie your noble Nature; look upon me again Cavalier, [She makes the *Doux Yeux* to him.] and then examine your own Heart, if you meant it not to me.

San. Nay, I confess my Heart beats a Charge towards ye: [*To Carlos.*] And yet two hundred Pistols is a swinging Sum for one kind Look, *Carlos!*

Carl. [*To him.*] A damnable hard Penny-worth! hold you there, Don *Sancho*.

[*Dalinda looks upon him again, more sweetly.*

San. She has two Devils in her Eyes, that last Ogle was a Lick-penny. Well, Madam, I dedicate those fair two hundred Pistols, to your more-fair Hand: And now you have receiv'd 'em, I meant 'em to you.

Dal. And, in requital, I receive you for my Servant, Cavalier.

Carl. [*Aside*] Damn him for his awkward Liberality, he's always Covetous, but when 'tis to do me a Mischief.

Lop. [*To Dalinda.*] He's come on again, my Heart was almost at my Mouth. Now, Mrs. Minion, let me take you to task in private. [*Draws her aside a little.*] What hope have you of the *Comde Don Alonso De Cardena*?

Dal. Little or none; a bare possibility. You know what has pass'd betwixt us.

Lop. But suppose he should renew his Love; had you rather marry that rich old *Comde*, or this poor young Rogue, Don *Carlos*?

Dal. This poor young Rogue, if you please, Father.

Lop. I thought as much, good Madam; but to come closer to the present Business, betwixt Don *Carlos* and Don *Sancho*, that is to say, a poor young Wit, and a rich young Fool; put the Case, Gentlewoman, which of 'em wou'd you chuse?

Dal. If it were not for meer Necessity, I have a kind of a loathing to a Fool.

Lop. The more Fool you, Madam.

Dal. Wou'd you have a Race of Booby Grandsons?

Lop. That's as your Conscience serves ye; I say only, that your Husband shall be a Fool, I say not, your Childrens Father shall be one.

San.

NATURE will Prevail. 435

Sam. [To Carlos.] This is a plaguy long Whisper, I do not like it. And yet now I think on't, my left Eye itches, some good luck is coming towards me.

Lop. [To them.] I'll be short and pithy with ye, Don Sancho, I think they call ye? If out of my abundant Love, I shou'd bestow my dutiful Daughter on you, what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

Sam. Husband, Sennor? Why, none at all. None of my Predecessors were ever marry'd: My Father and my Mother never were, and I will not be the first of my Family that shall degenerate; I thought my two hundred Pistols would have done my Business with *Dulinda*, and a little winking Money with you.

Lop. What, wou'd you make me a Pimp to my own Daughter?

Dal. And imagine my Chastity cou'd be corrupted with a petty Bribe?

Sam. Nay, I am not so obstinate acither, against Marriage; *Carlos* gave me this wicked Counsel, on purpose to banish me; and in revenge to him, I will marry.

Lop. I hope you'll ask her leave first?

Sam. Phoo! I take that for granted; no Woman has the Power to resist my Courtship.

Lop. Suppose then, as before suppos'd; what kind of Husband would you make?

Sam. Then to deal roundly with you; I would run a Rambling my self, and leave the Drudgery of my House to her Management: All things should go at Sixes and Sevens, for *Sancho*; in short, Sennor, I will be as Absolute, as the great Turk, and take as little care of my People, as a Heathen God.

Lop. Now, Don Carlos, what say you?

Carl. [Aside.] I'll fit 'em for a Husband: [To Lopez.] Why, Sennor, I would be the most careful Creature of her Business; I would inspect every thing, would manage the whole ~~House~~ to save her the Trouble; I would be careful of her Health, by keeping her within Doors; she should neither give nor receive Visits, nor kneel at Church among the Fops, that look one way, and Pray another.

Del. Oh abominable!

Lop. Why, thou ungrateful Fellow! would'st thou make a Slave of my Daughter? And leave her no Business; that is to say, no Authority in her own House?

Del. Ay, and to call fine young Gentlemen Fops too? To lock me up from Visitors, which are the only Comfort of a disconsolate, miserable, married Woman!

Lop. And 'twere not for fear thou should'st beat me, I could find in my Heart to beat thee. Don *Sancho*, I have an Olla at home, and you shall be welcome to it. Farewel Kinsman.

[*Exit Carlos.*
[*Enter Lopez, and Sancho, leading away Delinda.*

Carl. Now, if I had another Head, I could find in my Heart, to run this Head against that Wall. Nature has given me my Portion in Sense, with a Pox to her, and turn'd me out into the wide World to starve upon it. She has given *Sancho* an empty Noddle; but Fortune in revenge has fill'd his Pothets: Just a Lord's Estate in Land and Wit. Well, I have lost *Delinda*; and something must be done to undermine *Sancho* in her good Opinion: Some pernicious Counsel must be given him: He is my Prince, and I am his Statesman; and when our two Interests come to clash, I hope to make a meer Monarch of him: And my Hunger is somewhat in my Way to quicken my Invention.

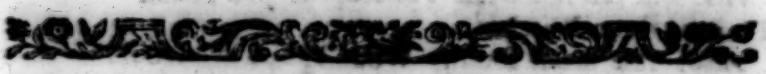
Want whets the Wit, 'tis true; but Wit not blest

With Fortune's Aid, makes Beggars at the best.

Wit is not fed, but sharpen'd with Applause.

For Wealth is solid Food, and Wit but hungry Sauce.

[*Exit.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a Bed-Chamber, a Couch prepar'd, and set so near the Pit that the Audience may hear.

Alphonso enters with a Book in his Hand, and sits; reads to himself a little while: Enter Victoria, and sits by him, then speaks.

Vict. IF on your private Bus'ness I intrude,
 I forgive th' Excess of Love that makes me rude:
 I hope your Sickness has not reach'd your Heart;
 But come to bear a suff'ring Sister's Part:
 Yet, lest I should offend you by my Stay,
 Command me to depart, and I obey.

Alph. The Patient who has pass'd a sleepless Night,
 Is far less pleas'd with his Physician's Sight:
 Welcome thou pleasing, but thou short Reprieve;
 To ease my Death, but not to make me live.
 Welcome, but welcome as a Winter's Sun,
 That rises late, and is too quickly gone.

Vict. You are the Star of Day, the publick Light:
 And I am but your Sister of the Night:
 Eclips'd, when you are absent from my Sight.

Alph. Death will for ever take me from your Eyes;
 But grieve not you, for when I set, you rise.
 Don Garcia has deserv'd to be your Choice,
 And 'tis a Brother's Duty to rejoice.

Vict. And yet methought you gave him not your Voice.

Alph. You saw a sudden Sickness left me weak;
 I had no Joy to give, nor Tongue to speak:
 And therefore I withdrew, to seek Relief
 In Books, the fruitless Remedies of Grief.

438 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

Viſt. But tell me what Philoſopher you found
To cure your Pain?

Alph. The fitteſt for my Wound;
Who beſt the gentle Paſſions knows to move;
Ovid, the ſoft Philoſopher of Love:
His *Love Epistles* for my Friends I choſe;
For there I found the Kindred of my Woes.

Viſt. His Nymphs the Vows of perjur'd Men deplore;
One in the Woods, and one upon the Shore:
All are at length forſaken or betray'd;
And the falſe Hero leaves the faithful Maid.

Alph. Not all: For *Linus* kept his Conſtancy:
And one, perhaps, who more reſembled me.

Viſt. That Letter would I view: In hope to find
Some Features of the Fair that rules your Mind.

Alph. Read, for the guilty Page is doubled down: I
The Love too ſoon will make the Lover known.

[Giving her the Book.]

Read, if you dare, and when the Crime you ſee,
Accuſe my cruel Fate, but pity me.

Viſt. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis what I fear'd, th' unhappy *Camio*? }
Read you; for to a Brother 'twas deſign'd, [To him.]
And ſent him by a Siſter much too kind.

Alphonſo takes the Book, and reads.

Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Siſter's Love?

[He looks upon her, and ſhe holds down her Head.]

He reads again.

My Cheeks no longer had their Colour loſt:
My Food grew ſeaſon'd, and my Strength I loſt:
Still, e're I ſpoke, a Sigh wou'd ſtop my Tongue:
Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long.
I knew not from my Love theſe Grievs did grow:
Yet was, alas! the thing I did not know.

[She looks on him, and he holds down his Head.]

Fur'd at the laſt, my ſenſeful Pain I tell.

Viſt. No more: We know our mutual Love too well.

[Both look up, and meet each others Eyes.]

Alph.

Alph. Two Lines in reading had escap'd my Sight:
Shall I go back, and do the Poet right?

Vic. Already we have read too far, I fear:
But read no more than Modesty may bear.

Alphonso reading.

*For I lov'd too, and knowing not my Wound,
A secret Pleasure in thy Kisses found.*

[He offers to kiss her, and she turns her Head away.
May we not represent the Kiss we read?

Vic. *Alphonso*, no: Brother, I shou'd have said!

Alphonso reading again.

*When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent:
Then, with tumultuous Joys, my Heart did beat:
And Guilt that made 'em Awful, made 'em Great.*

[She snatches the Book, and throws it down, then
rises and walks; he rises also.

Vic. Incendiary Book, polluted Flame,
Dare not to tempt the Chaste *Villivis's* Fame.
I love, perhaps, more than a Sister shou'd:
And Nature prompts; but Heav'n restrains my Blood.
Heav'n was unkind, to set so strict a Bound:
And Love would struggle to forbidden Ground.
Oh let us gain a *Parthian* Victory;
Our only way to conquer, is to fly.

Alph. No more, *Villivis*; tho' my Love aspires
More high than yours, and fiercer are my Fires,
I cannot bear your Looks; new Flames arise
From ev'ry Glance; and kindle from your Eyes.
Pure are the Beams which from those Suns you dart;
But gather Blackness from my sooty Heart:
Then let us each with hasty Steps remove;
Nor spread Contagion, where we meant but Love.

Vic. Hear Heav'n and Earth, and witness to my Vows;
And Love, thou greatest Power that Nature knows;
This Heart, *Alphonso*, shall be firmly thine;
This Hand shall never with another join.

440 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

Or if by force my Father makes me wed;
Then Death shall be the Bridegroom of my Bed.
Now let us both our Shares of Sorrow take;
And both be wretched for each others sake.

Alph. By those relentless Powers that rule the Skies;
And by a greater Power, *Victoria's* Eyes,
No Love but yours shall touch *Alphonso's* Heart;
Nor Time, nor Death, my vow'd Affections part.
Nor shall my hated Rival live to see
That Hour which envious Fate denies to me.
Now seal we both our Vows with one dear Kiss.

Vict. No, 'tis a hot, and an incestuous Bliss!
Let both be satisfy'd with what we swore;
I dare not give it, lest I give you more.

[Exit Victoria looking back on him, and he gazing on her.]

Alph. Oh raging, impious, and yet hopeless Fire;
Not daring to possess what I desire.
Condemn'd to suffer what I cannot bear;
Tortur'd with Love, and furious with Despair.
Of all the Pains which wretched Mortals prove,
The fewest Remedies belong to Love:
But ours has none: For if we should enjoy,
Our fatal Cure must both of us destroy.
Oh dear *Victoria*, cause of all my Pain!
Oh dear *Victoria*, whom I would not gain!
Victoria, for whose sake I would survive:
Victoria, for whose sake I dare not live.

*Enter García with Attendants. The two Princes salute,
but Alphonso very coldly.*

Gar. I come to shew my Grief for your Distemper;
For if my noble Brother saw my Heart,
There should you find a plain, a holy Friendship,
Unmixt with Interest, equally partaking
Of what affects you, both of good and ill.

Alph. I thank you; but my Malady increases
At your Approach; I have no more to say,
But wish you better Health than I can boast;
And to my self a lonely Privacy.

Gar.

Gar. I find I am not welcome to your Sight:
But know not from what Cause.

Alph. [*angrily.*] My surest Remedy is in your Absence:
'Tis hard my Lodgings cannot be my own;
But importun'd with Visits, undesir'd;
And therefore, I must tell you, troublesome.

Gar. 'Tis an odd Way of entertaining Friends.
But since I find you discompos'd with Sickness,
That shall excuse your Humours; where I go,
I hope for better Welcome.

Alph. Sir, I must ask whom you pretend to visit?

Gar. My Mistress, Prince.

Alph. Your Mistress! who's that Mistress?

Gar. What need I name *Victoria*?

Alph. Who? my Sister?

Gar. Whom else cou'd you imagine?

Alph. Any other.

Gar. And why not her?

Alph. Because I know not if she will admit you.

Gar. Her Father has allow'd it.

Alph. But not she;

Or if both have, yet my Consent is wanting.
You take upon you in a Foreign Kingdom,
As if you were at home in your *Navarre*.

Gar. And you, methinks,
As if you had no Father, or no King.
Farewel, I will not stay.

Alph. You shall not go:
Thus as I am, thus single, thus unarm'd,
And you with Guards attended——

Gar. You Teach me to forget the Rule of Manners.

Alph. I mean to Teach you better.

[*As Garcia is going to pass by him, Alphonso runs to one of his Attendants, and snatches his Sword away, then steps between Garcia and the Door.*

Enter Veramond and Ximena, Attended.

Ver. What means this rude Behaviour in my Court?
As if our *Arragon* were turn'd to *Thrace*;
Unhospitable to her Guests, and thou

Alphonso, a Lycurgus.

Alph. He would pass,
Without my Sister's Leave, into her Lodgings.
By Heav'n, if this be suffer'd to proceed,
The next will be to treat the Royal Maid
As coarsely, as the were some Suburb Girl.

Gar. [to Ver.] Had I not your Permission, Sir?

Ver. You had.

But these, *Alphonso*, are thy Russian Manners.
How dar'st thou, Boy, to break my Orders,
And then asperse thy Sister with thy Crime?

Alph. She find his Presence was unpleasant to her.

Ver. Come, thou bely'st her Innocence and Duty:
She did not, dar'st not, say it.

Alph. If she did not,
I dare, and will maintain to all the World,
That *Garcia* is not worthy of my Sister.

Ver. Not worthy?

Alph. No; I say once more, not worthy.

Gar. Not in my self; for who deserves *Villows*?
But, since her Royal Father bids me hope,
Not less unworthy than another Prince.
And none, with your Permission, Sir, shall dare [to Ver.]
To interpose betwixt my Love and me.

Alph. Sure a less Price than our Infants' Bod,
Might pay thee for thy Mercenary Troops.

Ver. Peace, Insolent; too long I have endur'd
Thy Haughty Soul, untam'd and turbulent:
But, if I live, this shall not pass unpunish'd;
Darkness and Chains, are Medicines for a Madman.

Xim. My Lord, I humbly beg you, spare your Son;
And add not Fury to a raging Fire.
He soon will recollect his scatter'd Reason;
Which Heat of Youth, and Sickness and Fatigue,
Have dissipated in his boiling Blood.
Give him but Time, and then his Temperate Humour
Will soon return into the Native Channel;
And, unoppos'd, be calm.

Ver. No, never more:

The

The Moon has roul'd above his Head, and turn'd it;
As Peaks of Thunder sow'r the generous Wine.

[To Alph.]

Hence from my Presence thou, no more my Son.

Xim. If he be mad, be Madness his Excuse;
And Pardon Nature's Error, not his own.

Ver. *Ximena*, you have fondled him to this;
I Prophesied; and now 'tis come to pass.

Gar. Perhaps, I interrupted him too rudely:
And since I caus'd, my self, that ill Reception,
Forgive our mutual Faults.

Ver. You shall prevail;
Tho' he deserves not such an Intercessor:

[To Alph.] Retire, *Alphonso*, to your inmost Lodgings;
And there inclose your self, and mourn your Crimes:
Be this your last Relapse; the next is Fatal.

Alph. I will retire.

But, if I am a Madman, as you say;
And as I half believe; expect no Cure,
But in *Alphonso's* Death.

[*Alphonso goes in.*]

Xim. [*aside.*] It works apace:

But whither it will tend, Heaven only knows.

[*Veramond sees the Book upon the Ground, and takes it up.*]

Ver. This Book he left; go bear it after him.

Yet stay, I know not why, but somewhat prompts me
To read this folded Page.

[To *Garcia*.] Go, Royal Youth,

I wou'd my self conduct you to *Victoria*:

But Lovers need no Guide to their Desires:

And Love no Witness, but himself, requires.

[*Exeunt the King and Queen one Way, with their Attendants, and Don Garcia with his, another.*]

The SCENE, A Street.

Enter Carlos, before Don Lopez his Door.

Carl. That's the Door of *Lopez*, and *Sancho* must come
out this Way; now Fool sit fast, for thou shalt not want
for pestilent Advice: But first, I must know, how far
thou hast proceeded with the Father and the Daugh-
ter, that I may know what Drugs I must prepare, for
the

the present Condition of my Daughter, at the same time, she is already, and he holds out single, and I will not.

Sam. Seneca's pining for Death.

Sam. What, *Carl*, you have said before me; but, it may be, you ha' not said so well.

Carl. The best Part of your Entertainment, I suppose, was the Dessert of the Fair Delights after Dinner; and how, and how go Matters?

Sam. Better than thou woud'st have 'em; then woud'st have put a Spoke in my Wheel, I know it.

Carl. No, Fortune always sets these of your admirable Understanding uppermost; but remember, *Belinda* was once mine, however.

Sam. Thou woud'st not have me give the Box away, when I have thrown Seven? Come, set upon it what thou dar'st, and I'll give thee Leave to do thy worst.

Carl. You are very confident of your good Luck.

Sam. Thou know'st, I have a perpetual Ascendant over thee.

Carl. And you are sure to carry her?

Sam. She is fond of my Person; she oppos'd me all Dinner time; she put her Foot under the Table, and tried upon mine; and if these are not certain Symptoms of Passion, the Devil's in Womankind.

Carl. And her Father?

Sam. The goodest old Man; he drank my Health to his Daughter; and I to comply with my Obligation, answer'd the Challenge; there I think I was with her again.

Carl. You have no more to do but to take out a Licence.

Sam. Indeed I have her Licence for it.

Carl. What, quibbling too in your Prosperity? If you let another, I shall be intrag'd. But you have not told me that her Father is consenting.

Sam. In a Manner: But —

Carl. But what; is he not absolutely yours?

Sam. There's a small Demur upon the Matter; in short, he hit me in the Teeth with a damnable Rich Old Clerk; who, I find, has been dabbling with this Covetous Old Hunks;

Hunks; but, loving him, Don Lopez tells me I shall be the welcomest Man alive.

Carl. Do you know that Conde's Name?

San. Does something do Cardina, whom the Devil con-found.

Carl. My old Acquaintance; he charged with me in the Battle, but what became of him I know not; if he be the Man, despair betimes, Sancho; he'll revenge my Quarrel, and carry her in spite of you.

San. I am coming, you know; and I believe he nam'd that cursed Conde, only to draw me on the faster.

Carl. And do you think a Gentleman can succeed against a Conde, with a Woman?

San. Why not?

Carl. No more than a Conde against a Duke, and so upwards.

Abandon her, I say.

San. No; I am resolute.

Carl. To be the Shoeing-horn for the Conde?

San. I confess, I wou'd not be the Shoeing-horn to draw him on.

Carl. No; for that's to be a Pimp for him.

San. Right; therefore I will leave her.

Carl. Then go back; and quarrel with her and her Father; Go, I say, immediately before your Virtue cools.

San. I'll give 'em their own; I'll warrant 'em: what, make a Shoeing-horn of a Man of Honour?

[Exit Sancho.]
Carl. [alone.] If the Conde be in Love, then why shou'd Lopez admit of Sancho for a Suitor? if not, the Fool is in the right, that it was only feign'd to draw him on. However, my Advice will strike on both Sides; for if Sancho quarrel, he's discarded; and for the Conde—stay a little——What if I shou'd play this Conde? I know him, and can Mimick him exactly, 'tis but a Jest if I am discovered; and if the Conde loves her, and she him, then I marry her in his Shape—Oh, they are coming out to quarrel in the open Air; for the House is grown too hot for 'em: but I dare not stay to see the Battle, for fear of getting Blows on both Sides.

[Exit Carlos.]

Enter

Enter Lopez, Delinda, and Sancho.

Lop. I'll wait upon you out of my House, however.

San. Father-in-Law, that might have betn, no more Ceremonies, I'll be no Shooing-horn for any Man.

Lop. You wou'd not be my Daughter's Hinderance?

San. There's no more to be said on't; but either a Bargain, or no Bargain.

Lop. A Bargain, if the *Comde* comes not on.

San. Then as he comes on, I must go off, with a Pox to you; and to your Daughter.

Dal. At least it shall not be a Pox of your giving.

San. The *Comde's* Pox take you then; that's an Honourable Pox descended in a right Line from *Don Roderic the Goth*, I'll warrant you.

Lop. Indeed, if your Estate were as great as his——

San. Nay, for that Matter I can drop Gold with him, as little as I care for her.

Dal. But then his Title?

San. I have more Gold yet, to weigh down his Parchment. And then my Wit against a *Comde's* Wit, that's for Overplus; for tho' I say it——

Lop. Who shou'd not say it.

San. Yet I do say it, and will say it, especially as Lords go now: Come, there's no more to be said, *Lopez*; but take back your Trumpery, I mean your Daughter; or I'll send for the Scavenger with a Dung Cart.

Lop. This is insufferable: and by this Honourable Beard——

San. Which I'll pull off by Handfuls, if you swagger——

Lop. [*aside to Delinda.*] What shall we do with this Madman, Daughter?

Dal. You shou'd send for an *Alguazile* to order him, if I were sure that the *Comde* wou'd come on again; but since that's uncertain, go in, Father, and let me alone with him; if I make him your Son-in-Law, that's Punishment sufficient for him.

Lop. Well, Cavalier, you may chance to hear of me.

[*Exit Lopez.*

San.

Sam. Yes, and of your Daughter too, in the next Lampoon, I doubt not—[To Dalinda.] Why don't you follow him? What do you and I together, Madam Countess?

Dal. Nay, I know not.

Sam. Nor I neither.

Dal. I hope you will not beat me.

[She looks languishingly upon him.]

Sam. I can't tell that—Thou hast a damnable kind of Leer that would provoke me to something—I say not what.

Dal. Beat me with my own Hand, if I deserve it, there 'tis for you. [Gives him her Hand, and squeezes his.]

Sam. If I should beat thee now, as thou hast deserv'd richly, I cou'd make thee Satisfaction.

Dal. Indeed, they say an old Man should never beat a young Woman, because he cannot make her Satisfaction.

Sam. Abominable Chuck. If I did not hate thee mortally, I cou'd be content to love thee for a quarter of an Hour, or so—Why, what's here to do? You are at your old Tricks again: Prithce, sweet Devil, do not ogle me, nor squeeze my Palm so feelingly, thou dear Infernal, do not.

Dal. Why, do I hurt you?

Sam. No, but thou tickl'st me to the very Heart-strings, most wickedly.

Dal. You command me then to leave you?

[Seems to be going.]

Sam. Not command you neither, not absolutely.

Dal. I go then—

Sam. Then I do command thee—I mean, to stay a little longer. Thou hast fir'd my Blood most horribly, with that squeezing; hast not thou the Itch? speak, Damnation, I think I have got the Infection of thee—

[He shakes his Hands.]

Dal. I'll go and comfort my poor old Father, for the Affronts you gave him.

Sam. No, Perverseness; I'll make thee stay, in very spite of thy proud Sex I'll humble thee.

Dal's

Dal. But was not you a grievous Man to use him so? You shall tell me, or I break your Fingers.

Sam. Not a word; to save thee from Poison; I am as dumb as a Heathen Oracle.

Dal. Then I must squeeze it out of you.

[Pushing his Hand again.]

Sam. Ah, ah, it run through me like Wild Fire.

[Panting.]

Dal. Did not *Carlo* give you this naughty Counsel?

Sam. I shou'd not answer thee, I know it. Heartily kins, this is just cramping a Man when he's asleep, to make him tell his Dream; let go my Hand, and *Carlo* did not advise me; but hold it, and he did; now will you be at quiet with me?

Dal. Not till you promise me to be Friends with my Father.

Sam. Well, confound thee, I am Friends with him.

Dal. And to banish *Carlo* for an Evil Counsellor.

Sam. Upon Condition, you'll discharge the Count from seeing you.

Dal. No Conditions; either surrender upon Discretion, or I'll put you to the Sword.

Sam. Pox on thee, for being so Tyrannical; but I can't help my self, and therefore I totally submit.

Dal. Now then, you shall perceive how gracious a Princess I intend to be; my Father dotes upon this Count, but I despise him.

Sam. That's a good Girl; for Love of me, I'll warrant you.

Dal. You think I cokes you now.

Sam. No, I know my own Merit too well for that.

Dal. Then do what I advise you; my Father has not often seen this Count; what if you shou'd pass for him?

Sam. Hum, I do not apprehend thee.

Dal. A Man of your Wit, and be so stupid; you shall counterfeit the Count.

Sam. Counterfeit the Count, that's a pure quibble, but I can make no more on't.

Dal. He's an old Fellow, and a Fool; now, you shall take upon you to be this Count, to deceive my Father;
and

and I'll keep your Counsel, and teach you how to represent him.

San. Oh, now I understand you; but 'tis impossible for me to counterfeit a Fool.

Dal. I'll warrant you; trust Nature.

San. A Man of my Sense can never hide his Parts.

Dal. No, but you may shew 'em; go back to your Lodgings, I'll provide you Cloaths, and send you Directions in Writing, how to behave your self before my Father———One Word more, be sure you manage this in private, and shut out *Carlo*, lest he should discover our Intrigue.

San. Well, I will strive for once to get the better of my Wit, and play the Natural as naturally as I can: but you had better come, your self and teach me, for you have put me in a pure Way of taking your Instructions.

[Exit Sancho.

Dal. [*Alone.*] When I consider what has pass'd between the Count and me, there's little Reason to believe, a Man should put on a foul Shirt again, when he has put it off already, and has change of Linen by him; however, my Father shall know nothing of this Disguise; for he that sold my first Maidenhead to the Lord, may sell my second to the Fool; and that would be too much in Conscience, that a Woman once in twice, shou'd not have the Letting her own Freehold; and therefore, I will have the Selling of my self, and *Sancho* shall have the refusal of the Bargain.

Wise Heaven, in pity to the Sex, design'd
Fools, for the last Relief of Woman-kind.

Two Married Wits, no Quiet can enjoy:

Two Fools together would the House destroy.

But Providence, to level Human Life,

Made the Fool Husband, for the Witty Wife.

[Exit Dalinda.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Victoria's Chamber.

Enter Alphonso, with Music.

A Song is sung: when it is beginning, Victoria Enters.

SONG of Jealousie.

I.

WHAT State of Life can be so bliss
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast?

Too State is one, the false desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require!
But if in there's a Hall we find,
To all from thee,

O Jealousie!

To all from thee,

O Jealousie!

Thou Tyrant, Thou Jealousie,

Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

II.

All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:
In Absence, or behind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To set us free

From Jealousie:

O Jealousie!

Thou Tyrant, Thou Jealousie,

Thou Tyrant of the Mind.

III.

False, in thy Glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far:

Thou

NATURE will prevail.

451

Then art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the Damn'd we find
In only thee
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Alph. 'TIS true, my Tyrant Father has confin'd me;
But Love, who traverses the World at will,
Who knows not Awe, nor Law, nor Parentage,
Has broke my Toddler, and enlarg'd my Bounds.

Vic. Retire betimes, the Court is full of Eyes;
As Eagles Sharp, fatal as Basilisks;
Who live on looking, and who see no Death.

Alph. I came but to depart, and go for ever:
Because denied the common Rights of Nature;
Which the first Brother, and first Sister had.

Why were not you and I that Happy Pair?

But Nature deats with Age.

Vic. Whate'er it be, 'tis past redress, *Alphonso*.

Alph. But then, shall *Garcia* take thee in his Arms?
Glutted with Joys, which I wou'd die to taste:
No, let me stab the Wretch in every Vein;
And leave him dry of Pleasure, ere we part.

Vic. *Alphonso*, no, you cannot kill *Don Garcia*,
But you declare the Cause, and own your Love.

Alph. And what care I, what After-Ages say
Alphonso did, to make *Alphonso* happy?

But oh, you Love; and wou'd preserve his Life
To be for ever his.

Vic. My dearest Brother:
I hate your Rival, and I die for you.
All but my spotless Honour shall be yours.

Alph. By Heav'n! but that Word Heav'n comes cross
my Thoughts——

Vic. Beware; for by my own, I guess your Passion.
You wou'd, I fear——

Alph.

482 Love Triumphant: Or,

Alph. Enjoy my Heart's one Moment—

Viſt. And part with it for ever: Think on that.

Alph. That Moment were Eternity in little:

A mighty Sum, but taken on contest;

To save the tedious telling o'er and o'er.

Viſt. Oh, we are too long together.

Alph. Fear you that?

Viſt. I ought to fear it; but I trust my Virtue:

Depart, my Soul, I will not ask you whither;

For fear I shou'd repent of my Repentance;

And follow you to Death.

Alph. I go, *Viſt.*

But Love's cold Fit of Jealousie returns;

You must not be *Don Garcias*; *Swear*, you will not.

Viſt. I swear I will not, by my own Consent.

Alph. You may be forc'd; oh, cruel Jealousie,

Thou Bastard Son of Love, unlike thy Father,

Why dost thou still torment me?

Viſt. Trust my Honour.

Alph. That may be chapt into a Warmth, *Viſt.*

Talk, Seeing, Touching, are Incandieries.

And these may kindle your young Desires, like Straws

To meet the Jett that draws you.

Viſt. Trust my Love.

Alph. I swear I trust it, but I fear your Beauty:

'Tis a fair Fruit that hangs upon the Bough:

Tempts, and is tempted.

Viſt. 'Tis indeed a Fruit;

Seen and desired of all, while yet unpluck'd;

But can be gather'd by one only Hand.

Alph. That one, is *Garcia*; still the Fit returns:

I wish my Jealousie cou'd quench my Love.

Viſt. It cannot, if I measure yours by mine:

Or if extinguisht, like a trail of Smoke,

From a Wax Taper, soon wou'd light again.

Alph. 'Tis so; for when I say I will not love,

Then I love most; farewell my only Joy,

I go to hide me from the World and you.

Viſt. As when the Sun is down,

His Light is clipt into a thousand Stars,

So your sweet Image, tho' you shine not on me,
Will gild the horror of the Night, and make
A pleasing Scene of solitary Grief.

*Enter Veramond and Ximena, he with an Ovid in
his Hand.*

Vera. How dar'st thou, Rebel, thus provoke my Patience
Beyond all sufferance, and transgress thy Bounds?

Alph. When Kings and Fathers, on their Sons and Subjects
Exact intolerable things to bear,
Nature and Self-defence dispence with Duty.

Vera. Oh Heav'n, what horrid Sin have I committed!
That I was punish'd to beget this Son?

Alph. I could ask Heav'n another Question too;
But that 'tis not so decent: In few Words,
Hither I came to take my latest leave
Of dear *Victoria*, then depart for ever.
And buried in some solitary Cave,
Forgetting and forgotten, end my Days.

Vera. 'Tis what thou hast deserv'd: perform thy Penance.

Xim. So hard a Sentence for so small a Fault?
Are you a Father, Sir?

Vera. Is he a Son?
Thou know'st not his Offence.
But mark the glowing Blood, the guilty Flush
Upon *Victoria's* Face, and read it there.

Xim. I know not what you mean.

Vera. *Victoria*, speak
And clear your self——She answers not a Word.
Nay then my Fears are true, on both sides Guilty.

Vitt. [*Aside.*] 'Tis found; and we are lost.

Vera. But what needs more Conviction: Know you
(this? [*Showing the Ovid to Alphonso.*)

This Book, the Tutor of Incessuous Love?
The Page is doubled down, and points thee to thy Crime.
I fear'd, before, from every rolling Glance;
How quick they shot upon thy Sister's Face:
And she receiv'd them all, like smoking Flax;
Confess'd the Fire, and answer'd to the Flame.

Vitt. I love my Brother, and avow that Fire:
His Love to me, has rais'd his noble Thoughts

To brave Atchievements, for your Crown and you,
 For Love's the Steel, that strikes upon the Flint:
 Gives Coldness Heat, excites the hidden Flame;
 And spreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.

Vera. Oh Heav'n's, she makes a Merit of her Crime.
Victoria, I wou'd yet think better of thee,
 And therefore dare I not enquire too far;
 Willing to doubt the Guilt I fear to find.

Depart, and answer not. [Exit Victoria.
 For thee, whom I abhor to call my Son, [To Alphonso.
 And with thou wert a Stranger to my Blood—

Xim. [Aside.] That was a happy hint; I must improve it.

Vera. One Way, and only one, remains to clear thee:
 If, with a holy Fire, thou lov'st thy Sister,
 Aspiring but to Fame, not sinking down
 Into th' abyss of Lust unnatural;
 Consent that she may be *Dow Gowis's* Wife;
 Else give the Lye to all thy fair Pretences;
 And stand expos'd a Monster of Mankind:
 Foul as the Fiends, which fell from Heaven's high Towers,
 Fall thou from Empire so; and from my Sight
 Depart, Accurst for ever.

Alph. Gladly I leave you; but shall go more lightly,
 If ead' of this your dreadful Impression:
 O! let me go unladen with your Curse;
 And I will bless you for my Banishment.

Vera. So may that blessing or that Curse o'ertake thee,
 As thou obey'st or disobey'st my Will.

Alph. Guiltless of Sin, with Conscience to my Friend,
 I go, to shun that fatal Hour, that shows me
Victoria married, and *Alphonso* lost. [He's going.

Xim. Stay yet, *Alphonso*; for one Moment stay:
 For somewhat, if I durst, I have to speak,
 Which wou'd at least take half thy Load away;
 And free thy Shoulders from the weight of Sin.

Vera. Ximenes, dost thou hope to palliate Incest,
 And gild so black a Crime?

Xim. I gild it not; but if I prove it none,
 You may be kind, *Alphonso* may be happy.

And

And these domestick Jars for ever cease.

Vers. Explain your self.

Xim. Afford me then your Patience:

A mighty Secret labours in my Soul,
And like a rushing Stream breaks down the Dam;
This Day must give it vent, it rests in you
To make it end in a Tempestuous Night,
Or in a Glorious Evening.

Vers. No more Preface.

Xim. You wonder at *Alphonso's* haughty Carriage;
His fiery Temper, and his awfull Mind.

Vers. Too true, *Ximenes*.

Xim. And he wonders more

At your harsh Nature, and your rugged Usage,
On each side unbecoming Son and Father;
And yet the Cause of both is to be found.
But ere I farther shall proceed to speak;
Command your Royal Prisoner to be brought;
For I must be confronted with *Ramirez*:
And in his Presence tell you wondrous things;
Which if he vouch not, let *Ximenes* Dye.

Vers. I sent for him to hear his final Doom:
And think he waits without.

Admit the Prisoner.

[*He goes to the Door and speaks.*]

Enter Ramirez, Guarded.

Now, Sir, is yet your haughty Soul resolv'd
To quit your empty Title for your Freedom?

Xim. Ramirez, answer not to raise his Passion:
For now th' important Secret of our Lives
Must come to publick View; and on that Hinge
Depends thy Crown, thy Liberty, and Life,
My Honour and thy Son's.

Alph. [*Alph.*] What means my Mother?

Vers. A Son, *Ramirez*?

Ram. Yes, a Son I had.

Vers. He dyed an Infant here in *Savagossa*.

Ram. A living Son I have; and since the Queen
Is pleas'd t' expose my Life,
Before a Judge so prejudic'd as you:
Undaunted in the Face of Death I speak;

And

And claim *Alphons* mine.

Vera. There needs no more; I spare thee all the rest:
My Wife's Adultery, thy foul Incesting;
My own Dishonour, and that *Ramirez*'s Birth.

Kim. Injurious Words, unfitting you to speak;
And me, my Lord, and that concern'd, to hear.

Alph. [to *Vera*.] The I would give what'er the Sun
beholds

Not to be yours; yet, when my Mother's Fame
Is question'd, none shall wrong her Innocence:
Nor shall *Ramirez* go
Unpunisht, for that infamous Assertion.

Ram. *Alphons*, Peace, your Father bids you Peace.

Vera. Then, what am I?

Ram. His Foster-Father.

Vera. Impudently said:

And yet I hope 'tis true; so much I hate him,
That I cou'd buy the publick Scorn, to be
An Alien to his Blood.

Kim. Have patience, Sir;
And you shall have your wish, on cheaper Terms,
But hear me speak.

Vera. Good Heav'n, then give me Patience.

Kim. When you and brave *Ramirez*, then your Friend,
Me and my Sister married, four full Years;
We pass'd in Barren Woe, Childless both;
Ramirez, you remember, brought his Queen
To *Savaggs* on a friendly Visit:
Then as we both were married on one Day;
We both conceiv'd together.

Vera. I observe it:
That when *Ramirez* came, you both conceiv'd.
Mark that; and if thou hast the Face, proceed.

Kim. My Lord, I dare;
You took me once aside; and as your Rage
Inspir'd your Soul, spoke thus; *Kim*, know
That if the Fruit thou bear'st, be not a Son,
Henceforth, no more my Queen, we part for ever.
The Word was hard, I bore it as I cou'd;
I pray'd, and Heav'n in pity heard my Vows:

Two Boys in one fair Morning were disclos'd,
By me, and by my Sister,
And both the Fathers equally were blest.

Vera. Say one was blest with two; and speak more truly.

Xim. Forbear this Language, Sir; or I am Dumb;
It seems that you deserv'd not him you had:
For, in sev'n Days, Heav'n's ravish'd your *Alphonso*;
My Sister's little *Veranous* surviv'd,
And she's a living Witness of this Truth.

Great was my Grief; but greater was my Fear,
From your (alas) too much experienc'd Anger.
Thus low reduc'd, and urg'd by anxious Thoughts,
Of what I might expect from your Unkindness—
Now speak, *Ramirez*; and relate the rest;
For my Tongue falters, and denies its Office;
So much I fear my Lord shou'd take Offence.

Ram. Then like, or disapprove it, thus it was.
She told my Wife and me this mournful Story,
Her Fears for thy Resentment of thy Loss,
If by Misfortune it shou'd reach thy Ears:
Begg'd Secrecy, and then implor'd our Aid,
To substitute the Living for the Dead;
And make our *Veranous* pass for thy *Alphonso*.
A hard Request, but with Compassion mov'd,
At length, 'twas granted.

Vera. Is this true, *Ximenes*?

Xim. So Heav'n and you forgive my Pious Fraud,
As what he says is certain.

Alph. Oh Joyful News, Oh happy Day; too good
To end in Night.—My Father, and my King.

[*Runs to Ramirez, kneels to him, and kisses his Hand.*
My Soul foreknew you with a sure Prefage
Of native Duty, and instinctive Love.

Ram. Arise, my Son.

Vera. You own him then?

Ram. I do.

Vera. A welcome riddance;
Mean time, in prospect of a double Crown,
You gave the Sparrow leave to brood upon

The Cuckoo's Egg.

Ram. The Advantage was to you;
He prov'd his Blood upon me when we fought.
Fierce Eagles never procure fearful Doves:
I sent him Word he was my Son, before
The Battle, but the Hand of Fate was in it:
The Note miscarried, and we blindly met.

Xim. Past Accidents imbitter both your Minds.
Think forwards on your mutual Interests;

Alphonse loves *Victoria*:

I saw it in the Seeds, before disclos'd
To other Eyes; conniv'd at it, approv'd it.

Vera. A most commodious Mother!

Xim. Blame me not;

Guilt there was none, but in their Apprehension:
And both their Virtues barr'd ill Consequences.
Now take the blest Occasion by the Foretop;
And, on their Marriage found a lasting Peace.

Ram. A trivial Accident begot this War.
Some paltry Bounds of ill-distinguish'd Earth;
A Clod that lay betwixt us unascertain'd;
And royal Pride, on both sides, drew our Swords:
Thus Monarchs quarrel, and their Subjects bleed.
Remove your Land-marks, set 'em where you please:
Stretch out your *Aragon* on my *Castile*;
And be once more my Brother.

Alph. I implore it:

And prostrate, beg your Pardon, and your Grace;
I have offended in my proud Behaviour;
But make *Victoria* mine, and what your Son
In Duty wanted, by your Son-in-Law
Shall doubly be supply'd.

Xim. What, would you more?

Vera. [to her.] Are you the Mediatrix of this Peace?

Xim. It well becomes the Softness of my Sex,
To mediate for sweet Peace, the best of Blessings;
And like a *Sabine* Wife, to run betwixt
Relations list'd Swords.

Vera. A rare Chaste *Sabine* you!

To save th' Adulterer of thy Husband's Bed:
See there *Alphonso's* Father, that old Goat,
Who on two Sisters propagated Lust:
And got two Children, for himself and me.
Suppose thee Chaste, a favourable Guest
To any of thy Sex, these are my Foes.

[To *Ramirez*.] Thou first, the former Sharer of my Sheets:
A King without a Kingdom, thine is conquer'd;
And *Garcia* with *Victoria* shall enjoy it.

Ram. So monstrously you wrong your Wife and me—

Vera. No more, my Will is Law.

Ram. So Tyrants say.

Vera. I will not hear thee speak; Conduct him hence;
And stow him in the Dungeon's depth with Toads.

[The Guards carry off *Ramirez*.]

[To *Alphon.*] For thee, the worthy Son of such a Father—

[Walks by himself.]

Xim. [to *Alph.*] 'Tis desp'rate now; and I with ill-
tim'd Zeal;

Have hasten'd your Destruction.

Alph. [to her.] You have sav'd me.

Vera. [Aside.] Say I should put th' ungrateful Wretch
to Death;

He's thought my Son, and whilst so thought, 'tis dange-
'T'imprison him; the People might rebel:

He's popular, and I am ill-belov'd.

Then Banish him, that's best, but yet unsafe:

He may with Foreign Aid reconquer all.

I'll venture that, with *Garcia* to my Friend;

He shall recall his Troops, mine are at Hand,

And ready prest for Service.

[He comes to *Alph.* and *Ximena*.]

Xim. Now the Storm——

Vera. [to *Alph.*] Thy Doom's resolv'd: too gentle for
thy Crimes:

I spare thy Life, depart to Banishment;

To morrow leave the Realm, this day the Town:

And like the Scape-Goat driv'n into the Desert,

Bear all ill Omens with thee.

Alph. Proud of my Exile, with erected Face,
I leave your Court, your Town, and your Dominions;
Pleas'd that I love, at least without a Crime;
Lighter by what I lost, I tread in Air,
Unhappy, but Triumphant in Despair.

[*Exit Alphonso.*]

Vera. Behold how haughtily he strides away,
Lofly and bold; as if not banisht hence,
But seeking for some other Place to reign:
I think he cannot hope; but lest he shou'd,
Victoria soon shall be *Don Garcia's* Bride.
[*To Xim.*] Go, Madam, for I know you are in haste,
To greet your Daughter with this goodly News.
Tell her *Alphonso* is no more my Son,
But tell her too, he shall not be her Husband.
Bid her prepare her self to wed *Navarr*:
Whether by Force or by Consent, I care not:
To morrow shall determine that Affair.
Nor shall my Will be frustrate, or delay'd:
Kings are not Kings, unless they be obey'd.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

*The SCENE is in the Street, before
Lopez's House.*

Enter Sancho, Habited like Don Alonzo de Cardena. Dalinda meeting him.

Dal. I watch'd your coming at the Window, and told
my Father: He's coming out to welcome you.

San. But if I chance to break out into a little Wit some-
times, you'll excuse my Frailty.

Dal. Pugh, you are so suspicious of your self, and have
so little Reason for't: Be as witty as you can; I fear
you not.

Enter Don Lopez, and salutes him.

Lop. Noble Gentle, you are welcome from the Wars:
And who did best in the Battel? I beseech your Honour?

San.

San. Why, next my Honour, one Colonel *Sancho* did best.

Lop. Who, *Sancho*? he's little better than a Coxcomb.

San. Nay, he has too much Wit; if he had as much Grace, 'twou'd be better for him.

Lop. But he's your Lordship's Rival in my Daughter.

San. Is he so? then make much of him, old Gentleman.

Lop. You wou'd not have me prefer him to your Excellency?

San. Faith, you can hardly chuse amiss betwixt us two; he's my other self, Man.

Lop. I make a vast Difference betwixt you.

San. That shall be a very good Jest between you and me another time.

Dal. [*Aside.*] The Fool's too much a Fool, he's going to discover himself, if I prevent it not.—[*To Lopez.*] Make haste, Father, and put him upon the Point, or he'll give me up to *Sancho*.

Lop. Let *Sancho* be no Fool, since your Lordship pleases; for he is not bound to make my Daughter any Satisfaction, as you are.

San. And Satisfaction she shall have: What, I hope you don't think I am an Eunuch?

Dal. [*Aside.*] Oh Heaven! I shall be ruin'd between them, I forgot to instruct my Father not to meddle with that Point. [*To Lopez.*] Say no more of it, I beseech you, Sir.

Lop. [*to her.*] 'Tis for thy good; let me alone: You know you have injur'd the poor Girl, my Lord.

San. Not to my Remembrance, Sennor; You and I may have quarrel'd, I confess, and I think I may have given you some hard Words to day.

Dal. [*Aside.*] Now has he forgotten he's my Lord, and is harping upon the Quarrel he had with him as *Sancho*: This must end in my Destruction.

Lop. Your Lordship and I can have had no Quarrel to day, for I have not seen you this Twelve-month.

San. That's true; now I remember my self, you have not.

Lop. But that you have wrong'd my Daughter is manifest.

Dal. [to *Sancho*.] Sir I must needs speak a Word with you in Private; If you love me, confess you have enjoy'd me; for I told my Father so on purpose to make him the more condescending to the Match.

San. [to *her*.] A Word to the Wife. I will see you again, you shall see me top upon the old Fellow.

[To *Lopez*.] Well, *Scnnor*, I won't stand with you for a Night's Lodging with your Daughter; I acknowledge I have been a little familiar with her, or so: But to make her amends I will marry her, and consummate with her most abundantly.

Lop. Then all shall be set right, and the Man shall have his Mare again.

Enter Carlos, disguised like Sancho.

Lop. What, another *Dal* *Alacks*? this is prodigious!

Carl. [Aside, seeing *Sancho*.] Bless me, the *Poll* is taken up already, and the true Count is here before me.

Dal. [Aside.] This is not my *Child*: But some other Counterfeit. [To *Sancho*.] You are as true a Count as he: Stand to your Likeness.

San. Wou'd I were out of my Likeness.

[Shouting back.

Dal. Put forward, Man, I'll reward you.

San. But what a devilish high Back he has gotten too? he'll carry me away a pick a pack; that's certain.

Carl. [Aside.] I find him now: by their whispering, and by his Awkwardness, this must be *Sancho*, and I'll out-face him.

[To *Lopez*.] *Scnnor Dal Lopez*, I am sensible by your Permission, to renew my Address to your fair Daughter.

Lop. Your Lordship is most welcome.

San. Whole Lordship?

Lop. Why, one of your Lordships; I know not which; for by your Backs you are both my Lords: That's my vote you can agree the Matter.

San. [to *Carlos*.] *Sirrah*, where did you steal that Back of mine?

Carl.

Carl. Sirrah, I was born with it; but what He Can-
nel has your Mother been dealing withal, that you are
begotten in my Resemblance?

San. What, I hope you won't pretend to pass for the
true Conde?

Carl. I am Don Alonso de Cardena.

San. And so am I.

Carl. If you stay a little longer, I'll stretch your Bones
till you are as streight as an Arrow.

San. Do not provoke me; I am mischievously bent.

Carl. Nay, you are bent enough in Conscience, but I
have a bent Fist for Boxing.

San. And I have a streight Foot for Kicking.

[They come up to each other.

Lep. Here will be Blood-shed immediately; hold No-
ble-men both; will ye be content that I should examine
ye; and then stand to my award which is the true Conde.

San. Well, to save Christian Blood, I will.

Carl. And to save Jewish Blood, that's your Blood,
Sirrah, I am contented too.

Lep. [to Carlos.] What Command had you, my Lord,
in the last Battel?

Carl. I had none; I was a Volunteer, and Charg'd
with Honourable Colonel Carlos in the Fight.

Lep. [to Sancha.] And what Command had your Lord-
ship there?

San. I had none neither; and I charg'd with that
Rogue Carlos.

Lep. [aside.] So far they are both right, as I have heard.
[To Sancha.] And what became of you afterwards?

San. Now I am pos'd; for Carlos told me he knew no-
thing of the Count afterwards: Sennor, I do not well re-
member what became of me, for I was in a very great
Passion; but I did prodigious Things, that's certain.

Carl. [to Lep.] Sennor, you may see he's a Counter-
feit, because he knows nothing of himself; but I, the
true Conde, was trodden under the Horses Feet, and lay
for dead above half an Hour.

San. Well; and now I remember my self, I was laid

for dead too for just about half a Year. I

Lop. [to *Dal.*] This is the wrong Lord, he can say nothing but what the other Lord has said before him.

Dal. Then he's the likeliest to be the true *Conde*, for he's a Fool, Father.

Carl. You see, *Senhor*, he does not remember what became of him, as I said before.

Sam. How wou'd you have a Man remember, when he was laid for dead?

Carl. But I recover'd, Rogue, and pursu'd the Enemy.

Sam. And I recover'd, and pursu'd 'em too, for above an hundred Miles together, at full Speed.

Lop. That's farther than you needed by threescore Miles; for 'tis but forty from the Place of Battel to the City.

Carl. Yes, at full Speed upon the same Horse, and never drew Bit neither.

Sam. [to *Dal.*] Help me, dear *Dalinda*! I am Bogg'd, you see.

Dal. [to him.] That's with pursuing your Enemies too far; but I'll help you out again — (To *Lopez.*) Pray, Sir, let me examine 'em a little.

Lop. You'll make nothing of that first *Conde*.

Dal. Yes, a Son-in-Law, I warrant you.

[To them.] Which of you two promis'd me Marriage?

Both. I did.

Dal. [to *Carl.*] And did you enjoy me?

Carl. Heaven forbid, Madam: what, before Marriage?

Dal. [to *Sam.*] And what did you?

Sam. I did enjoy her, so I did: and there I was before you, for a false *Conde* as you are.

Carl. Speak for yourself, Madam, and clear your Reputation from that scandalous Companion.

Dal. [with her Fan before her Face.] I must confess the true *Conde* has enjoy'd me; the more my Frailty.

Lop. The Matter mends on that Side.

Sam. Now Good-Man Goose-cap, who's the most a Man of Honour, he who has enjoy'd a fair Lady, or he who has only lickt his Lips, and gone without her?

Carl.

NATURE will Prevail. 465

Carl. [*aside.*] I see she takes his Part; this is all a Lye contriv'd betwixt 'em.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. [*to Dal.*] Madam, I am sent to you on a sad Errand from the late Conde Don Alonzo, who was kill'd in the last Battel.

Lop. You are mistaken, Friend; for here he stands alive; and well. [*Pointing to Sancho.*]

And for fear of Failing, here's a Counterpart of him.

[*Pointing to Carlos.*]

Mef. Do not abuse your self, Sennor; neither of these is the true Conde: I took him from under the Horses Feet, and he had only Life enough to say, Remember me to my fair Dalinda.

Lop. [*to San.*] What does your Lordship say to this?

San. He was fairly kill'd, I must confes: but I can give you a better Account of his Lordship afterwards.

Lop. You? why, who are you?

San. Nay, I am he too.

Mef. You see he's a Counterfeit; and so is the other.

Lop. 'Tis too true.

Dal. Did the Conde leave me nothing in his Will?

Mef. Not a Cross, Madam.

Dal. There's the same Payment for your News; be gone, poor Fellow.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Carl. At least I have the Satisfaction, that he's discover'd as well as I am. [*Tearing off some Part of his Disguise.*] Now, Sancho, you are welcome to the Discovery of your fine Intrigue.

Lop. Then, Sancho, I make good my Word to you; since the Conde is dead, you stand fairest for my Daughter; and you, Cousin Carlos, with your Wit and your Poverty, are in *Statu Quo*: Come away, Son-in-Law, and leave the forsaken Lover to make himself a Willow Garland.

[*Exeunt Sancho, Lopez, and Dalinda.*]

Carl. Yet if I cou'd hinder Sancho from marrying her, I shou'd make my self some Satisfaction. I'll think on't farther; and something comes into my Head already.

[*Stands musing.*]

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Now *Carlos*, what make you here in this Disguise? I have been looking for you at least half an Hour.

Carl. Only a Masquerade, Sir, an innocent Diversion in Times of Peace.

Alph. No, *Carlos*, these are Times of War, not Peace: I must abruptly tell you what is past:

I am *Ramirez*' Son, not *Veramond*'s.

I love *Victoria*, and for her am banish'd.

Carl. Just my own Condition: I have had a Revolution in my small Affairs too; I am banish'd, and going to look for the next commodious Tree to make a wry Face upon it.

Alph. I know you Brave; and if you love me still,
Follow my Fortune; yours shall be my Care.
Our Army lies Encamp'd without the Walls:
Your Regiment is Quarter'd in the Town:
I think I can with Ease Revolt the Troops,
Because they love me; and with their Assistance
Release my Father; and redeem my Mistress:
While you and yours at an appointed Signal,
Procure me Entrance.

Carl. Right; and force the Gate. ———

Alph. That's all I ask: I think my self as worthy
To wed *Victoria*, as this Foreign Prince:
But if you find Reluctance to this Action,
Now speak, that I may seek some other Friend.

Carl. No, Sir; I shall never break with you for so small
a Matter as a Rebellion: I warrant you for my Soldiers,
they'll never flinch, when there's a Town to Plunder.

Alph. The Signal and the Time shall be concerted;
Victoria be the Word——

That happy Name our bold Attempt shall bless;
And give an Omen of assur'd Success.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE a Street; with a Temple at a Distance.

Enter Garcia, with a Letter in his Hand; Ximena and Celidea.

Gar. MAY I believe you, 'tis *Victoria's* Hand?
For 'tis a strange Request.

Kim. So may it move your Noble Mind to Pity,
As what the Paper tells you is most true.
She gave it me; and with a thousand Sighs,
Begg'd me to recommend her Life, her Love,
And all her Hopes of Happiness to you.

Gar. To break my Marriage off, renounce her Bed,
To stand excluded from my promis'd Bliss,
And as my proper Act to do all this?
Disdainful, Faithless, and Ungrateful Maid!

Cel. Disdainful and Ungrateful; but not Faithless,
Because she never vow'd nor promis'd Love,
But only to *Alphonso*.

Kim. They lov'd not as a Brother and a Sister,
But as the Fair and Brave each other love.
For Sympathy of Souls inspir'd their Passion.

Gar. That Sympathy which made him love *Victoria*,
Has caus'd the same Effect of Love in me.

Cel. But not in her: She lov'd him first, my Lord;
And you Besieg'd a Town already his.
As you for her, others may Dye for you;
And plead that Argument to hope your Love,
If the same Reason hold.

Gar. No Doubt it wou'd,
Were not my Soul already prepossess'd.

Cel. So is *Victoria's* Soul, for her *Alphonso*.

And

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And that's her Plea for Consistency to him.

Gar. My Reason is convinced, but not my Passion.
For I must Love, and Loving must Enjoy.

Col. Others must not Enjoy, and yet must Love.

Kim. You cannot wed *Victoria* but by Force:
And Force can only make her Person yours.
Think what a fatal Doom you pass on her,
To make your self half happy.

Gar. When she's mine
I will pursue her with so dear a Passion,
So chase her Coldness with my warm Embraces,
That she shall melt at length, hard as she is;
And run like stubborn Metal.

Col. No, my Lord,
Victoria is not form'd of Steel, but Marble,
Which is not made to melt, but flies the Fire;
And neither yields nor softens to the Flames.
Gasp her Esteem at least, her Love is hopeless.

Gar. Esteem, a scanty, mean Reward of Passion,
That pays not half the Value of the Loss! (sure;

Col. Pay Scorn with Scorn, and make Revenge a Plea—
So Generous Minds shou'd do, and so shou'd I;
What needs there more,
You see who loves you not——And——

Kim. And she wou'd say, you may behold who loves
But Maiden Bashfulness has ty'd her Tongue: [you;
Look on her Eyes, they speak (fore.

Col. [sately.] A Language which they never spoke be-

Kim. Mark how she whispers, like a Western Wind,
Which trembles thro' the Forest; she, whose Eyes
Meet ready Victory where-e'er they glance;
Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations court,
And (did her Praise become a Mother's Mouth)
One who cou'd change the Worship of all Climates,
And make a New Religion where she comes;
Unite the differing Faith of all the World,
To Idolize her Face.

Gar. And well she may:
Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shape, her Features,
Seem

Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand; by Love
Himself in Love; but oh, 'tis now too late,
My Eyes have drank a Poison in, before;
A former Basilisk has seen me first.

Yet know, fair Princess, if there were a Part
In all my Breast, that could receive a Wound,
Your Eyes could only give it.

Cel. So helpless Friends, when safe themselves a-shoar,
Behold a Vessel driv'n against a Rock,
They Sigh, they Weep, they Counsel, and they Pray.
They stretch their unassisting Hands in vain,
But none will plunge into the raging Main,
To save the sinking Passenger from Death.

Xim. Already see the joyless Bride appear;
Grief, Rage, Disdain, Distraction and Despair
Are equal in my Daughters diff'rent Fates:
In one, to be constrain'd to be your Wife;
In one, to be refus'd.

Enter Veramond, and Victoria led as to Marriage; a Train follows; and after is a Guard.

Cel. Great Nature break thy Chain, that links together
The Fabrick of this Globe, and make a Chaos
Like that within my Soul; Oh Heav'n unkind
That gives us Passions, strong and unconfin'd;
And leaves us Reason for a vain Defence;
Too pow'rful Rebels, and too weak a Prince.

[Garcia, Ximena, Celidee, mix with the Train, which walk as in Procession, towards the Temple.

Enter on the sudden Alphonso and Carlos at the Head of their Party; the Soldiers attack the Guards, and King; and drive 'em off the Stage: Alphonso fights with Garcia, grapples with him and gets him under; in the mean time Ximena, Victoria, and Celidee, retire to a Corner of the Stage: When Garcia is fall'n Celidee runs, and kneels to Alphonso.

Cel. Oh spare him, spare the noble Garcia's Life:
Or take the Forfeit in the loss of mine.
How happy shou'd I be to die for him,
Who will not live for me!

Alph.

Alph. [*To Garcia.*] Rise, and be safe;
If you have any Thanks to pay, reserve 'em
To give this Royal Maid.

Gar. [*Rising.*] You'd been more kind
To take my Life, for I wou'd throw it off;
Dishonour'd as I am, 'tis worn to Rags,
Not worth a Prince's wearing.

[*Exit Garcia, follow'd by Celsidea.*]

Re-enter Veramond disarm'd, and led by Carlos.

Vera. Ungrateful Traytor!

Alph. Hold thy peace, old Man:
I do not love t'insult on thy Misfortunes.
Tho' thou hast brought this Ruin on thy self.

Vera. Avenging Heav'n—

Alph. I prithe thee curse me not,
Because I held thee for my Father once.

Vera. Then wou'd I were thy Father, that my Curse
Might take the furer Place, and—

Alph. Guard him hence;
But use no Violence to his Royal Person:
Call back the Soldiers, *Carlos*, from the Spoil.
I have my Wish in having my *Victoria*,
And would no more of him, nor what is his.

[*Carlos restores to Veramond his Sword, with Respect,
and conducts him off; Ximena follows him: Alphonso
waits on them to the Door, and returns.*]

Vic. What have you done, *Alphonso*?

Alph. What I ought.
Obtain'd the glorious Prize for which I fought;
Redeem'd you from a Father's Tyranny;
And from a hated Rival set you free.
Remove, my Fair, from this unhappy Place;
The Scene of Sorrows, Suff'rings, and Disgrace:
To my Victorious Camp with me remove:
The Scene of Triumph, and rewarded Love.

Vic. *Mars* has been present with your Arms to Day,
But Love and *Hymen* have been far away:
You forc'd me from a Rival's Pow'r, I know;
But then you forc'd me from a Father's too.

Alph.

Alph. What words are these! I feel my Vital Heat
Forlake my Limbs, my curd'd Blood retreat:
Too much amaz'd to speak, in this Surprise,
With silent Grief, on yours I fix my Eyes:
To learn the Reasons of your Change from thence;
To read your cruel Doom, and my Offence.

Viſt. Your Arms, and glorious Action, I approve:
Esteem your Honour, and embrace your Love.

Alph. My Soul recovers, as a gentle Show'r
Refreshes and revivets a drooping Flow'r.
I'm yours so much, so little am my own;
Your Smiles are Life; and Death is in your Frown.

Viſt. But oh, a hard Request is yet behind;
Which, for my sake, endure with equal Mind:
Your Debt of Honour you have clear'd this Day;
But mine of Duty, still remains to pay:
Restore my Liberty, and let me go
To make a full Discharge of all I owe.

Alph. What Debts but those of Love have you to clear?
Are you not free, are you not Sovereign here?
And were you not a Slave, before I broke
Your fatal Chains, and loos'd you from the Yoke?

Viſt. 'Tis true, I was; but that Captivity,
Tho' hard to bear, was more becoming me.
A Slave I am; but Nature made me so,
Slave to my Father, not my Father's Foe:
Since, then, you have declar'd me free, this Hour
I put my self within a Parent's Power.

Alph. Cruel *Victoria*! would you go from hence,
And leave a desolate, despairing Prince?
Is this the Freedom you demand from me;
Are these the Vows, and this the Constancy?
Put off the Mask: For I too well perceive
Whom you resolve to love, and whom to leave:
Go, teach me at my own Expence, to find
What change a Day can make in Womankind.

Viſt. Think not a Day, or all my Life, can make
Victoria's Heart her stedfast Love forsake:

472 *Love Triumphant: Or,*

I plight'd you my Faith: And I knew
My Vows once more, to love but only you.

Alph. You vow'd no time our Fortune should divide;
And well 'twas kept, like all your Vows before;
When ev'n this Hour you went to be a Bride.

Vict. I went; but was securely first prepar'd:
For this was my Redemption, or my Guard.

Let this your causeless Jealousie remove;
And learn no more to doubt *Victoria's* Love.

Alph. That fatal Proof I never did desire.

Vict. And yet a Proof more fatal you require,
Which would, with Infamy, my Name pursue;
To fly my Father, and to follow you.

Alph. Your Love you forfeit, if you go away.

Vict. I forfeit my Obedience if I stay.

Alph. You may transfer your Duty, and be mine.

Vict. Yes, when my Father shall his Claim resign;
For when the Nuptial Knot our Love assures;
All that was his before, is, after, yours.

Alph. Then, when you vow'd your Love, you falsify.

Vict. I love you much; but love my Honour more.

Alph. You hate my Rival, yet you take the way
To make you his inevitable Prey.

Vict. Beasts fear not more to be the Hunter's Spoil.

Alph. Then sure you would not run into the Toil.
How ill your Actions with your Words agree!

Vict. This Friend is still at Hand to set me free.

[*Holding up the Dagger.*]

Alph. Let me not live to see that fatal Hour;
Rather return into your Father's Pow'r.
Rather return into his Arms again,
For whom your lost *Alphonse* you disdain.
If one must die, to set your Honour free,
You have already cast the Lot on me.
Death is my only way to clear my Fame;
Which must be branded with a Coward's Name,
If basely I resign *Victoria's* Charms,
And tamely give you to my Rival's Arms.

Vict.

Vict. To give me to my Father is no Crime.

Alph. 'Tis still the same; your Father gives you him.

Ungrateful Woman!

Vict. More ungrateful Man!

More than I ought I give, and all I can:

But if my Duty I prefer to you,

Be satisfy'd with all that Love can do.

Alph. Not satisfy'd; but yet your Will shall be
Like Fate's inviolable Law to me.

Since my unhappy Stars will have it so,

Depart from hence, and leave your Father's Foe.

Go then; but quickly go; for while you stay,

As on a Rack I find my self decay;

And every Moment looks a Part of me away.

Vict. I wish I with my Duty could dispence:

Heav'n knows how loath I am to part from hence;

So, from the Seal is soften'd Wax disjoin'd:

So, from the Mother Plant, the tender Rind:

But take the latest Pledge that Love can give;

Have Courage; and for your *Victoria* live.

[*She offers him her Hand, he kisses it: Exit Victoria, he
Looking after her.*]

*Enter Ramirez, attended by Carlos. Ramirez embraces
Alphonso.*

Ram. Prop of my Age, and Pattern of my Youth,

But such as far excels th' Original;

Ten thousand Blessings on thee, for this Deed.

Alph. Heav'n and my Fate speak other Language to me;

No Blessings, none, but millions of their Curses,

Like burning Glasses, with contracted Beams,

Are pointed on my Head.

Ram. What words are these, on this auspicious Day!

Alph. Oh fly me, fly me, Sir.

Lest the Contagion of my Woes,

Pollute my Father's Joys; *Victoria's* gone,

And with her went *Alphonso's* Life, and Soul.

Ram. You had her in your Pow'r; and were too easie;

Alph. Or rather she too cruel.

Her Duty forc'd her hence, in scorn of Love.

Ram.

Ram. You must resign your Arms;
 And force her Father's Will, to make her yours.
 Why, like a Woman, stand you thus complaining,
 Born to the Strength, and Courage of a Man?
 Rouze up your Spirits to a just Revenge:
 Like Lightning wastful, and like Thunder loud.
 Rivers of Blood shall run about the Town;
 For which you were so lavish of your own.
Garcia shall die; and, by his Death, remove
 The Cause of Jealousie, and injur'd Love,
 The King himself, an ungrateful King, shall fall;
 Of all our Ills, the curst Original.

Alph. Beseech you, Sir, no more.

Ram. Your Reason, Son?

Alph. For you have giv'n my Soul so large a Swing,
 That it bounds back again with double force:
 Only because you carried it too far.

You've set an Image of so vast Destruction
 Before my Sight, that Reason shuns th' Approach,
 And dares not view the fearful Precipice.

Ram. It Vengeance, which is said to sweeten a Mercel,
 That Heav'n relieves it for its proper Taste.
 Is it so soon forgot?

Alph. What have the People done? the Sheep of Princes,
 That they should perish for the Shepherd's Fault?
 They bring their yearly Wool, to cloath their Owners,
 And yet when bare themselves, are cull'd for Slaughter.
 Should I do this, what could the Wolf do more,
 Than what the Master did?

Ram. Then *Garcia*, must he scape?

Alph. 'Tis true, I had him at my Mercy once;
 I should have kill'd him then, or once forgiven,
 Should spare him now.

Ram. [*Aside.*] His noble Soul, celestial

Alph. But then I give Vittoria to his Arms;
 And make my own Destruction my own Act—
 That fires my Blood again—yet if he love him,
 Is killing him the lover, the way to gain her?
 No, let him live — But *Vittoria* shall die.

Who,

Who, when he was my Father as he thought,
When I deserv'd his Love; then hated me. (way.

Ram. [*Aside.*] Oh! now the Tempest drives another

Alph. No more Deliberation, there it goes:
I'll kill him first, to satisfy my Vengeance:
And then t' Atone her Anger, kill my self.

[*Seems going hastily.*]

Ram. Hold, hold, *Alph.* Heav'n and Earth and I,
Who have a Father's Title to your Life,
Forbid that Parricide.

Alph. Wou'd you refuse a Mad-man leave to sleep?
'Tis Sleep must cure me, and that Sleep is Death.

Ram. A Mad-man must be cool'd, to make him Sleep.
I have prepar'd a gentle Opiat for you,
One Moment's Patience, and I will infuse it:
You see me dispos'd of all my State——

Alph. Yes, to my Grief: and to enhance that Grief,
'Tis to my Sword, my Father owes his Ruin.

Ram. And 'tis that only Sword that can restore me.
It must, and ought: you owe it to your Duty.

Alph. Duty was what *Vidua* us'd to me:
I hate that fatal Word, because she us'd it;
And for a cruel Father, left her Love.

Ram. Cou'd she do that, for *Veramund*, a Tyrant,
Which you refuse to me?

The conquering Troops of *Arragon* are yours:
You are their Life, their Idol, and their Soul.
Conduct me Home, and with their Aid restore me;
And that once done, we shall not need to treat,
For *Veramund* himself will send; and sue
For that Alliance, which his Pride now scorns.

Alph. Long e're that time, *Vidua* will be *Garcia's*:
Her Father will not lose one Moment's Space,
To gratifie his Vengeance with my Ruin:
If I wou'd force him, this must be the Time:
Which since I now refuse, 'tis lost for ever.
Hear then; and take it as my last Resolve;
Lead you the Troops: you need not fear their Faith:
The Guilt of their Rebellion makes 'em yours.

With

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With them, and with your own, restore your self.

Ram. Then what becomes of you?

Alph. No matter what.

Provide your self of some more worthy Heir,

For I am lost, beyond Redemption lost;

Farewel the Joys of Empire from this Moment:

Farewel the Honours of the dusty Field;

Here lay I down this Instrument of Death.

[Unfixes his Sword, and lays it down.]

And may it gird some Happier Soldier's Side:

For nothing it could gain, can countervail

To me, the Loss of my *Victoria's* Love.

Your Blessing, and farewell.

[Kneels.]

Ram. Alas, I fear some fatal Resolution

Is harbour'd in your Soul: If thus you leave me,

My Mind forebodes, we never more shall meet.

Alph. Give not so black an Omen to this Parting.

For we may meet again, if Heav'n thinks fit—

A beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,

Gilds the brown Horizon, and directs my Way.

Blast not my Purpose, by refusing leave.

Nor ask the Means: But know I will not Dye

Till I have prov'd th' extremest Remedy.

And, if unarm'd, I go to tempt my Fate,

Think my Despair is from *Victoria's* Hate.

[Exit Alphondso.]

Ram. I might have us'd the Pow'r Heav'n gives to Parents.

And hinder'd his Departure:

But somewhat of Divine controul'd my Tongue;

For Hero's Souls, irregular to do,

Yet move like Planets in their proper Sphere;

Performing even Course,

In Paths uneven to Beholders Eyes.

[Pause; a little.]

[To Carlos.] His Words, mysterious as they were, import

Some desperate Design, which I must watch,

And therefore dare not lead the Forces far:

But camp'd without the Town at some small Distance;

I expect the Issue, and prevent his Death.

Carl.

Carl. Sir, what Orders give you? for you are now our General.

Ram. Follow, and you shall know——

[Exit Ramirez.]

Carl. Follow! whither? No Plunder, when the Town was fairly taken! there's a hopeful General to follow; the Son and Father are both gone away, without providing for me, who betray'd the City to 'em; a fine Incouragement for Virtue; Well, these Monarchs make no more of us Soldiers, when their turn is serv'd, than we make of our old batter'd Horses; to put us off for Stallions, is the best that can become of us: And those indeed are my present Circumstances: *Dalinda* will none, ~~and~~ *Sancho* is just mounting; if I get not between, and thrust him off: For which purpose I have insinuated to him that I have left *Dalinda* for his Sake, and am upon another Scout,——Yonder he comes: This, and another Lye which I have ready coin'd, will go near to spoil his Market.

Enter Sancho.

San. Well, *Carlos*; the Hurly Burly's quite over; I met *Ramirez* marching off the Army; and just afterwards appear'd a Fellow in a Fool's Coat on Horse-back, with three Trumpets; *Hew'd*, I think they call'd him; or some such Jewish Name.

Carl. A Herauld at Arms you mean.

San. It may be so; but I should have taken him for some *Pardoner*, for he scatter'd Indulgences by handfuls to the People, but only they paid nothing for 'em.

Carl. But did he proclaim nothing?

San. Oh, yes; and now I remember, he began his Speech with, *O Yes*, too; he proclaim'd a General Pardon to all Rebels, of which Number, you know, you and I, *Carlos*, were two Ring-leaders.

Carl. Then farewell *Ramirez*, e'en trudge on by your self, for there's an end of my Expedition; I will lay down my Arms like a dutiful Subject; and submit to his Majesty when I can rebel no longer.

San. Very good; and try t'other touch for *Dalinda*, will you?

Carl.

478 *Love Triumphant: Or,*

Carl. You knew I have quitted her for your Sake, and now am altogether for — Let me see, what Lady am I for?

San. Pump, pump, *Carlos*, for that's to be invented yet.

Carl. Only out of my Head a little: 'Tis the dead Count's Sister; a great Fortune since her Brother died, but somewhat homely: She has already made some Advances to me, or else I lye.

San. And will you say *To Have and to Hold*, with an ugly Woman?

Carl. Yes, and *For Better for Worse*, that is, for Virgin or for Whore, as you will, *Sancho*; who are lifting your self into the Honourable Company of Cuckolds.

San. What, a Hero as I am, to be a Cuckold?

Carl. Do not disdain your Calling; *Julius Caesar* was one before you: the Count has had her by her own Confession; so she's a Nobleman's Dowager, for your Comfort.

San. Pugh, she deny'd it afterwards; that was but a Copy of her Countenance.

Carl. What if it prove a Copy of the Count's Countenance, do you think she had not a Bastard by him?

San. That was only a Plot betwixt us to cheat her Father.

Carl. Did her Father know nothing of it?

San. Not a Syllable.

Carl. Then when he believ'd you to be the Count, how came he to charge you with enjoying her?

San. That is something to the Purpose; but now I think on't, 'tis nothing neither; 'tis but asking her the Question, and I know she'll satisfy me.

Carl. And you are resolv'd to take her Word?

San. Rather than yours; for you may have a Mind to have a lick at the Honey-pot your self.

Carl. Farewel; you know I have other Business upon the Stocks.

San. Stay, *Carlos*; I'm afraid you know something more

more of this bawdy Business than you confess.

Carl. Fecks, not I.

San. Fecks! what a sneaking Oath is that for a Man of Honour? Swear me bloodily like a Soldier, if you wou'd be believ'd.

Carl. Without Swearing, I believe her honest; therefore make sure of her immediately.

San. That is, take a Rival's Counsel, and make sure of being an Antedated Cuckold.

Carl. If you won't believe me, I can't help it; but marry *Dalinda*, and be happy; for I may prevent you, if you make not Haste.

San. Thou hast cheated me so often, that I can't credit one Syllable thou say'st.

Carl. [*going out.*] Then take your Fortune.

[*Carlos pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe his Face, and drops a Letter.*]

Yonder comes *Dalinda*; I know her by her Trip. I'll watch their Greeting.

[*Exit.*]

San. The Rogue's malicious, and wou'd have me marry her in spight; besides he's off and on at so devilish a Rate, a Man knows not where to have him: Well, I am resolv'd in the first Place not to follow the Rogue's Counsel, I will not marry her because he advis'd me to't; and yet I will marry her because he counsel'd me not to marry her: Hey day, I will marry her, and I will not marry her: what's the Meaning of this, Friend *Sancho*? That's taking the Rogue's Advice one Way art' other.

[*Sees the Letter, and takes it up.*]

What, has he dropt a Letter! To whom is it directed? to Don *Carlos D'Ybarra*, that's himself.

[*Mutters, as reading to himself.*]

Dalinda's Fair, and a Fortune; but marry her not; for to my Knowledge (Pox confound him for his Knowledge) she has had a——— (What a——— Mr. Friend?) why, a Bastard, by the late Conde: (Ay, I thought as much.) But his Sister Leonora is in Love with you.

Damn it. I'll read no more: It agrees with what he first

first told me; and therefore it must be at Othello's.
Here she comes too, just in the nick of my Revenge;
but I shall be very Lacconick with her.

Enter Delinda.

Dal. Now Servant.

Sam. Now Cockatrice.

Dal. You're pretty familiar——

Sam. So have you been——

Dal. With your Mistress.

Sam. With the Child, of Whoring Memory.

Dal. A fine Salutation!

Sam. A final Parting.

Dal. What's the Meaning of this! will you come in?

Sam. Will you go in?

Dal. Come, look upon me.

[She makes the Doux Yeux to Sam.]

Sam. I have no Eyes.

Dal. Then I must take you by the Hand.

[She offers, and he pulls back.]

Sam. I have no Hands neither.

Dal. How's this! I have been but too kind——

Sam. Yes, to the Child.

Dal. Pugh, that was a Jest, you know.

Sam. 'Tis turn'd to earnest.

Dal. You know 'twas of my Conception.

Sam. And of your bringing forth too.

Dal. What did I bring forth?

Sam. A Ruffian.

Dal. Oh Impudent!

Sam. Woman.

Dal. What Proof have you of that Scandal?

Sam. This, with a Pox to ye.

[Throws her the Letter.]

Patience, oh ye Gods!

[Exit.]

[She takes up the Note, and as she is reading it, Re-enter Carlos.]

Carl. Much good may do you with your Note, Madam; now I think I am Reveng'd at full; your Cully has forsaken you.

Dal.

Del. Well, I shall not dispute with you, *Constance*.

Carl. What did you call me for? King *Ag-in*! *Ag-in's* Father, has you swallow me, and play at Leap-Frog over me? Did not you forsake me for a Fool?

Del. But was not this a terrible Revenge of yours? must you needs show him the Letter which has ruin'd my Reputation, and lost my Fortune? Am I the first frail Creature, that had the Misfortune of two Great Bellics, and yet afterwards, was decently Married, and pass'd for a Virgin?

Carl. Nay, don't aggravate the Matter: consult your Note, and you'll find but one Bastard charg'd upon you; you see I was not for lying Letters.

Del. A great Courtesy to hate me one, as if that was not enough to do my Business.

Carl. Well, suppose I shou'd discover this Contrivance of mine; and set all right again?

Del. [aside.] Contrivance; oh Hear'n! I've undone my self, by confessing all too soon.

Carl. If I shou'd prove you Innocent, you'd prove ungrateful?

Del. No, you know I always lov'd you.

Carl. You've shown it most abundantly, in chusing *Sarah*!

Del. You speak more truly than you think: I have shown it. For, since I must confess the Truth to you, I am no Fortune: my Father, tho' he bears it high to put me off, has mortgag'd his Estate: We keep Servants for show, and when we shou'd pay their Wages, pick a Quarrel with their Service, and turn 'em off Pennylesa. There's neither Sheet nor Shirt in the whole Family; the Lodging Rooms are furnish'd with Loam: and bare Mattresses are the Beds. The Dining Room plays the Hypocrite for all the House; for all the Furniture is there; when Strangers dine with us, we Eat before the Scraps, and then they Fast; but when we Dine alone, 'tis all a Muff: They scramble for the Victuals, before 'tis serv'd up, and then we Fast.

Carl. The Spirit of Passion counts upon me, at the very Description of it.

Dal. Now, since neither you nor I have Fortunes, what shou'd we do together, unless we shou'd turn Cannibals, and Eat up one another? But if you wou'd make up this foul Business, and help me to that rich Fool *Sancho*, I say no more, But —

Carl. But thou wou'dst be kind to me; speak out; for I dare not trust thee; thou'rt such a Woman.

Dal. You shou'd —

Carl. What shou'd I?

Dal. Why, you shou'd —

Carl. Well, well, I will believe thee, tho' my Heart misgives me plaguily. And therefore, in the first Place, I beg your Pardon for the Scandal I have laid upon you: In the next, I restore your Virginity, and take away your Bastard.

Dal. And you'll tell *Sancho* 'twas a forg'd Letter.

Carl. No Doubt on't; for I wrote it to my self; and out of Revenge invented the whole Story.

Dal. But suppose, Dear Cousin, that *Sancho* shou'd not believe all this to be your Invention; and shou'd still suspect the Letter to be true?

Carl. I can easily convince him, by Writing the same Hand again, in which that Letter was Indited.

Dal. That's an excellent Expedient; but do it now; for a Woman can never be clear'd too soon.

Carl. But when you are clear'd, you'll forget your Promise to me —

Dal. But if I am not clear'd, I cannot Marry him; nor be put in a Way to keep my Promise. Come, I'll hold my Hand, Write upon it, I always carry Pen and Ink about me.

Carl. Let me seal my Affection first: [Kisses her Hand. Now, What shou'd I write?

Dal. Only these Words at the Bottom of the Note, in the same Character.

This Letter was wholly forg'd by me, *Carlos*.

[He Kneels and Writes.

Carl. There 'tis — [Gives it her, she puts it in her Pocket.

But

But now tell me truly; what made you confess a couple of Bastards, have you indeed been dabbling?

Dal. Who, I confess it! Oh thou impudent Fellow! I only sooth'd thee up in thy Villany, to make thee betray thy own Plot. I confess'd seemingly, to make thee confess really. Heav'n and thy own Conscience, know I did.

[Seems to weep.

Carl. But when you're Married, you'll remember your Promise?

Dal. What Promise?

Carl. That I shou'd

Dal. Shou'd what?

Carl. Must I tell you?

Dal. No, I'll tell you; I said you shou'd; and so you shall, be cozen'd in your Expectation.

Carl. I foreboded this; and yet was Fool enough to trust thee; give me back my Letter.

Dal. What, deliver up my Evidence, that's the Testimony of my Virtue, and thy Wickedness?

Carl. I'll search your Petticoat.

Dal. Dare but touch my Petticoat, and I'll cry out a Rape against thee.

Carl. Oh thou Eve of *Genesis*; thou woud'st have Tempted the Serpent, if thou hadst been there.

Dal. The next News you hear, is of my Wedding; be patient; and you shall be invited to the Dinner.

Carl. I say no more, but I'll go home and Indite *Lambs*; thou shalt not want for an *Epithalamium*; I'll do thy Business in Verse.

[Exit.

Dal. My Comfort is, I have done your Business in Prose, already.

The Wittiest Men are all but Women's Tools,

'Tis our Prerogative, to make 'em Fools.

For one Sweet Look, the Rich, the Beaux, the Braves,

And all Mankind, run headlong to be Slaves.

Ours is the Harvest which those *Indians* mow;

They Plough the Deep; but we Reap what they Sow.

[Exit.

~~THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND OF~~

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lopez's House.

Sancho, Lopez, Dalinda. Carlos *entering* them.

Carl. **G**ive you Joy Mr Bridegroom and Mrs. Bride,
you see I have accepted your Invitation.

San. And thou art welcome, as a Witness of my Tri-
umph.

Carl. I could tell Felix, that would spoil your Appo-
tite, both to your Dinner and your Bed: I think you
are married to a vast Fortune.

Dal. A better, perhaps, than you imagine.

Lop. For if Sancho looks into his Writings, he'll find
that my Estate was mortgag'd to his Father.

San. Then would I had lookt into my Writings before
I had lookt so far into your Daughter.

Dal. My Father's Fortune will be yours at last: and I
have but releas'd it for you.

San. I'm sure I'm married without Relinquish!

Carl. You must take the good and the bad together;
for that keeps them On and be content to be content
a Week.

Dal. The Count's Sister, I hope, has Claws for you
too.

Carl. That was invented only in hopes of you, Dalin-
da: tho' now I thank my Stars that I have nullify'd you:
for two Wits without Fortune, would be like two Mil-
lions without Corn betwixt us; they would only grind
upon one another, and make a terrible Dust, but no
Meal would follow.

Exit

Enter a Nurse leading a Boy and a Girl.

Nurse. Madam, here are two poor Orphans, that hearing you are married, come to dine with you.

Dal. [aside.] My two Bastards! I am undone: what shall I do with 'em?

Lop. [aside.] The Devil take my damn'd Grand-Children for their unseasonable Visit.

Sen. Welcome, welcome: They're come a mumming to grace my Wedding, I'll warrant you.

Carl. I begin to suspect they come to Sup and Lodge, as well as Dine here.

Lop. [to Nurse.] There's two Pistoles for you; take 'em away, and bring 'em again to Morrow Morning.

Nurse. Thank your Honour: Come away, Children; but first I must deliver a Note to this Gentleman: Don *Carlos*, I'm sure you remember me. *[Gives him a Note.]*

Carl. Did not you wait on Donna *Louisa*, the *Conde's* Sister?

Nurse. Have you forgotten *Ynez*, the faithful Trustee of your Affection? Read your Letter; there's better News than you deserve. *[Carlos reads his Letter to himself.]*

Dal. [to Nurse.] Steal away, dear Nurse, while he's reading, and there's more Money for you; fear not, you shall be duly paid; for I am married to one who can provide for them.

Nurse. [to her.] Well I'll keep your Credit: but remember.

[Exit Nurse with the Children.]

Carl. [after Reading.] Poor loving Creature, she is e'en too Constant; I could never have expected this from her: Look you here, you shall see I have no Reason to envy your Fortune, *Sencho*. *[Looks about him.]*

How now, what's become of the Nurse and the two Children?

Dal. They would have been but too troublesome Children, and are gone away.

Carl. By your Favour I shall make bold to call 'em back again. *[Exit Carlos:]*

Dal. [to Lopez.] Oh Barbarous Villain! he'll discover all.

Lop. The best on't is, you're already married.

Dal. But we have not Consummated; I could have so wheedled Mr. Bridegroom to Night, that e'er to Morrow Morning he shou'd have forgiven me.

Re-enter Carlos with Nurse and Children.

Carl. Come, Nurse, no more mincing Matters; your Lady's Orders in my Letter must be obey'd: I must find a Father and Mother for the Children in this Company.

San. Whose pretty Children are these, *Carlos*, that you are to provide for?

Carl. E'en your Bride's, *Sancho*, at your Service: Children, do your Duty to your Mother.

Children. [Kneeling.] Mamma, your Blessing.

San. Hey Day, what's here to do? Are these the Issue of your Body, Madam Bride?

Carl. Yes; and they are now your Children by the Mother's Side: The late *Conde* presents his Service to you, with these two Pledges of his Affection to your Wife.

San. Is it even thus, *Dalinda*?

Lop. Christian Patience, Son-in-Law.

San. Christian Patience! I say Pagan Fury: This is enough to make me turn Jew again, like my Father of Hebrew Memory.

Carl. You may make your Assault, Colonel, without Danger; the Breach is already made to your Hands.

San. Ay, the Devil take him that storm'd it first.

Carl. Speak well of the Dead.

Dal. [Kneeling.] And forgive the Living.

San. Oh *Dalinda*! no more *Dalinda*, but *Dalila* the Philistine: Cou'd you find none but me to practise on?

Carl. Sooner upon you than upon any Man; for Nature has put a Supercription upon a Fool's Face, and all Cheats are directed thither.

Lop. There's no recalling what's past and done.

San. You never said a truer Word, Father-in-Law; 'tis done, indeed, to my Sorrow.

Carl. If you cou'd undo it, *Sancho*, it were something; but since you cannot, your only Remedy is to do it again.

San. That's true: but the Memory of that damn'd *Cuckoo* is enough to turn ones Stomach to her: Do you remember what a Devilish hunch Back he had when you and I play'd him?

Carl. For that Reason you may be sure she'll loath the Thought of him.

San. Do you think so, *Carlos*?

Dal. How can I do otherwise, when I have in my Arms so handsome, so sweet, and so charming a Cavalier as you?

San. Well, I am I know not howish; she has a delicious Tongue of her own, and I begin to mollifie.

Carl. Do, *Sancho*: Faith, you've held it out too long, in Conscience, for so slight a Quarrel; this is nothing among great Ladies, Man; how many Fathers have I known that have given their Blessings to other Mens. Children? Come, Bless 'em, bless 'em, honest Daddy. Kneel down, Children.

Children. [Kneeling.] Your Blessing, Pappa.

[Children cry.]

San. It goes against the Grain to give it them.

Carl. For shame, *Sancho*, take 'em up: you'll break their pretty Hearts else: 'twou'd grieve a Man's Soul to see 'em weep thus.

San. Ay, they learnt that Trick of their Mother; but I cannot be obdurate, the Fault was none of theirs, I'm sure.

[Crying.]

Heav'n e'en bless you, and I'll provide for you: Nay, and it shall go hard, but I'll get you some more Play-Fellows: if your Mother be as Fruitful as she us'd to be.

Lop. Why this is as it shou'd be.

Dal. Heav'n reward you; and I'll study Obedience to you.

San. They say, Children are great Blessings; if they are, I have two great Blessings ready gotten to my Hands.

Carl. For your Comfort, Marriage, they say, is Holy.

San. Ay, and so is Martyrdom, as they say; but both of 'em are good for just nothing, but to make an End of a Wretched Life.

Lop. Cheer up, Son-in-Law, your Children are way towards, you see they can not be long already.

Dal. If he does not like 'em, he may get the next himself.

Carl. I will not trouble the Company, with reading my Letter from the dead Count's Sister; but I will tell you, that I lov'd her once, and forsook her, because she was then no Fortune: But she has been kinder to me, than I deserve: And has offer'd me her Brother's Estate in Dowry with her.

Dal. Which I hope you will accept.

Carl. Yes, and receive you of a certain Promise to me, without explaining. She only recommended to me her Brother's Children by *Dafinda*. And I think I have taken a decent Care in providing them a rich Father.

Sas. I always lov'd a Harlot, and now I have one of my own, I'll e'en take up with her; for my Youth is going; and my Days of Whoring, I mean emphatical Whoring, are almost over: But for once, we'll have a Frolick; come Off-spring, can either of you two Dance?

Child. Yes, forsooth Father, and my Sister can sing too like a little Angel.

Sas. Then foot it fastly; that you may say hereafter, you remember when your Mother was first married, and danc'd at her Wedding.

Carl. Hold a little; you may remember too, Madam Bride, that I promis'd you an Epithalamium: 'Twas meant a Satir; but Fortune has turn'd it to a Jest; I have giv'n it to the Musicians, and brought 'em along with me; strike up, Gentlemen.

[The Dance is Jett, then the Song, the last Words of which are Song while the Company is going out, and the Music plays before them]

SONG:

SONG: By Mr. CONGREGATE.

L

How happy's the Husband, whose Wife has been try'd:
 Not drownd in the Bed of an ignorant Bride?
 Sure of what's left, he will suffer the rest,
 But where there's enough, forgets a Feast;

So furnishing the Closet,

He escapes the Devil,

And in spite of the Curse, resolves to be blis'd.

II

If Children are Blessings, his Comfort's the more,
 Whose Spouse has been known to be fruitful before;
 And the Boy that she brings ready made to his Hand,
 May stand him instead, for an Heir to his Land.

Sho'd his own spouse a Sat,

When he's happily got,

As when e'er 'tis so, if he don't, I'll be hang'd.

SONG for a G I R L.

I.

Young I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a Lover yield:
 How to keep, or how to gain;
 When to love; and when to feign:

II.

Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E'er I can my Soul disguise;
 Heave my Breaſt, and rend my Eyes.

III.

Stay not till I learn the way,
 How to Lie, and to betray:
 He that has me first, is blis'd,
 For I may deceive the rest.

X 5

IV. Could

IV.

*Can'd I find a blooming Youth;
Full of Love, and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a janty Mein,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

*A Royal Chamber is discover'd, by drawing the former Scene;
Veramond, Garcia, Ximena, Victoria, Celidee, with a
full Train of Courtiers and Guards; amongst the Croud,
Ramirez disguis'd, with some of his Party.*

Vera. [To *Vict.*] No more delays, but go.

Xim. This is Inhuman,

To press her to a Marriage made by Force.

At least allow your self and her this Day,

That each of you may think, and one may change.

Vera. You mean the Times or Accidents may change,
And leave her for *Alphonso*.

Xim. Your Enemies are but without your Gates,
And soon they may return: Forbear for fear.

Vera. The sooner then
I must prevent th' Effect of their Return.
What now remains, but to compleat my Vows,
And Sacrifice to Vengeance?

Xim. Your own Daughter!

Vera. Even her, my self, and all the World together.

Vict. Can you refuse me one poor Day to live?

Vera. Obey me, and be blest; if not, accurst.
'A Father's Curse has Wings, remember that;
Thro' this World and the next, it will pursue thee;
And sink thee down, for ever.

Vict. 'Tis enough,
I know how far a Daughter owes Obedience;
But Duty has a bound like other Empires:
It reaches but to Life, for all beyond it
Is the Dominion of another World,
Where you have no command.

For you, Don *Garcia*,

You know the Pow'r a Mistress ought to have;
But since you will be Master, take your Hour,

The

The next is mine.

Gar. I grant the Debt of Service which I owe you:
But 'tis a Sum too vast to pay at sight.
If now you call it in, I must be Bankrupt
To all my future Bliss.

Vict. I find by you,
The Laws of Love, are like the Laws of Heav'n;
All know, but few will keep 'em — To the Temple,
Where I my self am Victim.

Enter Alphonso, unarm'd; all seem amaz'd.

Alph. Stay, *Veramond.* [blasted.

Vera. [*Aside.*] *Alphonso* here! then all my Hopes are
The Town is his, and I once more a Slave.

Alph. Dismiss thy Fears, and tremble not, old Man,
I neither come with Purpose, nor with Power
T'avenge my Wrongs, but single and unarm'd:
This Head is necessary to thy Peace,
And to *Victoria's* violated Vows:

Who, while I live, can never be *Don Garcia's*.
Take then this odious Life; securely take it,
And glut thy Vengeance with *Alphonso's* Blood.
Behold the Man who forc'd thee in thy Strength,
In thy imperial Town made thee a Captive.
Now give thy Fury scope: Revenge th' Affront,
And shew more Pity not to spare my Life,
Than I in sparing thine.

Kim. [*To Celiden.*] Oh boundless Courage, or extreme
Despair! [reddens.

Cel. [*To her.*] I tremble for th' Event; see the King
The Fear which seiz'd him at *Alphonso's* Sight,
And left his Face forsaken of his Blood,
Is vanish now;

And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks:
And Rage and Vengeance sparkle in his Eyes. [Streets;

Vera. [*Aside.*] All things are hush'd; no Noise is in the
Nor shouts of Soldiers, nor the cries of Matrons,
To speak a Town in plunder — Then I take
A Traytor's Counsel once, and thou shalt die; [*To Alph.*
Condemn'd by thy own Sentence, go to Death;

Nor

Nor shall thy loving Genitor,
And feign'd Alliance, save thee this Defeat;
To see thy frustrate Hope, that brought thee hither,
To meet my just Revenge.

Alph. Yes, I will die, because I chafe to die,
Which had I not desir'd, I had not come;
Unarm'd, unprovok'd, and alone, to combat
Thy known Ingratitude, and false Love Hate;
Boast not th' Advantage, which thou hold'st of me;
But know thy self for what thou art; no more
Than the mean Minister of my Defeat.

Per. Whether to Heaven's Justice, or thy Chastity
I owe this happy Hour of sweet Revenge,
I'll not be wanting to the wisest occasion.

Vill. You shall not die alone, my dear *Alph.*
Tho' much I blame this desperate Enterprize:
You should have said, to see
Th' Event of what I promis'd to perform:
For had I been so late to be another's,
That Baseness might have cur'd your ill-plac'd Love,
But this ungrateful Rashness makes you guilty,
Both of your Fate, and mine.

Alph. While I believ'd
My Life was precious to my dear *Vill.*
valu'd and preserv'd it for her sake,
But when you broke from your Deliverer's Arms,
To put your self into a Tyrant's Power;
I threw a worthless, wretched Being from me;
Abandon'd first by you.

Vill. Oh cruel Man!
Where, at what moment did that Change begin,
Which you tax my violated Vow?
I left your lawless Power, to put my self
Into a Father's Chains, my lawful Tyrant.
If this be my unpardon'd Crime, even this,
On that occasion, would I do once more.
But, could I, with my Honour safe, have said
In your dear Arms, bear witness Heaven and Earth,
Nor Threats, nor Force, nor Promises, nor Fears

Should

Should take me from your Love.

Col. Oh, I believe you.

Vanish my Fears, and confound Jealousies;

Live, my Villain: For your sake, not me;

But let th' unfortunate *Alphonse* die:

My Death will glut your cruel Father's Rage;

When I am gone, and his Revenge complete,

Fly perhaps may seize a Father's Mind;

To free you from a hated Lover's Arms.

Col. [To *Ximena*.] Speak Mother, speak: My Father gives you time.

He stands amaz'd, irresolute, and dumb:

Like the still Face of Heaven before a Storm;

Speak, and arrest the Thunder ere it roars.

Xim. I stand suspended: But you, *Colinda*,

The Favourite of his Heart, his darling Child,

May speak, and ought, your Interest is concern'd:

For if *Alphonse* die, your Hopes are lost.

I see your Father's Soul, like glowing Steel

Is on the Anvil; strike, while yet he's hot;

Turn him, and ply him, set him straight betimes,

Lest he for ever warp.

Col. I fear, and yet would speak; but will he hear me?

Xim. For what is all this Silence, but to hear?

Bring him but to calm Reasoning, and he's gain'd.

Col. Then Heaven inspire my Tongue—

Sir, Royal Sir—

He hears me not; he lifts not up his Eyes;

But fixt upon the Pavement, looks the way

That points to Death.

[*She pulls him.*]

Oh hear me, hear me, Father.

Have you forget that dear indulgent Name,

Never before so vain pronounced by me?

Vera. Ha! who disturbs my Thoughts?

Col. [Kneeling.] 'Tis *Colinda*.

Alas I would relieve you, if I durst;

If ever I offended, even in Thought,

Or made not your Commands

The bounds of all my Wishes, and Desires,

Bid me be dumb, or else permit me Speech.

Vera

494 LOVE TRIUMPHANT: Or,

Vera. Oh rise, my only unoffending Child,
Who reconciles me to the Name of Father!
Speak then; but not for her, and less for him.

Cel. Perhaps I would accuse 'em, not defend;
For both are Guilty, dip't in equal Crimes:
And are obnoxious to your Justice both.

Vera. True, *Celidon*; thou confirm'st my Sentence;
'Tis just *Alphonso* die. [Faults;

Xim. [*Aside.*] Forgive her, Heav'n! she aggravates their
And pushes their Destruction,

Cel. Speak *Alphonso*:
Can you deny, when Royal *Veramond*,
Then thought your Father, and by you so deem'd,
When he requir'd your Captive, old *Ramirez*,
And order'd his Confinement; did you well
Then to controul the Pleasure of that King,
Under whose just Commands you fought and conquer'd?

Alph. I did not well: But heat of boiling Youth,
And ill-weigh'd Honour, made me disobey.

Vera. That Cause is gain'd; for he confesses Guilt.
Proceed, most equitable Judge, proceed.

Cel. [*To Alphonso.*] Next I reproach you, with a
worse Rebellion.

The King's first Promise to Don *Garcia* made,
You dar'd oppose: Forbad his fair Addresses;
Then made a Russian Quarrel with that Prince.
And last, were guilty of incestuous Love.
I will not load my Sister with Consent;
But, in strict Virtue, listening to a Crime,
And not rejecting, is it self a Crime.

Vit. Is this a Sister's Office? Peace for shame.
We lov'd without transgressing Virtue's bounds;
We fixt the Limits of our tend'rest Thoughts;
Came to the Verge of Honour, and there stopt:
We warm'd us by the Fire; but were not scorcht
If this be Sin, Angels might love with less;
And mingle Rays of Minds, less pure than ours.
Our Souls enjoy'd; but to their holy Feasts,
Bodies, on both sides, were forbidden Guests.

Cel.

Cel. Now help me, Father; or our Cause is lost:
For much I fear their Love was Innocent.

Vern. With my own Troops *Alphonse* seiz'd my Person;
In my own Town, to my perpetual Shame:
Pass on to that; and strike the Traitor Dead.

Cel. Yes, Proud *Alphonse*, you were banisht hence;
Your Father was confin'd; and doom'd to Death;
The Beauty you ador'd was made another's.
How durst you, then, attempt t'avenge your Wrongs,
And force your Mistress from your Rival's Arms?
Rather than dye contented, as you ought.

Alph. Even for those very Reasons you alledge.

Xim. [*Aside.*] At last I find her drift.

Vern. Thou justifyest, and not accusest him.

Cel. Patience, good Father, and hear out the rest.

[*To Alph.*]

Thought you, because you bravely fought, and conquer'd
For Royal *Veramond*, nay, sav'd his Life,
And set him free, when you had conquer'd him,
Only because he was *Victoria's* Father,
Thought you for such slight Services as these,
That he shou'd spare you now? O generous Madman,
To give your Head to one, who ne'er forgave.

Vern. [*Aside.*] Oh, she stings me.

Cel. And you, *Don Garcia*, witness to this Truth:
You were his hated Rival, fairly vanquisht;
And yet he spar'd your Life.

Gar. At your Request:

I owe it to you both.

Cel. That he dismiss my Sister, 'twas her Fault:
I charge it not on him; but 'twas his Folly,
A Capital Fool he was, in that last Error;
For which he justly stands condemn'd to death.
Your Sentence, Royal Sir?

Vern. That he shou'd live;

Shou'd live Triumphant over *Veramond*,
And shou'd live happy in *Victoria's* Love——
Oh, I have held as long as Nature cou'd;
Convinc'd in Reason, obstinate in Will;

I saw the Flader's Aim, found her Design,
 I long'd to be a'creane, and yet resist'd.
 What have I done against thee, my *Alphonso*?
 And what hast thou not done for *Veneranda*?

Xim. Oh fortunate Event!

Vill. Oh happy Day!

Alph. Oh unexpected Bliss, and therefore double!

Vera. [to *Alph.*] Can you forgive me? yes, I know you can:
Alphonso can forgive *Villoria's* Father.

But yet, in Pity, pardon not too soon:

Punish my Pride a while;

And make me linger for so great a Good,

Left Ecstasie of Joy prevent this Blessing;

And you, instead of Pardon, give me Death.

[*She offers to kneel to Alphonso: Alphonso takes him up, and kneels himself.*]

Alph. Oh let me raise my Father from the Ground!

Vera. [rising.] 'Tis your peculiar Virtue, my *Alphonso*,
 Always to raise me up.

Alph. Here let me grow, till I obtain your Grace:

My Life has been one universal Crime;

And you, like *Hear'a*, accepting short Repentance,

Forgive my length of Sins. (began.

Vera. [raising him.] Let us forget from whence Offence

But since to save my Shame, thou wilt be guilty,

Impute thy Hate for me, to sure Instinct;

That shou'd thee thy true Father in my Foe;

Now grafted on my Stock, be Son to both.

[turning to *Gar.*] To you, *Don Garcia*, next.

Gar. Before you speak;

Permit me, Sir, t'assume some little Merit

In this Day's Happiness; your Promise made

Villoria mine—

Alph. What then?

Gar. Nay, hear me out.

He kept his Royal Word; he gave her me;

I lost her, when I fell beneath your Sword.

Or if I have a Title, I resign it,

And make her yours.

Alph.

Alph. I take her as your Gift.

Gar. [to *Vers.*] Make me but blest in *Caldea's* Love;
She sav'd my Life, and hers it is for ever:
'Tis pity she who gain'd another's Cause,
Shou'd lose her own.

Vers. [approaching *Caldea*.] She's young.

Cal. My self is full.

Vers. And mine o'er-flow.

Alph. And mine are all a Soul can bear, and live;

Vers. Then seek we out *Ramirez*;
To make him Partner of this happy Day;
That gives him back his Crown, and his *Alphonso*.

Ram. Behold me here, unsought: with some few
Friends; [Taking off his Visor;
(Resolv'd to save my Son, or perish with him)
Thus far I trac'd, and follow'd him, unknown,
And here have waited, with a beating Heart,
To see this blest Event.

Vers. Just like the winding up of some Design;
Well form'd, upon the Crowded Theatre.
Where all concern'd surprizingly are pleas'd;
And what they wish, see done. Lead to the Temple;
Let Thanks be paid; and How'n be prais'd no less
For private Union, than for publick Peace.





EPILOGUE,

NOW, in Good Manners, nothing shou'd be said
Against this Play, because the Poet's dead.

The Prologue told us of a Moral here:

Wou'd I cou'd find it, but the Devil knows where;

If in my Part it lyes, I fear he means

To warn us of the Sparks behind our Scenes:

For if you'll take it on Dalinda's Word,

'Tis a hard Chapter to refuse a Lord.

The Poet might pretend this Moral too;

That when a Wit and Fool together woo,

The Damsel (not to break an Ancient Rule,)

Shou'd leave the Wit, and take the Wealthy Fool.

This he might mean: but there's a Truth behind,

And since it touches none of all our Kind,

But Masks and Misses; 'faith, I'll speak my Mind.

What if he taught our Sex more cautious Carriage,

And not to be too coming before Marriage:

For fear of my Misfortune in the Play,

A Kid brought home upon the Wedding Day:

I fear there are few Sancho's in the Pie,

So good as to forgive, and to forget;

That will, like him, restore us into Favour,

And take us after on our good Behaviour.

Few, when they find the Many Bag is rent,

Will take it for good Payment on Content.



EPILOGUE.

*But in the telling, there the Difference is,
Sometimes they find it more than they cou'd wish.
Therefore be warn'd, you Misses and you Masks,
Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.
Tears, Sighs, and Oaths, no Truth of Passion prove,
True Settlement alone, declares true Love.
For him that weds a Puss, who kept her first,
I say but little, but I doubt she worst:
The Wife that was a Cat, may mind her House,
And prove an honest, and a careful Spouse;
But 'faith I wou'd not trust her with a Mouse.*

3



EPITOME

The first part of the work is a general description of the country, its situation, extent, and climate. It then proceeds to a detailed account of the various tribes and nations which inhabit it, their manners, customs, and languages. The second part of the work is a history of the country, from the earliest times to the present. It contains a full and complete account of all the events which have happened in the country, and of the persons who have been concerned in them. The third part of the work is a description of the natural history of the country, and of the various animals, plants, and minerals which it produces. The fourth part of the work is a description of the civil and political history of the country, and of the various laws, customs, and institutions which it has from time to time had. The fifth part of the work is a description of the military history of the country, and of the various wars which it has been engaged in. The sixth part of the work is a description of the commerce and trade of the country, and of the various goods which it imports and exports. The seventh part of the work is a description of the arts and sciences of the country, and of the various inventions and discoveries which it has made. The eighth part of the work is a description of the religion of the country, and of the various sects and denominations which it contains. The ninth part of the work is a description of the government of the country, and of the various laws and regulations which it has. The tenth part of the work is a description of the population of the country, and of the various families and clans which it contains. The eleventh part of the work is a description of the language of the country, and of the various dialects which it has. The twelfth part of the work is a description of the coinage of the country, and of the various pieces of money which it has. The thirteenth part of the work is a description of the weights and measures of the country, and of the various standards which it has. The fourteenth part of the work is a description of the calendar of the country, and of the various festivals and holidays which it has. The fifteenth part of the work is a description of the music of the country, and of the various instruments which it has. The sixteenth part of the work is a description of the dance of the country, and of the various dances which it has. The seventeenth part of the work is a description of the games of the country, and of the various games which it has. The eighteenth part of the work is a description of the sports of the country, and of the various sports which it has. The nineteenth part of the work is a description of the amusements of the country, and of the various amusements which it has. The twentieth part of the work is a description of the recreation of the country, and of the various recreations which it has.



A
DIALOGUE
AND
SECULAR MASQUE,
WITH A
Prologue and Epilogue,
As Perform'd and Spoken in a
COMEDY
CALLED,
The *PILGRIM*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Benjamin Tooke at the *Middle-Temple*
Gate in *Fleet-Street*. MDCCXVII.

DICTIONARY

AND

SECULAR MASQUE,

WITH A

Prologue and Epilogue

As performed at the Theatre

COMEDY

CALLING

The PILGRIM.

LONDON:

Printed in Great Britain, by J. G. ALLEN, at the Theatre, Pall Mall.



THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS.

C*hronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace,
An hundred times the rowling Sun
Around the radiant Belt has run
In his revolving Race.
Behold, behold, the Goal in fight,
Spread thy Fans, and wing thy Flight.*

*Enter Chronos, with a Scythe in his Hand, and a great Globe
on his Back, which he sets down at his Entrance.*

Chron. Weary, weary of my Weight,
Let me, let me drop my Freight,
And leave the World behind.
I could not bear,
Another Year,
The Load of Human-kind.

Enter Momus laughing.

Mom. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done,
To lay down thy Pack,
And lighten thy Back.
The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,

And

And first neither Jove, nor Ocean, nor I,
 Can hinder the Chorus;
 Or second the loud Throng.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Ch. of all. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

Jove. *Since Jove cannot to laugh below.*

Old Time begin the Chorus;

That he may see, in every Season,

What Changes in this Age have been,

Chron. Then Goddess of the Silver Bow begin.

Horns, or Hunting-Musick within.

Enter Diana.

Diana. With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day,

And hie to my Woodland Walks away;

I tuck up my Robe, and am bush'd soon,

And tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon.

I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,

And chase the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks;

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky;

And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Cho. *With shouting and hooting, we pierce through the Sky,*

of all. *And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.*

Jove. Then our Age was in its Prime,

Chron. Free from Rage.

Diana. ——— And free from Crime.

Mom. A very merry, dancing, drinking,

Laughing, swelling, and unthinking Time.

Cho. *Then our Age was in its Prime,*

of all. *Free from Rage, and free from Crime,*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,

Laughing, swelling, and unthinking Time.

Dance of Diana's Servants.

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inspire the Vocal Brains, inspire;

The World is past its infant Age;

Arms and Honour,

Arms and Honour,

Set the Martial Mind on Fire,

And kindle manly Rage.

Mars

Vo

Mars has lookt the Sky to Red;
And Peace, the lazy Good, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly;

The sprightly Green
In *Woodland-Walks*, no more is seen;
The sprightly Green has drunk the *Tyrian Dye*.
Ch. of all. *Plenty, Peace, &c.*

Mars. Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum,
Through all the World around;
Sound a Reveille, sound, sound,
The Warrior God is come.

Ch. of all. *Sound the Trumpet, &c.*

Mom. Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,
And let Mankind agree;
Better the World were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The Fools are only thinner,
With all our Cost and Care;
But neither Side a Winner,
For Things are as they were.

Ch. of all. *The Fools are only, &c.*

Enter *Venus*.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are past;
Love will have his Hour at last:
Nature is my kindly Care;
Mars destroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

Ch. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*

Chron. The World was then so light,
I scarcely felt the Weight;
Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.
But since the Queen of Pleasure left the Ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag

The pond'rous Orb around.

Mom. All, all, of a Piece throughout;
Thy Chase had a Beast in view; [*Pointing to Diana.*
Thy Wars brought nothing about; [*To Mars.*
Thy Lovers were all untrue. [*To Venus.*

Janus: 'Tis well an old Age is out.

Chorus. And time to begin a new.

Chorus. } All, all, of a Piece throughout;

of all. } Thy Chase had a Beast in View;

Thy Wars brought nothing about;

Thy Lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an old Age is out,

And time to begin a new.

Dance of Huntresses, Nymphs, Warriors and Lovers.

~~NEW MUSIC BY THE COMPOSER~~

SONG of a Scholar and his Mistress, who being cross'd by their Friends, fell Mad for one another; and now first meet in Bedlam.

Musick within. The Lovers enter at opposite Doors, each held by a Keeper.

Phyllis. LOOK, look, I see—I see my Love appear:

'Tis he — 'Tis he alone;

For, like him, there is none:

'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

Amyn. Hark! the Winds War;

The foamy Waves roar;

I see a Ship afar,

Tossing and tossing, and making to the Shoar:

But what's that I view,

So radiant of Hue,

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the Sails?

Ah! No, no, no.

St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;

'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can shoot so fair a Light:

'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the Ship alone,

For all the Winds are hush'd, and the Storm is o-

[ver-blown.

Phyllis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his Arms.

Amyn.

Amya. If all the Fates combine,
 And all the Furies join, [Charm.
 I'll force my way to *Phillis*, and break through the
 [Here they break from their Keepers; run to each
 other, and embrace.]

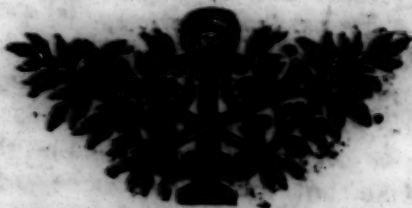
Phillis. Shall I marry the Man I love?
 And shall I conclude my Pains?
 Now blest be the Powers above,
 I feel the Blood bound in my Veins;
 With a lively Leap it began to move,
 And the Vapours leave my Brains.

Amya. Body join'd to Body, and Heart join'd to Heart,
 To make sure of the Cure;
 Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o'er his Part.

Phillis. But suppose he shou'd stay——

Amya. At worst, if he delay,
 'Tis a Work must be done;
 We'll borrow but a Day,
 And the better the sooner begun.

Cho. of both. At worst, if he delay, &c.
 [They run out together hand in hand.]



PROLOGUE.

HOW wretched is the Fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the Stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the Common Foe;
Lugg'd b/ the Critick, baited by the Beau.
Yet worse, their Brother Poets damn the Play,
And roar the loudest, tho' they never Pay.
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low Character, — That's I.
He who writes Letters to himself, wou'd swear
The World forgot him, if he was not there.
What shou'd a Poet do? 'Tis hard for One
To please all the Fools that wou'd be shown:
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town.
Most Coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.

Quack Maurus, tho' he never took Degrees
In either of our Universities;
Yet to be shown, by some kind Wis he looks,
Because he plaid the Fool, and writ three Books.
But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen,
He must be more a Fool, and write agen:
For all the former Rustian Stuff he wrote,
Was dead-born Daggel, or is quite forgot;
His Man of Un, strip of his Hebrew Rake,
Is just the Proverb, and As poor as Job.
One wou'd have thought he cou'd no longer Jog;
But Arthur was a Lord, Job's a Dog.
There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to Ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without Fear or Ave,
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;

Invades

PROLOGUE.

*Inroads the Psalms with Rhymes, and leaves no Room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.*

*But what if, after all, this Godly Geer
Is not so senseless as it wou'd appear?
Our Mountebank has laid a deeper Train;
His Cant, like Merry Andrew's Noble Vein,
Cat-Call's the Sects, to draw 'em in again.
At leisure Hours, in Epick Song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his Coach's Wheels,
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by Rule,
But rides triumphant between Stool and Stool.*

*Well, let him go: 'tis yet too early Day,
To get himself a Place in Farce or Play;
We know not by what Name we should arraign him,
For no one Category can contain him;
A Pedant, Canting Preacher, and a Quack,
Are Load enough to break one Asses Back:
At last, grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two Kings, their Kindness to requite;
One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the Knight.*



EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Perhaps the Parson stretch'd a Point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a War.
He tells you, That this very Moral Age
Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage.
But sure, a banisht Court, with Lewdness fraught,
The Seeds of open Vice returning brought.
Thus lodg'd, (as Vice by great Example thrives)
It first debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives.
London, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.
The Poets, who must live by Courts or starve,
Went proud, so good a Government to serve;
And mixing with Buffoons and Pimps profane,
Tainted the Stage, for some small Snip of Gain.
For they, like Harlots under Bawds profess,
Took all th' ungodly Train, and got the loss.
Thus did the thriving Ministry prevail,
The Court, its Ills, the Poets but the Evil.
The Sin was of our Service Gracious, 'tis true;
The Scandal of the Sin was wholly new.
Misses there were, but awfully conceal'd,
White-hall the sacred Vows forswore and seal'd.
Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her train,
The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divine.
Ere this, if Saints had any secret Mission,
'Twas Chamber-Fractions all, and deep Devotion.
I pass the Peccadillo's of their time;
Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.
A Monarch's Blood was venial to the Nation,
Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.

EPILOGUE.

Now, they would flatter us, and shut the Door
That lies in all the barren Paths before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That Work in England is without an End:
Well we may change, but we shall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
We hope much better of the coming Age.
What wou'd you say, if we shou'd first begin
To Stop the Trade of Love, behind the Scene:
Where Actresses make bold with married Men?
For while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,
Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.
In short, we'll grow as Moral as we can,
Save here and there a Woman or a Man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our Talents,
Can make clean Work; there will be some Remains,
While you have still your Oats, and we our Hairs.



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